GEORGE R.

GEORGE, by the Grace of GOD, King of *Great-Britain*, *France*, and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting. Whereas Our Trusty and Well-beloved BERNARD LINTOT of our City of *London*, Bookseller, has humbly represented unto Us that he is now printing a Translation of the ILIAD of HOMER, from the *Greek*, in Six Volumes in Folio, by ALEXANDER POPE Gent. with large Notes upon each Book: And whereas the said BERNARD LINTOT has informed Us that he has been at a great Expence in carrying on the said Work: and that the sole Right and Title of the Copy of the said Work is vested in the said BERNARD LINTOT: He has therefore humbly besought Us to grant him Our Royal Privilege and Licence for the sole Printing and Publishing thereof for the Term of fourteen Years. WE being graciously pleased to encourage so useful a Work, are pleased to condescend to his Request; and do therefore hereby give and grant unto the said BERNARD LINTOT Our Royal Licence and Privilege for the sole printing and publishing the said Six Volumes of the ILIAD of HOMER, translated by the said ALEXANDER POPE, for and during the Term of fourteen Years, to be computed from the Day of the Date hereof, strictly charging and prohibiting all Our Subjects within Our Kingdoms and Dominions to reprint or abridge the same, either in the like or any other Volume or Volumes whatsoever; or to import, buy, vend, utter or distribute any Copies of the same, or any part thereof reprinted beyond the Seas, within the said Term of fourteen Years, without the Consent and Approbation of the said BERNARD LINTOT, his Heirs, Executors and Assigns, by Writing under his or their Hands and Seals first had and obtained, as they and every of them offending herein will answer the contrary at their Perils, and such other Penalties as by the Laws and Statutes of this Our Realm may be inflicted: Whereof the Master, Wardens and Company of Stationers of Our City of *London*, Commissioners and other Officers of Our Customs, and all other Our Officers and Ministers whom it may concern, are to take Notice, that due Obedience be given to Our Pleasure herein signified. Given at Our Court at *St. James's* the sixth Day of *May*, 1715. in the first Year of Our Reign.

By His Majesty's Command,

JAMES STANHOPE.

MUSEUM

GEORGE R.

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MUSEUM

THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

Translated by Mr. *POPE.*

VOL. III.

———*Det primos versibus annos,*
Mæoniumque bibat fælici pectore fontem.
PETR.

The FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed for BERNARD LINTOT, near *Temple-Bar.*
MDCCXXXVI.

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THE NINTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The Embaſſy to *Achilles*.

AGamemnon, *after the laſt day's defeat, propoſes to the* Greeks *to quit the ſiege, and return to their country.* Diomed *oppoſes this, and* Neſtor *ſeconds him, praiſing his wiſdom and reſolution. He orders the guard to be ſtrengthen'd, and a council ſummon'd to deliberate what meaſures were to be follow'd in this emergency.* Agamemnon *purſues this advice, and* Neſtor *farther prevails upon him to ſend ambaſſadors to* Achilles, *in order to move him to a reconciliation.* Ulyſſes *and* Ajax *are made choice of, who are accompanied by old* Phœnix. *They make, each of them, very moving and preſſing ſpeeches, but are rejected with roughneſs by* Achilles, *who notwithſtanding retains* Phœnix *in his tent. The ambaſſadors return unſucceſsfully to the camp, and the troops betake themſelves to ſleep.*

This book, and the next following, take up the ſpace of one night, *which is the twenty ſeventh from the beginning of the poem. The* ſcene *lies on the ſea-ſhore, the ſtation of the* Grecian *ſhips.*

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THE

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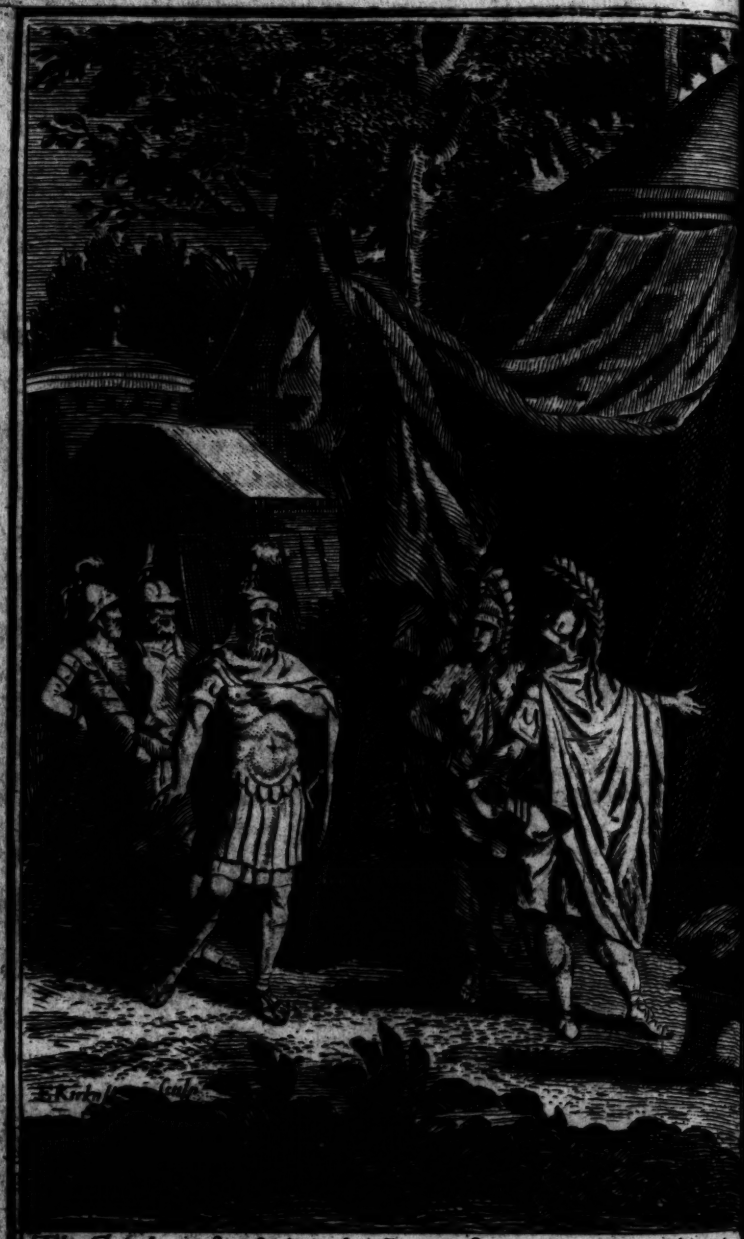

The Greeks astonish'd at their Defeat send Ulysses Ajax & Phœnix to Achilles. to beg him to return to the Camp. He haughtily rejects their prayers. & dismisses them roughly.

B. 9.

THE

†NINTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD

THUS joyful *Troy* maintain'd the watch of night;
While Fear, pale comrade of inglorious flight,
And heav'n-bred horrour, on the *Grecian* part,
Sate on each face, and sadden'd every heart.

As

† We have here a new scene of action opened; the Poet has hitherto given us an account of what happened by day only: the two following books relate the adventures of the night.

As from its cloudy dungeon iſſuing forth,
A double tempeſt of the weſt and north
Swells o'er the ſea, from *Thracia*'s frozen ſhore,
Heaps waves on waves, and bids the *Ægean* roar;

It may be thought that *Homer* has crouded a great many actions into a very ſhort time. In the ninth book a council is conven'd, an embaſſy ſent, a conſiderable time paſſes in the ſpeeches and replies of the embaſſadors and *Achilles*: in the tenth book a ſecond council is call'd; after this a debate is held, *Dolon* is intercepted, *Diomed* and *Ulyſſes* enter into the enemy's camp, kill *Rheſus*, and bring away his Horſes: and all this is done in the narrow compaſs of one night.

It muſt therefore be remember'd, that the ninth book takes up the firſt part of the night only; that after the firſt council was diſſolv'd, there paſs'd ſome time before the ſecond was ſummon'd, as appears by the leaders being awakened by *Menelaus*. So that it was almoſt morning before *Diomed* and *Ulyſſes* ſet out upon their deſign, which is very evident from the words of *Ulyſſes*, book 10. ℣. 251.

Ἀλλ' ἴομεν· μάλα γὰρ νὺξ ἄνεται, ἐγγύθι δ' ἠώς·

So that altho' a great many incidents are introduc'd, yet every thing might eaſily have been perform'd in the allotted time.

℣. 7. *From* Thracia's *ſhore.*] *Homer* has been ſuppos'd by *Eratoſthenes* and others, to have been guilty of an error, in ſaying that *Zephyrus* or the weſt wind blows from *Thrace*, whereas in truth it blows toward it. But the Poet ſpeaks ſo either becauſe it is fabled to be the rendezvous of all the winds; or with reſpect to the particular ſituation of *Troy* and the *Ægean* ſea. Either of theſe replies are ſufficient to ſolve that objection.

The particular parts of this compariſon agree admirably with the deſign of *Homer*, to expreſs the diſtraction of the *Greeks*: the two winds repreſenting the different opinions of the armies, one part of which were inclin'd to return, the other to ſtay. *Euſtathius.*

This

This way and that, the boiling deeps are toſt;
Such various paſſions urg'd the troubled hoſt.
Great *Agamemnon* griev'd above the reſt;
Superiour ſorrows ſwell'd his royal breaſt;
Himſelf his orders to the heralds bears,
To bid to council all the *Grecian* Peers,
But bid in whiſpers: theſe ſurround their Chief,
In ſolemn ſadneſs, and majeſtic grief.
The King amidſt the mournful circle roſe;
Down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows:
So ſilent fountains, from a rock's tall head,
In ſable ſtreams ſoft-trickling waters ſhed.
With more than vulgar grief he ſtood oppreſt;
Words, mixt with ſighs, thus burſting from his breaſt.
Ye ſons of *Greece!* partake your Leader's care,
Fellows in arms, and Princes of the war!

Of

ỳ. 15. *But bid in whiſpers.*] The reaſon why *Agamemnon* commands his heralds to ſummon the leaders in ſilence, is for fear the enemy ſhould diſcover their conſternation, by reaſon of their nearneſs, or perceive what their deſigns were in this extremity. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 23. Agamemnon's *ſpeech.*] The criticks are divided in their opinion, whether this ſpeech, which is word for word the ſame with that he makes in *Lib.* 2. be only a feint to try the army, as it is there, or the real ſentiments of the General. *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus* explains it as the former, with whom Madam *Dacier* concurs; ſhe thinks they muſt be both counterfeit, becauſe they are both the ſame, and believes

Of partial *Jove* too juſtly we complain,
And heav'nly oracles believ'd in vain;

lieves *Homer* would have varied them, had the deſign been different. She takes no notice that *Euſtathius* is of the contrary opinion; as is alſo Monſieur *de la Motte*, who argues as if he had read him. "*Agamemnon* (ſays he) in the ſecond Iliad, "thought himſelf aſſured of victory from the dream which "*Jupiter* had ſent to him, and in that confidence was deſi- "rous to bring the *Greeks* to a battel: but in the ninth book "his circumſtances are changed, he is in the utmoſt diſtreſs "and deſpair upon his defeat, and therefore his propoſal to "raiſe the ſiege is in all probability ſincere. If *Homer* had "intended we ſhould think otherwiſe, he would have told us "ſo, as he did on the former occaſion: and ſome of the of- "ficers would have ſuſpected a feint the rather, becauſe they "had been impos'd upon by the ſame ſpeech before. But "none of them ſuſpect him at all. *Diomed* thinks him ſo "much in earneſt as to reproach his cowardice, *Neſtor* applauds "*Diomed*'s liberty, and *Agamemnon* makes not the leaſt defence "for himſelf

Dacier anſwers, that *Homer* had no occaſion to tell us this was counterfeit, becauſe the officers could not but remember it to have been ſo before; and as for the anſwers of *Diomed* and *Neſtor*, they only carry on the ſame feint, as *Dionyſius* has prov'd, whoſe reaſons may be ſeen in the following note.

I do not pretend to decide upon this point; but which way ſoever it be, I think *Agamemnon*'s deſign was equally anſwer'd by repeating the ſame ſpeech: ſo that the repetition at leaſt is not to be blamed in *Homer*. What obliged *Agamemnon* to that feint, in the ſecond book, was the hatred he had incurred in the army, by being the cauſe of *Achilles*'s departure; this made it but a neceſſary precaution in him to try, before he came to a battel, whether the *Greeks* were diſpos'd to it: And it was equally neceſſary, in caſe the event ſhould prove unſucceſsful, to free himſelf from the odium of being the occaſion of it. Therefore when they were now actually defeated, to repeat the ſame words, was the readieſt way to put them in mind that he had propos'd the ſame advice to them before the battel; and to make it appear unjuſt that their ill fortune ſhould be charged upon him. See the 5th and 8th notes on the ſecond Iliad.

A ſafe return was promis'd to our toils,
With conqueſt honour'd, and enrich'd with ſpoils:
Now ſhameful flight alone can ſave the hoſt;
Our wealth, our people, and our glory loſt.
So *Jove* decrees, Almighty Lord of all!
Jove, at whoſe nod whole empires riſe or fall,
Who ſhakes the feeble props of human truſt,
And tow'rs and armies humbles to the duſt.
Haſte then, for ever quit theſe fatal fields,
Haſte to the joys our native country yields;
Spread all your canvas, all your oars employ,
Nor hope the fall of heav'n-defended *Troy*.

He ſaid; deep ſilence held the *Grecian* band,
Silent, unmov'd, in dire diſmay they ſtand,
A penſive ſcene! 'till *Tydeus*' warlike ſon
Roll'd on the King his eyes, and thus begun.

When Kings adviſe us to renounce our fame,
Firſt let him ſpeak, who firſt has ſuffer'd ſhame.

If

℣. 43. *The ſpeech of* Diomed.] I ſhall here tranſlate the Criticiſm of *Dionyſius* on this paſſage. He aſks, "What can "be the drift of *Diomed*, when he inſults *Agamemnon* in his "griefs and diſtreſſes? For what *Diomed* here ſays, ſeems not "only very ill tim'd, but inconſiſtent with his own opinion, "and with the reſpect he had ſhewn in the beginning of this "very ſpeech.

If I oppoſe thee, Prince! thy wrath with-hold,
The laws of council bid my tongue be bold.
Thou firſt, and thou alone, in fields of fight,
Durſt brand my courage, and defame my might;
Nor from a friend th' unkind reproach appear'd,
The *Greeks* ſtood witneſs, all our army heard.

If I upbraid thee, Prince, thy wrath with-hold,
The Laws of council bid my tongue be bold.

" This is the introduction of a man in temper, who is willing " to ſoften and excuſe the liberty of what is to follow, and " what neceſſity only obliges him to utter. But he ſubjoins a " reſentment of the reproach the King had formerly thrown " upon him, and tells him that *Jupiter* had given him power " and dominion without courage and virtue. Theſe are things " which agree but ill together, that *Diomed* ſhould upbraid " *Agamemnon* in his adverſity, with paſt injuries, after he " had endur'd his reproaches with ſo much moderation, and " had reproved *Sthenelus* ſo warmly for the contrary practice " in the fourth book. If any one anſwer, that *Diomed* was " warranted in this freedom by the bravery of his warlike be- " haviour ſince that reproach, he ſuppoſes this Hero very ig- " norant how to demean himſelf in proſperity. The truth is, " this whole accuſation of *Diomed*'s is only a feint to ſerve " the deſigns of *Agamemnon*. For being deſirous to perſuade " the *Greeks* againſt their departure, he effects that deſign by " this counterfeited anger, and licence of ſpeech: and ſeeming " to reſent, that *Agamemnon* ſhould be capable of imagining " the army would return to *Greece*, he artificially makes uſe " of theſe reproaches to cover his argument. This is farther " confirm'd by what follows, when he bids *Agamemnon* return, " if he pleaſes, and affirms that the *Grecians* will ſtay without " him. Nay, he carries the matter ſo far, as to boaſt, that " if all the reſt ſhould depart, himſelf and *Sthenelus* alone would " continue the war, which would be extremely childiſh and " abſurd in any other view than this.

The

The Gods, O Chief! from whom our honours ſpring,
The Gods have made thee but by halves a King;
They gave thee ſcepters, and a wide command,
They gave dominion o'er the ſeas and land,
The nobleſt pow'r that might the world controul
They gave thee not——a brave and virtuous ſoul.
Is this a Gen'rals voice, that would ſuggeſt
Fears like his own to ev'ry *Grecian* breaſt?
Confiding in our want of worth, he ſtands,
And if we fly, 'tis what our King commands.
Go thou inglorious! from th' embattell'd plain;
Ships thou haſt ſtore; and neareſt to the main,
A nober care the *Grecians* ſhall employ,
To combat, conquer, and extirpate *Troy*.
Here *Greece* ſhall ſtay; or if all *Greece* retire,
My ſelf will ſtay, till *Troy* or I expire;

ỳ. 53. *They gave thee ſcepters*, &c.] This is the language of a brave man, to affirm and ſay boldly, that courage is above ſcepters and crowns. Scepters and crowns were indeed in former times not hereditary, but the recompence of valour. With what art and haughtineſs *Diomed* ſets himſelf indirectly above *Agamemnon! Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 62. *And neareſt to the main.*] There is a ſecret ſtroke of ſatyr in theſe words; *Diomed* tells the King that his squadron lies next the ſea, inſinuating that they were the moſt diſtant from the battel, and readieſt for flight. *Euſtathius.*

My

My ſelf, and *Sthenelus*, will fight for fame;
God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came.
He ceas'd; the *Greeks* loud acclamations raiſe,
And voice to voice reſounds *Tydides'* praiſe.
Wiſe *Neſtor* then his rev'rend figure rear'd;
He ſpoke: the hoſt in ſtill attention heard.
O truly great! in whom the Gods have join'd
Such ſtrength of body with ſuch force of mind;

In

℣. 68. *God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came.*] This is literal from the *Greek*, and therein may be ſeen the ſtyle of holy ſcripture, where 'tis ſaid that they *come with God*, or that they are not come *without God*, meaning that they did not come without his order: *Numquid ſine Domino aſcendi in terram iſtam?* ſays *Rabſhekah* to *Hezekiah*, in *Iſaiah* 36. ℣. 8. This paſſage ſeems to me very beautiful. *Homer* adds it to ſhew that the valour of *Diomed*, which puts him upon remaining alone with *Sthenelus*, when all the *Greeks* were gone, is not a raſh and mad boldneſs, but a reaſonable one, and founded on the promiſes of God himſelf, who cannot lye. *Dacier.*

℣. 73. *The ſpeech of* Neſtor.] *Dionyſius* gives us the deſign of this ſpeech in the place above-cited. "*Neſtor* (ſays he) "ſeconds the oration of *Diomed*: We ſhall perceive the ar- "tifice of his diſcourſe, if we reflect to how little purpoſe "it would be without this deſign. He praiſes *Diomed* for "what he has ſaid, but does it not without declaring, that "he had not ſpoken fully to the purpoſe, but fallen ſhort "in ſome points, which he aſcribes to his youth, and pro- "miſes to ſupply them. Then after a long preamble, when "he has turn'd himſelf ſeveral ways, as if he was ſporting "in a new and uncommon vein of oratory, he concludes "by ordering the watch to their ſtations, and adviſing *Aga-* "*memnon* to invite the elders of the army to a ſupper, "there, out of many counſels, to chuſe the beſt. All this "a-

In conduct, as in courage, you excel,
Still first to act what you advise so well.
Those wholesome counsels which thy wisdom moves,
Applauding *Greece* with common voice approves.

" at first sight appears absurd: but we must know that *Ne-*
" *stor* too speaks in figure. *Diomed* seems to quarrel with
" *Agamemnon* purely to gratify him; but *Nestor* praises his
" liberty of speech, as it were to vindicate a real quarrel
" with the King. The end of all this is only to move *A-*
" *gamemnon* to supplicate *Achilles*; and to that end he so
" much commands the young man's freedom. In propo-
" sing to call a council only of the eldest, he consults the
" dignity of *Agamemnon*, that he might not be expos'd to
" make this condescension before the younger officers. And
" he concludes by an artful inference of the absolute necessity
" of applying to *Achilles* from the present posture of their
" affairs.

See what a blaze from hostile tents aspires,
How near our fleets approach the Trojan *fires!*

" This is all *Nestor* says at this time before the general assem-
" bly of the *Greeks*; but in his next speech, when the elders
" only are present, he explains the whole matter at large, and
" openly declares that they must have recourse to *Achilles*. *Dion. Hal.* περὶ ἰσχημάτισμένων, *p.* 2.

Plutarch de aud. Poetis, takes notice of this piece of decorum in *Nestor*, who when he intended to move for a mediation with *Achilles*, chose not to do it in publick, but propos'd a private meeting of the Chiefs to that end. If what these two great authors have said, be consider'd, there will be no room for the trivial objection some moderns have made to this proposal of *Nestor*'s, as if in the present distress he did no more than impertinently advise them to go to supper.

ỳ. 73. *O truly great.*] *Nestor* could do no less than commend *Diomed*'s valour, he had lately been a witness of it when he was preserv'd from falling into the enemy's hands till he was rescu'd by *Diomed*. *Eustathius.*

Kings

Kings thou canſt blame; a bold, but prudent youth;
And blame ev'n Kings with praiſe, becauſe with truth.
And yet thoſe years that ſince thy birth have run,
Would hardly ſtyle thee *Neſtor*'s youngeſt ſon.
Then let me add what yet remains behind,
A thought unfiniſh'd in that gen'rous mind;
Age bids me ſpeak; nor ſhall th' advice I bring.
Diſtaſte the people, or offend the King:
Curs'd is the man, and void of law and right,
Unworthy property, unworthy light,

ỳ. 87. *Curs'd is the man.*] *Neſtor*, ſays the ſame author, very artfully brings in theſe words as a general maxim, in order to diſpoſe *Agamemnon* to a reconciliation with *Achilles*: he delivers it in general terms, and leaves the King to make the application. This paſſage is tranſlated with liberty, for the original comprizes a great deal in a very few words, ἀφρήτωρ, ἀθέμιςος, ἀνίςιος. It will be proper to give a particular explication of each of theſe: Ἀφρήτωρ, ſays *Euſtathius*, ſignifies one who is a vagabond or foreigner. The *Athenians* kept a regiſter, in which all that were born were enroll'd, whence it eaſily appear'd who were citizens, or not; ἀφρήτωρ therefore ſignifies one who is depriv'd of the privilege of a citizen. Ἀθέμιςος is one who had forfeited all title to be protected by the laws or his country. Ἀνέςιος, one that has no habitation, or rather, one that was not permitted to partake of any family ſacrifice. For Ἑςία is a family Goddeſs; and *Jupiter* ſometimes is called Ζευς ἑςιοῦχος.

There is a ſort of gradation in theſe words. Ἀθέμιςος ſignifies a man that has loſt the privileges of his country; ἀφρήτωρ thoſe of his own tribe, and ἀνέςιος thoſe of his own family.

Unſit

Unfit for publick rule, or private care;
That wretch, that monſter, who delights in war:
Whoſe luſt is murder, and whoſe horrid joy
To tear his country, and his kind deſtroy!
This night, refreſh and fortify thy train;
Between the trench and wall let guards remain:
Be that the duty of the young and bold;
But thou, O King, to council call the old:
Great is thy ſway, and weighty are thy cares;
Thy high commands muſt ſpirit all our wars.
With *Thracian* wines recruit thy honour'd gueſts,
For happy counſels flow from ſober feaſts.
Wiſe, weighty counſels aid a ſtate diſtreſt,
And ſuch a Monarch as can chuſe the beſt.
See! what a blaze from hoſtile tents aſpires,
How near our fleet approach the *Trojan* fires?
Who can, unmov'd, behold the dreadful light,
What eye beholds 'em, and can cloſe to night?

ỳ. 94. *Between the trench and wall.*] It is almoſt impoſſible to make ſuch particularities as theſe appear with any tolerable elegance in poetry: And as they cannot be rais'd, ſo neither muſt they be omitted. This particular ſpace here mention'd between the trench and wall, is what we muſt carry in our mind through this and the following book: otherwiſe we ſhall be at a loſs to know the exact ſcene of the actions and counſels that follow.

This

This dreadful interval determines all;
To-morrow, *Troy* muſt flame, or *Greece* muſt fall.
Thus ſpoke the hoary ſage: the reſt obey;
Swift thro' the gates the guards direct their way.
His ſon was firſt to paſs the lofty mound,
The gen'rous *Thraſymed*, in arms renown'd:
Next him, *Aſcalaphus*, *Iälmen*, ſtood,
The double offspring of the Warriour-God.
Deïpyrus, *Aphareus*, *Merion* join,
And *Lycomed*, of *Creon*'s noble line.
Sev'n were the leaders of the nightly bands,
And each bold Chief a hundred ſpears commands.
The fires they light, to ſhort repaſts they fall,
Some line the trench, and others man the wall.
The King of men, on publick counſels bent,
Conven'd the Princes in his ample tent;
Each ſeiz'd a portion of the kingly feaſt,
But ſtay'd his hand when thirſt and hunger ceaſt.

ỳ. 119. *The fires they light.*] They lighted up theſe fires that they might not ſeem to be under any conſternation, but to be upon their guard againſt any alarm. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 124. *When thirſt and hunger ceaſe.*] The conduct of *Homer* in this place is very remarkable; he does not fall into a long deſcription of the entertainment, but complies with the exigence of affairs, and paſſes on to the conſultation. *Euſtathius.*

Then

Then *Neſtor* ſpoke, for wiſdom long approv'd,
And ſlowly riſing, thus the council mov'd.
Monarch of nations! whoſe ſuperiour ſway
Aſſembled ſtates, and Lords of earth obey,
The laws and ſcepters to thy hand are giv'n,
And millions own the care of thee and heav'n.
O King! the counſels of my age attend;
With thee my cares begin, in thee muſt end;
Thee, Prince! it fits alike to ſpeak and hear,
Pronounce with judgment, with regard give ear,
To ſee no wholeſome motion be withſtood,
And ratify the beſt for publick good.
Nor, tho' a meaner give advice, repine,
But follow it, and make the wiſdom thine.

ỳ. 138. *And make the wiſdom thine.*] *Euſtathius* thought that *Homer* ſaid this, becauſe in council, as in the army, all is attributed to the Princes, and the whole honour aſcrib'd to them: but this is by no means *Homer*'s thought. What he here ſays, is a maxim drawn from the profoundeſt philoſophy. That which often does men the moſt harm, is envy, and the ſhame of yielding to advice, which proceeds from others. There is more greatneſs and capacity in following good advice, than in propoſing it; by executing it, we render it our own, and we raviſh even the property of it from its author; and *Euſtathius* ſeems to incline to this thought, when he afterwards ſays, *Homer* makes him that follows good advice, equal to him that gives it; but he has not fully expreſs'd himſelf. *Dacier.*

Hear

Hear then a thought, not now conceiv'd in haſte,
At once my preſent judgment, and my paſt;
When from *Pelides'* tent you forc'd the maid,
I firſt oppos'd, and faithful, durſt diſſuade;
But bold of ſoul, when headlong fury fir'd,
You wrong'd the man, by men and Gods admir'd:
Now ſeek ſome means his fatal wrath to end,
With pray'rs to move him, or with gifts to bend.

To whom the King. With juſtice haſt thou ſhown
A Prince's faults, and I with reaſon own.
That happy man whom *Jove* ſtill honours moſt,
Is more than armies, and himſelf an hoſt.
Bleſt in his love, this wond'rous hero ſtands;
Heav'n fights his war, and humbles all our bands.

ỳ. 140. *At once my preſent judgment and my paſt.*] *Neſtor* here by the word πάλαι, means the advice he gave at the time of the quarrel, in the firſt book: He ſays, as it was his opinion then, that *Agamemnon* ought not to diſgrace *Achilles*, ſo after the matureſt deliberation, he finds no reaſon to alter it. *Neſtor* here launches out into the praiſes of *Achilles*, which is a ſecret argument to induce *Agamemnon* to regain his friendſhip, by ſhewing the importance of it. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 151. *This wond'rous hero.*] It is remarkable that *Agamemnon* here never uſes the name of *Achilles:* tho' he is reſolv'd to court his friendſhip, yet he cannot bear the mention of his name. The impreſſion which the diſſenſion made, is not yet worn off, tho' he expatiates in commendation of his valour. *Euſtathius.*

Fain

Fair wou'd my heart, which err'd thro' frantic rage,
The wrathful Chief and angry Gods aſſuage.
If gifts immenſe his mighty ſoul can bow,
Hear, all ye *Greeks*, and witneſs what I vow.
Ten weighty talents of the pureſt gold,
And twice ten vaſes of refulgent mold;

Sev'n

ỳ. 155. *If gifts immenſe his mighty ſoul can bow.*] The Poet, ſays *Euſtathius*, makes a wiſe choice of the gifts that are to be proffer'd to *Achilles*. Had he been ambitious of wealth, there are golden tripods, and ten talents of gold to bribe his reſentment. If he had been addicted to the fair ſex, there was a King's daughter, and ſeven fair captives to win his favour. Or if he had been ambitious of greatneſs, there were ſeven wealthy cities, and a kingly power to court him to a reconciliation: but he takes this way to ſhew us that his anger was ſtronger than all his other paſſions. It is farther obſervable, that *Agamemnon* promiſes theſe preſents at three different times; firſt, at this inſtant; ſecondly, on the taking of *Troy*; and laſtly, after their return to *Greece*. This diviſion in ſome degree multiplies them. *Dacier.*

ỳ. 157. *Ten weighty talents.*] The ancient criticks have blamed one of the verſes in the enumeration of theſe preſents, as not ſufficiently flowing and harmonious, the pauſe is ill placed, and one word does not fall eaſily into the other. This will appear very plain, if we compare it with a more numerous verſe.

Ἄκρον ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖνος ἁλὸς πολιοῖο θέεσκον.
Ἀιθωνας δὲ λέβητας ἑείκοσι δώδεκα δ' ἵππους.

The ear immediately perceives the muſick of the former line; every ſyllable glides ſmoothly away, without offending the ear with any ſuch roughneſs, as is found in the ſecond. The firſt runs as ſwiftly as the courſers it deſcribes; but the latter is a broken, interrupted, uneven verſe. But it is certainly

Sev'n ſacred tripods, whoſe unſully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame:
Twelve ſteeds unmatch'd in fleetneſs and in force,
And ſtill victorious in the duſty courſe:
(Rich were the man, whoſe ample ſtores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged ſpeed)

certainly pardonable in this place, where the muſick of poetry is not neceſſary; the mind is entirely taken up in learning what preſents *Agamemnon* intended to make *Achilles:* and is not at leiſure to regard the ornaments of verſification; and even thoſe pauſes are not without their beauties, as they would of neceſſity cauſe a ſtop in the delivery, and ſo give time for each particular to ſink into the mind of *Achilles. Euſtathius.*

ν. 159. *Sev'n ſacred tripods.*] There were two kinds of tripod: in the one they uſed to boil water, the other was entirely for ſhew; to mix wine and water in, ſays *Athenæus:* the firſt were called λέβητας, or cauldrons, for common uſe, and made to bear the fire; the other were ἄπυροι, and made chiefly for ornament. It may be ask'd why this could be a proper Preſent for *Achilles*, who was a martial Man, and regarded nothing but arms? It may be anſwer'd, that theſe preſents very well ſuited to the perſon to whom they were ſent, as tripods in ancient days were the uſual prizes in games, and they were given by *Achilles* himſelf in thoſe which he exhibited in honour of *Patroclus:* the ſame may be ſaid of the female captives, which were alſo among the prizes in the games of *Patroclus. Euſtathius.*

ν. 161. *Twelve ſteeds unmatch'd.*] From hence it is evident that games us'd to be celebrated in the *Grecian* army during the time of war; perhaps in honour of the deceas'd heroes. For had *Agamemnon* given *Achilles* horſes that had been victorious before the beginning of the *Trojan* war, they would by this time have been too old to be of any value. *Euſtathius.*

Sev'n

Sev'n lovely captives of the *Leſbian* line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,
The ſame I choſe for more than vulgar charms,
When *Leſbos* ſunk beneath the hero's arms.
All theſe, to buy his friendſhip, ſhall be paid,
And join'd with theſe the long-conteſted maid;
With all her charms, *Briſeïs* I reſign,
And ſolemn ſwear thoſe charms were never mine;
Untouch'd ſhe ſtay'd, uninjur'd ſhe removes,
Pure from my arms, and guiltleſs of my loves.
Theſe inſtant ſhall be his; and if the pow'rs
Give to our arms proud *Ilion*'s hoſtile tow'rs,
Then ſhall he ſtore (when *Greece* the ſpoil divides)
With gold and braſs his loaded navy's ſides.
Beſides full twenty nymphs of *Trojan* race,
With copious love ſhall crown his warm embrace;
Such as himſelf will chuſe; who yield to none,
Or yield to *Helen*'s heavenly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,
If ſafe we land on *Argos*' fruitful ſhore,
There ſhall he live my ſon, our honours ſhare,
And with *Oreſtes*' ſelf divide my care.
Yet more—three daughters in my court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed;

Laödice

Laodice and *Iphigenia* fair,
And bright *Chryſothemis* with golden hair;
Her let him chooſe, whom moſt his eyes approve,
I aſk no preſents, no reward for love:
My ſelf will give the dow'r; ſo vaſt a ſtore,
As never father gave a child before.

Sev'n

ỳ. 189. Laodice *and* Iphigenia, *&c.*] Theſe are the names of *Agamemnon*'s daughters, among which we do not find *Electra*. But ſome affirm, ſays *Euſtathius*, that *Laodice* and *Electra* are the ſame, (as *Iphianaſſa* is the ſame with *Iphigenia*) and ſhe was called ſo either by way of ſur-name, or by reaſon of her complexion, which was, ἠλεκ]ρῶδες, *flava*; or by way of deriſion ἠλέκ]ρα *quaſi* ἄλεκ]ρον, becauſe ſhe was an old maid, as appears from *Euripides*, who ſays that ſhe remain'd long a virgin.

Παρθένε, μακρὸν δὴ μῆκος ἠλέκ]ρα χρόνῳ.

And in *Sophocles*, ſhe ſays of herſelf, Ἀνύμφευ]ος αἰὲν ὀιχνῶ, *I wander ä diſconſolate unmarry'd virgin*, which ſhews that it was ever look'd upon as a diſgrace to continue long ſo.

ỳ. 192. *I aſk no preſents——My ſelf will give the dow'r.*] For in *Greece* the bridegroom, before he marry'd, was obliged to make two preſents, one to his betroth'd wife, and the other to his father-in-law. This cuſtom is very ancient; it was practiſed by the *Hebrews* in the time of the patriarchs. *Abraham*'s ſervant gave necklaces and ear-rings to *Rebecca*, whom he demanded for *Iſaac*, *Geneſis* 24. 22. *Shechem* ſon of *Hamor* ſays to *Jacob* and his ſons, whoſe ſiſter he was deſirous to eſpouſe, "Aſk me never ſo much dowry and gifts," *Geneſis* 34. 12. For the dowry was for the daughter. This preſent ſerv'd for her dowry, and the other preſents were for the father. In the firſt book of *Samuel* 18. 25. *Saul* makes them ſay to *David*, who by reaſon of his poverty ſaid he could not be ſon-in-law to the King: "The King deſireth not any "dowry." And in the two laſt paſſages, we ſee the preſents were common

Sev'n ample cities ſhall confeſs his ſway,
Him *Enope*, and *Pheræ* him obey,
Cardamyle with ample turrets crown'd,
And ſacred *Pedaſus* for vines renown'd;
Æpea fair, the Paſtures *Hira* yields,
And rich *Antheia* with her flow'ry fields:
The whole extent to *Pylos*' ſandy plain,
Along the verdant margin of the main.
There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil;
Bold are the men, and gen'rous is the ſoil;
There ſhall he reign with pow'r and juſtice crown'd,
And rule the tributary realms around.
All this I give, his vengeance to controul,
And ſure all this may move his mighty ſoul.
Pluto, the grizly God, who never ſpares,
Who feels no mercy, and who hears no pray'rs,

Lives

mmonly regulated by the father of the bride. There is no ention in *Homer* of any preſent made to the father, but only that which was given to the married daughter, which was called δα. The dowry which the father gave to his daughter was lled μείλια· wherefore *Agamemnon* ſays here ἐπιμείλια δώσω. acier.

ν. 209. Pluto, *the grizly God, who never ſpares.*] The meang of this may be gather'd from *Æſchylus*, cited here by *Eutathius*.

Lives dark and dreadful in deep Hell's abodes,
And mortals hate him, as the worſt of Gods.
Great tho' he be, it fits him to obey;
Since more than his my years, and more my ſway.
The monarch thus: the rev'rend *Neſtor* then:
Great *Agamemnon!* glorious King of Men!
Such are thy offers as a Prince may take,
And ſuch as fits a gen'rous King to make.
Let choſen delegates this hour be ſent,
(My ſelf will name them) to *Pelides'* tent:
Let *Phœnix* lead, rever'd for hoary age,
Great *Ajax* next, and *Ithacus* the ſage.

Ye

Μόνος θεῶν θάνατός θ' δώρων ἐρᾷ,
Οὐδ' ἄν τι ἱύων θ' ἑπισπένδων λάβοις,
Οὐδ' ἔστι βωμὸς, θδὲ παιωνίζεται.

"Death is the only God who is not mov'd by offerings, whom
"you cannot conquer by ſacrifices and oblations, and therefor
"he is the only God to whom no altar is erected, and no hym
"are ſung."

℣. 221. *Let* Phœnix *lead.*] How comes it to paſs that *Phœnix* is in the *Grecian* camp: when undoubtedly he retir'd wit his pupil *Achilles? Euſtathius* ſays, the ancients conjectur'd tha he came to the camp to ſee the firſt battel: and indeed no thing is more natural to imagine, than that *Achilles* wou be impatient to know the event of the day, when he w himſelf abſent from the fight: and as his revenge and glo were to be ſatisfy'd by the ill ſucceſs of the *Grecians*, it highly probable that he ſent *Phœnix* to enquire after it. *Euſtathius* farther obſerves, *Phœnix* was not an embaſſador, b on

Yet more to ſanctify the word you ſend,
Let *Hodius* and *Eurybates* attend.
Now pray to *Jove* to grant what *Greece* demands;
Pray, in deep ſilence, and with pureſt hands.
He ſaid, and all approv'd. The heralds bring
The cleanſing water from the living ſpring.
The youth with wine the ſacred goblets crown'd,
And large libations drench'd the ſands around.
The rite perform'd, the Chiefs their thirſt allay,
Then from the royal tent they take their way;

only the conductor of the embaſſy. This is evident from the words themſelves, which are all along deliver'd in the dual number; and farther, from *Achilles*'s requiring *Phœnix* to ſtay with him when the other two departed.

ỳ. 222. *Great* Ajax *next, and* Ithacus *the ſage.*] The choice of theſe perſons is made with a great deal of judgment. *Achilles* could not but reverence the venerable *Phœnix* his guardian and tutor. *Ajax* and *Ulyſſes* had been diſgrac'd in the firſt book, line 187, as well as he, and were therefore proper perſons to perſuade him to forgive as they had forgiven: beſides, it was the greateſt honour that could be done to *Achilles*, to ſend the moſt worthy perſonages in the army to him. *Ulyſſes* was inferiour to none in eloquence but to *Neſtor*. *Ajax* was ſecond to none in valour but to *Achilles*.

Ajax might have an influence over him as a relation, by deſcent from *Æacus*, *Ulyſſes* as an orator: to theſe are join'd *Hodius* and *Eurybates*, two heralds, which tho' it were not cuſtomary, yet was neceſſary in this place, both to certify *Achilles* that this embaſſage was the act of *Agamemnon* himſelf, and alſo to make theſe perſons who had been witneſſes before God and man of the wrong done to *Achilles* in reſpect to *Briſeïs*, witneſſes alſo of the ſatisfaction given him. *Euſtathius.*

Wiſe *Neſtor* turns on each his careful eye,
Forbids t'offend, inſtructs them to apply:
Much he adviſ'd them all, *Ulyſſes* moſt,
To deprecate the Chief, and ſave the hoſt.
Thro' the ſtill night they march, and hear the roar
Of murm'ring billows on the ſounding ſhore.
To *Neptune*, ruler of the ſeas profound,
Whoſe liquid arms the mighty globe ſurround,
They pour forth vows, their embaſſy to bleſs,
And calm the rage of ſtern *Æacides*.
And now arriv'd, where, on the ſandy bay
The *Myrmidonian* tents and veſſels lay;
Amus'd at eaſe, the god-like man they found,
Pleas'd with the ſolemn harp's harmonious ſound.

(Th

℣. 235. *Much he adviſ'd them all,* Ulyſſes *moſt.*] There is great propriety in repreſenting *Neſtor* as ſo particularly applying himſelf on this occaſion to *Ulyſſes*. Tho' he of all men ha the leaſt need of his inſtructions; yet it is highly natural for on wiſe man to talk moſt to another.

℣. 246. *Pleas'd with the ſolemn harp's harmonious ſound.*] "*Ho*
"*mer* (ſays *Plutarch*) to prove what an excellent uſe may b
"made of muſick, feign'd *Achilles* to compoſe by this mean
"the wrath he had conceiv'd againſt *Agamemnon*. He ſun
"to his harp the noble Actions of the valiant, and the a
"chievements of Heroes and Demigods, a ſubject worthy
"*Achilles*. *Homer* moreover teaches us in this fiction th
"proper ſeaſon for muſick, when a Man is at leiſure an
"unemploy'd in greater affairs. For *Achilles*, ſo valorous
"he was, had retir'd from action thro' his diſpleaſure to *A*
"*gamemn*

The well-wrought harp from conquer'd *Thebæ* came,
Of poliſh'd ſilver was its coſtly frame;)
With this he ſooths his angry ſoul, and ſings
Th' immortal deeds of Heroes and of Kings.
Patroclus only of the royal train,
Plac'd in his tent, attends the lofty ſtrain:
Full oppoſite he ſate, and liſten'd long,
In ſilence waiting till he ceas'd the ſong.
Unſeen the *Grecian* embaſſy proceeds
To his high tent; the great *Ulyſſes* leads.
Achilles ſtarting, as the Chiefs he ſpy'd,
Leap'd from his ſeat, and laid the harp aſide.
With like ſurprize aroſe *Menœtius'* ſon:
Pelides graſp'd their hands, and thus begun.
Princes all hail! whatever brought you here,
Or ſtrong neceſſity, or urgent fear;
Welcome,

" *gamemnon.* And nothing was better ſuited to the martial " diſpoſition of this hero, than theſe heroick ſongs, that pre- " pared him for the deeds and toils he afterwards undertook, " by the celebration of the like in thoſe who had gone before " him. Such was the ancient muſick, and to ſuch purpoſes " it was apply'd." *Plut. of muſick.* The ſame author relates in the life of *Alexander*, that when the lyre of *Paris* was offer'd to that Prince, he made anſwer, " He had little value " for it, but much deſired that of *Achilles*, on which he ſung " the actions of heroes in former times."

ỳ. 261. *Princes all hail!*] This ſhort ſpeech is wonderfully proper to the occaſion, and to the temper of the ſpeaker. One

Welcome, tho' *Greeks!* for not as foes ye came;
To me more dear than all that bear the name.
With that, the Chiefs beneath his roof he led,
And plac'd in ſeats with purple carpets ſpread.
Then thus—*Patroclus*, crown a larger bowl,
Mix purer wine, and open ev'ry ſoul.
Of all the warriours yonder hoſt can ſend,
Thy friend moſt honours theſe, and theſe thy friend.

is under a great expectation of what *Achilles* will ſay at the ſight of theſe heroes, and I know nothing in nature that could ſatisfy it, but the very thing he here accoſts them with.

ỳ. 268. *Mix purer wine.*] The meaning of this word ζωρότερον is very dubious; ſome ſay it ſignifies warm wine, from ζεω, *ferveo*: according to *Ariſtotle* it is an adverb, and implies to mix wine *quickly*. And others think it ſignifies pure wine. In this laſt ſenſe *Herodotus* uſes it. Ἐπὰν ζωρότερον βάλωνται οἱ Σπαρτιάται πιεῖν, ἐπισεύθισον λέγουσιν, ὡς ἀπὸ τῶν Σκυθέων, οἵ φησιν, εἰς Σπάρτην ἀφικόμενοι πρέσβεις, ἐδίδαξαν τὸν Κλεομένην ἀκρατοποτεῖν. Which in *Engliſh* is thus: "When "the *Spartans* have an inclination to drink their wine pure and "not diluted, they propoſe to drink after the manner of the "*Scythians*; ſome of whom coming embaſſadors to *Sparta*, "taught *Cleomenes* to drink his wine unmix'd." I think this ſenſe of the word is moſt natural, and *Achilles* might give this particular order not to dilute the wine ſo much as uſually, becauſe the embaſſadors, who were brave men, might be ſuppos'd to be much fatigu'd in the late battel, and to want a more than uſual refreſhment. *Euſtathius.* See *Plutarch. Symp. l.* 4. c. 5.

He

He ſaid; *Patroclus* o'er the blazing fire
Heaps in a brazen vaſe three chines entire:

The

ℽ. 271. Patroclus *o'er the blazing fire*, &c.] The reader muſt not expect to find much beauty in ſuch deſcriptions as theſe: they give us an exact account of the ſimplicity of that age, which for all we know might be a part of *Homer*'s deſign; there being, no doubt, a conſiderable change of cuſtoms in *Greece*, from the time of the *Trojan* war to thoſe wherein our author lived; and it ſeem'd demanded of him to omit nothing that might give the *Greeks* an idea of the manners of their predeceſſors. But however that matter ſtood, it ſhould, methinks, be a pleaſure to a modern reader, to ſee how ſuch mighty men, whoſe actions have ſurviv'd their perſons three thouſand years, lived in the earlieſt ages of the world. The embaſſadors found this hero, ſays *Euſtathius*, without any attendants; he had no uſhers or waiters to introduce them, no ſervile paraſites about him: the latter ages degenerated into theſe pieces of ſtate and pageantry.

The ſupper alſo is deſcrib'd with an equal ſimplicity: three Princes are buſied in preparing it, and they who made the greateſt figure in the field of battel, thought it no diſparagement to prepare their own repaſt. The objections ſome have made, that *Homer*'s Gods and Heroes do every thing for themſelves, as if ſeveral of thoſe offices were unworthy of them, proceeds from the corrupt idea of modern luxury and grandeur: whereas in truth it is rather a weakneſs and imperfection to ſtand in need of the aſſiſtance and miniſtry of others. But however it be, methinks thoſe of the niceſt taſte might reliſh this entertainment of *Homer*'s, when they conſider theſe great men as ſoldiers in a camp, in whom the leaſt appearance of luxury would have been a crime.

ℽ. 271. Patroclus *o'er the blazing fire.*] Madam *Dacier*'s general note on this paſſage deſerves to be tranſcribed. "*Ho-*"*mer*, ſays ſhe, is in the right not to avoid theſe deſcrip-"tions, becauſe nothing can properly be called vulgar which "is drawn from the manner and uſages of perſons of the "firſt dignity; and alſo becauſe in his tongue even the terms "of cookery are ſo noble, and of ſo agreeable a ſound, and

The brazen vaſe *Automedon* ſuſtains,
Which fleſh of porket, ſheep, and goat contains:
Achilles at the genial feaſt preſides,
The parts transfixes, and with ſkill divides.
Mean while *Patroclus* ſweats the fire to raiſe;
The tent is brightned with the riſing blaze:
Then, when the languid flames at length ſubſide,
He ſtrows a bed of glowing embers wide,

" he likewiſe knows how to place them ſo well, as to ex-
" tract a perfect harmony from them: ſo that he may be
" ſaid to be as excellent a poet when he deſcribes theſe
" ſmall matters, as when he treats of the greateſt ſubjects.
" 'Tis not ſo either with our manners, or our language.
" Cookery is left to ſervants, and all its terms ſo low and
" diſagreeable, even in the ſound, that nothing can be made
" of them, that has not ſome taint of their meanneſs. This
" great diſadvantage made me at firſt think of abridging this
" preparation of the repaſt; but when I had well conſider'd
" it, I was reſolv'd to preſerve and give *Homer* as he is, with-
" out retrenching any thing from the ſimplicity of the he-
" roick manners. I do not write to enter the liſts againſt *Ho-*
" *mer*, I will diſpute nothing with him; my deſign is only
" to give an idea of him, and to make him underſtood: the
" reader will therefore forgive me if this deſcription has none
" of its original graces."

℣. 272. *In a brazen vaſe.*] The word χρεῖον ſignifies the veſſel, and not the meat it ſelf, as *Euphorion* conjectured, giving it as a reaſon that *Homer* makes no mention of boiled meat: but this does not hinder but that the meat might be parboil'd in the veſſel to make it roaſt the ſooner. This, with ſome other notes on the particulars of this paſſage, belong to *Euſtathius*, and Madam *Dacier* ought not to have taken to herſelf the merit of his explanations.

Above

Above the coals the ſmoaking fragments turns,
And ſprinkles ſacred ſalt from lifted urns;
With bread the glitt'ring caniſters they load,
Which round the board *Menœtius'* ſon beſtow'd;
Himſelf, oppos'd t' *Ulyſſes* full in ſight,
Each portion parts, and orders ev'ry rite.
The firſt fat off'rings, to th' Immortals due,
Amidſt the greedy flames *Patroclus* threw;
Then each, indulging in the ſocial feaſt,
His thirſt and hunger ſoberly repreſt.
That done, to *Phœnix Ajax* gave the ſign;
Not unperceiv'd; *Ulyſſes* crown'd with wine

The

ν. 282. *And ſprinkles ſacred ſalt.*] Many reaſons are given why ſalt is called ſacred or divine, but the beſt is becauſe it preſerves things incorrupt, and keeps them from diſſolution. "So thunder (ſays *Plutarch Sympoſ. l.* 5. *qu.* 10.) is called divine, becauſe bodies ſtruck with thunder will not putrify; beſides generation is divine, becauſe God is the principle of all things, and ſalt is moſt operative in generation. *Lycophron* calls it ἀγνίτην τὸν ἅλα: for this reaſon *Venus* was feign'd by the poets to ſpring from the ſea."

ν. 291. *To* Phœnix Ajax *gave the ſign.*] *Ajax*, who was a rough ſoldier and no orator, is impatient to have the buſineſs over: he makes a ſign to *Phœnix* to begin, but *Ulyſſes* prevents him. Perhaps *Ulyſſes* might flatter himſelf that his oratory would prevail upon *Achilles*, and ſo obtain the honour of making the reconciliation himſelf: or if he were repuls'd, there yet remain'd a ſecond and third reſource in *Ajax* and *Phœnix*, who might renew the attempt, and endeavour to ſhake his reſolution: there would ſtill be ſome hopes

The foaming bowl, and inſtant thus began,
His ſpeech addreſſing to the God-like man.
Health to *Achilles!* happy are thy gueſts!
Not thoſe more honour'd whom *Atrides* feaſts:

of ſucceſs, as one of theſe was his guardian, the other his relation. One may farther add to theſe reaſons of *Euſtatbius*, that it would have been improper for *Phœnix* to have ſpoken firſt, ſince he was not an embaſſador; and therefore *Ulyſſes* was the fitter perſon, as being empower'd by that function to make an offer of the preſents, in the name of the King.

℣. 295. *Health to* Achilles.] There are no diſcourſes in the Iliad better placed, better tim'd, or that give a greater idea of *Homer*'s genius, than theſe of the embaſſadors to *Achilles*. Theſe ſpeeches are not only neceſſarily demanded by the occaſion, but diſpoſed with art, and in ſuch an order, as raiſes more and more the pleaſure of the reader. *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks the firſt, the character of whoſe diſcourſe is a well-addreſs'd eloquence; ſo the mind is agreeably engag'd by the choice of his reaſons and applications: *Achilles* replies with a magnanimous freedom, whereby the mind is elevated with the ſentiments of the hero: *Phœnix* diſcourſes in a manner touching and pathetick, whereby the heart is moved: and *Ajax* concludes with a generous diſdain, that leaves the ſoul of the reader inflamed. This order undoubtedly denotes a great poet, who knows how to command attention as he pleaſes, by the arrangement of his matter; and I believe it is not poſſible to propoſe a better model for the happy diſpoſition of a ſubject. Theſe words are Monſieur *de la Motte*'s, and no teſtimony can be more glorious to *Homer* than this, which comes from the mouth of an enemy.

℣. 296. *Not thoſe more honour'd whom* Atrides *feaſts.*] I muſt juſt mention *Dacier*'s obſervation: With what cunning *Ulyſſes* here ſlides in the odious name of *Agamemnon*, as he praiſes *Achilles*, that the ear of this impetuous man might be familiariz'd to that name.

Tho' gen'rous plenty crown thy loaded boards,
That *Agamemnon*'s regal tent affords;
But greater cares fit heavy on our ſouls,
Not eas'd by banquets or by flowing bowls.
What ſcenes of ſlaughter in yon fields appear!
The dead we mourn, and for the living fear;
Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful ſtands,
And owns no help but from thy ſaving hands:
Troy and her aids for ready vengeance call;
Their threat'ning tents already ſhade our wall:
Hear how with ſhouts their conqueſt they proclaim,
And point at ev'ry ſhip their vengeful flame!
For them the Father of the Gods declares,
Theirs are his omens, and his thunder theirs.
See, full of *Jove*, avenging *Hector* riſe!
See! Heav'n and earth the raging Chief deſies;
What fury in his breaſt, what light'ning in his eyes!
He waits but for the morn, to ſink in flame
The ſhips, the *Greeks*, and all the *Grecian* name.
Heav'ns!

y. 314. *He waits but for the morn, to ſink in flame, The ſhips, the Greeks, &c.*] There is a circumſtance in the original which I have omitted, for fear of being too particular in an oration of this warmth and importance; but as it preſerves a piece of antiquity, I muſt not forget it here. He ſays that

Heav'ns! how my country's woes diſtract my mind,
Leſt fate accompliſh all his rage deſign'd.
And muſt we, Gods! our heads inglorious lay
In *Trojan* duſt, and this the fatal day?
Return, *Achilles!* oh return, tho' late,
To ſave thy *Greeks*, and ſtop the courſe of fate;
If in that heart, or grief, or courage lies,
Riſe to redeem; ah yet, to conquer, riſe!
The day may come, when all our warriours ſlain,
That heart ſhall melt, that courage riſe in vain.
Regard in time, O prince divinely brave!
Thoſe wholeſome counſels which thy father gave,
When *Peleus* in his aged arms embrac'd
His parting ſon, theſe accents were his laſt.
My child! with ſtrength, with glory and ſucceſs,
Thy arms may *Juno* and *Minerva* bleſs!
Truſt that to heav'n: but thou, thy cares engage
To calm thy paſſions, and ſubdue thy rage:
From gentler manners let thy glory grow,
And ſhun contention, the ſure ſource of woe;

Hector will not only fire the fleet, but bear off the *ſtatues of the Gods*, which were carv'd on the prows of the veſſels. Theſe were hung up in the temples, as a monument of victory, according to the cuſtom of thoſe times.

The

That young and old may in thy praiſe combine,
The virtues of Humanity be thine——
This, now deſpis'd advice, thy father gave;
Ah! check thy anger, and be truly brave.
If thou wilt yield to great *Atrides'* pray'rs,
Gifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares;
If not——but hear me, while I number o'er
The proffer'd preſents, an exhauſtleſs ſtore.
Ten weighty talents of the pureſt gold,
And twice ten vaſes of refulgent mold;
Sev'n ſacred tripods, whoſe unſully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame:
Twelve ſteeds unmatch'd in fleetneſs and in force,
And ſtill victorious in the duſty courſe:
(Rich were the man, whoſe ample ſtores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged ſpeed)

℣. 342. *But hear me, while I number o'er The proffer'd preſents.*] Monſieur *de la Motte* finds fault with *Homer* for making *Ulyſſes* in this place repeat all the offers of *Agamemnon* to *Achilles*. Not to anſwer that it was but neceſſary to make known to *Achilles* all the propoſals, or that this diſtinct enumeration ſerv'd the more to move him, I think one may appeal to any perſon of common taſte, whether the ſolemn recital of theſe circumſtances does not pleaſe him more than the ſimple narration could have done, which Monſieur *de la Motte* would have put in its ſtead. Ulyſſes *made all the offers* Agamemnon *had commiſſion'd him.*

Sev'n

Sev'n lovely captives of the *Leſbian* line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,
The ſame he choſe for more than vulgar charms,
When *Lesbos* ſunk beneath thy conqu'ring arms.
All theſe, to buy thy friendſhip, ſhall be paid,
And join'd with theſe the long-conteſted maid;
With all her charms, *Briſeïs* he'll reſign,
And ſolemn ſwear thoſe charms were only thine;
Untouch'd ſhe ſtay'd, uninjur'd ſhe removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltleſs of his loves.
Theſe inſtant ſhall be thine; and if the pow'rs,
Give to our arms proud *Ilion*'s hoſtile tow'rs,
Then ſhalt thou ſtore (when *Greece* the ſpoil divides)
With gold and braſs thy loaded navy's ſides.
Beſides full twenty nymphs of *Trojan* race,
With copious love ſhall crown thy warm embrace;
Such as thy ſelf ſhall chuſe; who yield to none,
Or yield to *Helen*'s heav'nly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,
If ſafe we land on *Argos*' fruitful ſhore,
There ſhalt thou live his ſon, his honours ſhare,
And with *Oreſtes*' ſelf divide his care.
Yet more—three daughters in his court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed;

Laodice

Laodice and *Iphigenia* fair,
And bright *Chryſothemis* with golden hair;
Her ſhalt thou wed whom moſt thy eyes approve;
He aſks no preſents, no reward for love:
Himſelf will give the dow'r; ſo vaſt a ſtore,
As never father gave a child before.
Sev'n ample cities ſhall confeſs thy ſway,
Thee *Enope*, and *Pheræ* thee obey,
Cardamyle with ample turrets crown'd,
And ſacred *Pedaſus*, for vines renown'd;
Æpea fair, the paſtures *Hira* yields,
And rich *Antheia* with her flow'ry fields:
The whole extent to *Pylos*' ſandy plain
Along the verdant margin of the main.
There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil;
Bold are the men, and gen'rous is the ſoil.
There ſhalt thou reign with pow'r and juſtice crown'd,
And rule the tributary realms around.
Such are the proffers which this day we bring,
Such the repentance of a ſuppliant King.
But if all this relentleſs thou diſdain,
If honour, and if int'reſt plead in vain;
Yet ſome redreſs to ſuppliant *Greece* afford,
And be, amongſt her guardian Gods, ador'd.

If no regard thy ſuff'ring country claim,
Hear thy own glory, and the voice of fame:
For now that chief, whoſe unreſiſted ire
Made nations tremble, and whole hoſts retire,
Proud *Hector*, now, th' unequal fight demands,
And only triumphs to deſerve thy hands.
Then thus the Goddeſs-born. *Ulyſſes*, hear
A faithful ſpeech, that knows nor art, nor fear;
What in my ſecret ſoul is underſtood,
My tongue ſhall utter, and my deeds make good.
Let *Greece* then know, my purpoſe I retain,
Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.
Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart deteſts him as the gates of hell.
Then thus in ſhort my fixt reſolves attend,
Which nor *Atrides*, nor his *Greeks* can bend;

℣. 406. Achilles's *ſpeech.*] Nothing is more remarkable than the conduct of *Homer* in this ſpeech of *Achilles*. He begins with ſome degree of coolneſs, as in reſpect to the embaſſadors, whoſe perſons he eſteem'd, yet even there his temper juſt ſhews it ſelf in the inſinuation that *Ulyſſes* had dealt artfully with him, which in two periods riſes into an open deteſtation of all artifice. He then falls into a ſullen declaration of his reſolves, and a more ſedate repreſentation of his paſt ſervices; but warms as he goes on, and every minute he but names his wrongs, flies out into extravagance. His rage, awaken'd by that injury, is like a fire blown by a wind that ſinks and riſes by fits, but keeps continually burning, and blazes but the more for thoſe intermiſſions.

Long

ong toils, long perils in their cauſe I bore,
ut now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.
ight or not fight, a like reward we claim,
he wretch and hero find their prize the ſame;
ike regretted in the duſt he lies,
ho yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.
f all my dangers, all my glorious pains,
life of labours, lo! what fruit remains?
the bold bird her helpleſs young attends,
om danger guards them, and from want defends;
ſearch of prey ſhe wings the ſpacious air,
d with th' untaſted food ſupplies her care:
r thankleſs *Greece* ſuch hardſhips have I brav'd,
r wives, her infants by my labours ſav'd;
ng ſleepleſs nights in heavy arms I ſtood,
d ſweat laborious days in duſt and blood.

. 424. *As the bold bird*, &c.] This ſimile (ſays *La Motte*) ſt be allowed to be juſt, but was not fit to be ſpoken in a ion. One may anſwer, that the tenderneſs of the compa- n renders it no way the leſs proper to a man in a paſſion: eing natural enough, the more one is diſguſted at preſent, more to recollect the kindneſs we have formerly ſhewn to ſe who are ungrateful. *Euſtathius* obſerves, that ſo ſoft as ſimile ſeems, it has nevertheleſs its *fierté*; for *Achilles* here- xpreſſes his contempt for the *Greeks*, as a weak defenceleſs le, who muſt have periſhed, if he had not preſerved them. indeed, if we conſider what is ſaid in the preceding note, ill appear that the paſſion of *Achilles* ought not as yet to be he height.

I ſack'd twelve ample Cities on the Main,
And twelve lay ſmoaking on the *Trojan* Plain:
Then at *Atrides'* haughty feet were laid
The wealth I gather'd, and the ſpoils I made.
Your mighty Monarch theſe in peace poſſeſt;
Some few my Soldiers had, himſelf the reſt.
Some preſent too to ev'ry Prince was paid;
And ev'ry Prince enjoys the gift he made;
I only muſt refund, of all his train;
See what preheminence our merits gain!
My ſpoil alone his greedy ſoul delights;
My ſpouſe alone muſt bleſs his luſtful nights:
The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy;
But what's the quarrel then of *Greece* to *Troy?*
What to theſe ſhores th' aſſembled nations draws,
What calls for vengeance but a woman's cauſe?

ver. 432. *I ſack'd twelve ample cities.*] *Euſtathius* ſays, the anger of *Achilles* not only throws him into tautology, alſo into ambiguity: For, ſays he, theſe words may either nify that he deſtroy'd twelve cities with his ſhips, or barely ties with twelve ſhips. But *Euſtathius* in this place is like ny other Commentators, who can ſee a meaning in a ſente that never enter'd into the thoughts of an author. It is not to conceive how *Achilles* could have expreſs'd himſelf more cl ly. There is no doubt but δωδεκα agrees with the ſame that ἕνδεκα does, in the following Line, which is certa πόλεις: and there is a manifeſt enumeration of the places he conquer'd by ſea, and by land.

e fair endowments and a beauteous face
lov'd by none but thoſe of *Atreus'* race?
he wife whom choice and paſſion both approve,
re every wiſe and worthy man will love.
or did my fair-one leſs diſtinction claim;
ave as ſhe was, my ſoul ador'd the dame.
rong'd in my love all proffers I diſdain;
eceiv'd for once, I truſt not Kings again.
e have my anſwer——what remains to do,
our King, *Ulyſſes*, may conſult with you.

What

ſ. 450. *The wife whom choice and paſſion both approve, Sure ry wife and worthy man will love.*] The argument of *A-illes* in this place is very a-propos with reference to the caſe *Agamemnon*. If I tranſlated it *verbatim*, I muſt ſay in plain *gliſh*, *Every honeſt man loves his wife*. Thus *Homer* has made s raſh, this fiery ſoldier govern'd by his paſſions, and in the e of youth, bear teſtimony to his own reſpect for the ladies. t it ſeems *Poltis* King of *Thrace* was of another opinion, who uld have parted with two wives, out of pure good-nature to o mere ſtrangers; as I have met with the ſtory ſomewhere *Plutarch*. When the *Greeks* were raiſing forces againſt *Troy*, y ſent embaſſadors to this *Poltis* to deſire his aſſiſtance. He uir'd the cauſe of the war, and was told it was the injury *ris* had done *Menelaus* in taking his wife from him. "If that be all, ſaid the good King, let me accommodate the difference: Indeed it is not juſt the *Greek* Prince ſhould loſe a wife, and on the other ſide it is pity the *Trojan* ſhould want one. Now I have two wives, and to prevent all this miſchief, I'll ſend one of them to *Menelaus*, and the other to *Paris*." It is a ſhame this ſtory is ſo little known, and t poor *Poltis* yet remains uncelebrated: I cannot but recom-nd him to the modern Poets.

ſ. 457. *Your King*, Ulyſſes, *may conſult with you.*] *Achilles* ll remembers what *Agamemnon* ſaid to him when they quar-rel'd

What needs he the defence this arm can make?
Has he not walls no human force can ſhake?
Has he not fenc'd his guarded navy round,
With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound?
And will not theſe (the wonders he has done)
Repel the rage of *Priam*'s ſingle ſon?
There was a time ('twas when for *Greece* I fought)
When *Hector*'s proweſs no ſuch wonders wrought;
He kept the verge of *Troy*, nor dar'd to wait
Achilles' fury at the *Scæan* gate;
He try'd it once, and ſcarce was ſav'd by Fate.
But now thoſe ancient enmities are o'er;
To-morrow we the fav'ring Gods implore,

rel'd, *Other brave warriours will be left behind to follow me to battel*, as we have ſeen in the firſt book. He anſwers here without either ſparing *Ajax* or *Ulyſſes*; as much his friends as they are, they have their ſhare in this ſtroke of raillery. *Euſtathius*.

ỳ. 459. *Has he not walls?*] This is a bitter ſatire, (ſays *Euſtathius*) againſt *Agamemnon*, as if his only deeds were the making of this Wall, this Ditch, theſe Palliſades, to defend himſelf againſt thoſe whom he came to beſiege: There was no need of theſe retrenchments, whilſt *Achilles* fought. But (as *Dacier* obſerves) this Satire does not affect *Agamemnon* only but *Neſtor* too, who had adviſ'd the making of theſe retrenchments, and who had ſaid in the ſecond Book, *If there are a few who ſeparate themſelves from the reſt of the Army, let them ſtay and periſh*, ỳ. 346. Probably this had been reported of *Achilles*, and that Hero revenges himſelf here by mocking the retrenchments.

The

hen ſhall you ſee our parting veſſels crown'd,
nd hear with oars the *Helleſpont* reſound.
he third day hence, ſhall *Pthia* greet our ſails,
f mighty *Neptune* ſend propitious gales;
thia to her *Achilles* ſhall reſtore
he wealth he left for this deteſted ſhore:
hither the ſpoils of this long war ſhall paſs,
he ruddy gold, the ſteel, and ſhining braſs;
y beauteous captives thither I'll convey,
nd all that reſts of my unraviſh'd prey.
ne only valu'd gift your tyrant gave,
nd that reſum'd; the fair *Lyrneſſian* ſlave.

Then

ỳ. 473. *The third day hence ſhall* Pthia, &c.] Monſieur *de Motte* thinks the mention of theſe minute circumſtances not agree with the paſſionate character of the ſpeaker; that *he all arrive at* Pthia *in three days*, that *he ſhall find there all the ches be left when he came to the ſiege*, and that *he ſhall carry er treaſures home*. *Dacier* anſwers, that we need only conſi- r the preſent ſituation of *Achilles*, and his cauſe of complaint ainſt *Agamemnon*, and we ſhall be ſatisfied here is nothing but hat is exactly agreeable to the occaſion. To convince the em- ſſadors that he will return home, he inſtances the eaſineſs of ing it in the ſpace of three days. *Agamemnon* had injur'd him the point of booty, he therefore declares he had ſufficient eaſures at home, and that he will carry off ſpoils enough, and omen enough, to make amends for thoſe that Prince had ra- ſh'd from him. Every one of theſe particulars marks his paſ- n and reſentment.

ỳ. 481. *One only valu'd gift your tyrant gave.*] The injury hich *Agamemnon* offer'd to *Achilles* is ſtill uppermoſt in his oughts; he has but juſt diſmiſs'd it, and now returns to it gain. Theſe repetitions are far from being faults in *Achil- les's*

Then tell him; loud, that all the *Greeks* may hear,
And learn to ſcorn the wretch they baſely fear,
(For arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves,
And meditates new cheats on all his ſlaves;
Tho' ſhameleſs as he is, to face theſe eyes
Is what he dares not; if he dares, he dies)
Tell him, all terms, all commerce I decline,
Nor ſhare his council, nor his battel join:
For once deceiv'd, was his; but twice, were mine.
No——let the ſtupid Prince, whom *Jove* deprives
Of ſenſe and juſtice, run where frenzy drives;
His gifts are hateful: Kings of ſuch a kind
Stand but as ſlaves before a noble mind.

les's wrath, whoſe anger is perpetually breaking out upon ſame injury.

ỳ. 494. *Kings of ſuch a kind Stand but as ſlaves before a mind.*] The words in the *Greek* are, *I deſpiſe him as a Cari* The *Carians* were people of *Bœotia*, the firſt that ſold their lour, and were ready to fight for any that gave them their p This was look'd upon as the vileſt of actions in thoſe hero ages. I think there is at preſent but one nation in the world tinguiſh'd for this practice, who are ready to proſtitute their ha to kill for the higheſt bidder.

Euſtathius endeavours to give many other ſolutions of t Place, as that ἐν κάρος may be miſtaken for ἔγκαρος from κάρ, *pediculus*; but this is too mean and trivial to be *Hom* ſentiment. There is more probability that it comes from κηρὸς, and ſo κάρος by the change of the *Eta* into *Alpha*; then the meaning will be, that *Achilles* hates him as much hell or death, agreeable to what he had ſaid a little before.

Ἐχθρὸς μὲν μοὶ κεῖνος ὁμῶς Ἀΐδαο πύλῃσι.

Not tho' he proffer'd all himself poſſeſt,
And all his rapine cou'd from others wreſt;
Not all the golden tides of wealth that crown
The many-peopled *Orchomenian* town;
Not all proud *Thebes'* unrival'd walls contain,
The world's great Empreſs on th' *Ægyptian* plain,
(That

ℽ. 500. *Not all proud* Thebes, &c.] Theſe ſeveral circumſtances concerning *Thebes* are thought by ſome not to ſuit with the emotion with which *Achilles* here is ſuppos'd to ſpeak: but the contrary will appear true, if we reflect that nothing is more uſual for perſons tranſported with anger, than to inſiſt, and return to ſuch particulars as moſt touch them; and that exaggeration is a figure extremely natural in paſſion. *Achilles* therefore, by ſhewing the greatneſs of *Thebes*, its wealth, and extent, does in effect but ſhew the greatneſs of his own rival, and of that inſuperable reſentment which renders all theſe things (though the greateſt in the world) contemptible in his sight, when he compares them with the indignity his honour has received.

ℽ. 500. *Proud* Thebes' *unrival'd walls*, &c.] "The city which the *Greeks* call *Thebes*, the *Ægyptians Dioſpolis* (ſays *Diodorus lib.* 1. *par.* 2.) was in circuit a hundred and forty *ſtadia*, adorned with ſtately buildings, magnificent temples, and rich donations. It was not only the moſt beautiful and noble city of *Ægypt*, but of the whole world. The fame of its wealth and grandeur was ſo celebrated in all parts, that the poet took notice of it in theſe words;

——————ϑ' ὅσα Θήβας
Αἰγυπτίας, ὅθι πλεῖστα δόμοις ἐν κτήματα κεῖται,
Αἳθ' ἑκατόμπυλοί εἰσι, διηκόσιοι δ' ἀν' ἑκάστην
Ἄνερες ἐξοιχνεῦσι σὺν ἵπποισι καὶ ὄχεσφιν. ℽ. 381.

Tho' others affirm it had not a hundred gates, but ſeveral vaſt porches to the temples; from whence the city was "call'd

(That ſpreads her conqueſts o'er a thouſand ſtates,
And pours her heroes thro' a hundred gates,
Two hundred horſemen, and two hundred cars
From each wide portal iſſuing to the wars)
Tho' bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number more
Than duſt in fields, or ſands along the ſhore;
Should all theſe offers for my friendſhip call;
'Tis he that offers, and I ſcorn them all.

" called the *Hundred-gated*, only as having many gates. Y
" it is certain it furniſhed twenty thouſand chariots of wa
" for there were a hundred ſtables along the River, fro
" *Memphis* to *Thebes* towards *Libya*, each of which contai
" two hundred horſes, the ruins wereof are ſhewn at this d
" The Princes from time to time made it their care to bea
" tify and enlarge this city, to which none under the ſun w
" equal in the many and magnificent treaſures of gold, ſ
" ver, and ivory; with innumerable *coloſſus's*, and obeliſ
" of one entire ſtone. There were four temples admirable
" beauty and greatneſs, the moſt ancient of which was in c
" cuit thirteen *ſtadia*, and five and forty cubits in heig
" with a wall of four and twenty foot bread. The ornam
" and offerings within were agreeable to this magnificen
" both in value and workmanſhip. The fabrick is yet rema
" ing, but the gold, ſilver, ivory, and precious ſtones were r
" ſack'd by the *Perſians* when *Cambyſes* burn'd the temp
" of *Ægypt*. There were found in the rubbiſh above th
" hundred talents of gold, and no leſs than two thouſa
" three hundred of ſilver." The ſame author proceeds to g
many inſtances of the magnificence of this great city. T
deſcription of the ſepulchres of their Kings, and particula
that of *Oſymanduas*, is perfectly aſtoniſhing, to which I refer
Reader.

Strabo farther informs us, that the Kings of *Thebes* exte
their conqueſts as far as *Scythia*, *Bactria*, and *India*.

rides' daughter never ſhall be led
n ill-match'd conſort) to *Achilles'* bed;
ke golden *Venus* tho' ſhe charm'd the heart,
nd vy'd with *Pallas* in the works of art.
me greater *Greek* let thoſe high nuptials grace,
hate alliance with a tyrant's race.
heav'n reſtore me to my realms with life,
he rev'rend *Peleus* ſhall elect my wife;
eſſalian nymphs there are, of form divine,
nd Kings that ſue to mix their blood with mine.
eſt in kind love, my years ſhall glide away,
ntent with juſt hereditary ſway;
here deaf for ever to the martial ſtrife,
joy the dear prerogative of Life.
fe is not to be bought with heaps of gold;
t all *Apollo*'s *Pythian* treaſures hold,
Troy once held, in peace and pride of ſway,
n bribe the poor poſſeſſion of a day!

. 526. *Not all* Apollo's P thian *treaſures.*] The temple of *llo* at *Delphos* was the ri heſt temple in the world, by the rings which were brought to it from all parts; there were ues of maſſy gold of a human ſize, figures of animals in gold, ſeveral other treaſures. A great ſign of its wealth is, that *Phocians* pillag'd it in the time of *Philip* the ſon of *Amyntas*, ch gave occaſion to the holy war. 'Tis ſaid to have been pil- d before, and that the great riches of which *Homer* ſpeaks, had n carried away. *Euſtathius.*

Loſt herds and treaſures, we by arms regain,
And ſteeds unrivall'd on the duſty plain:
But from our lips the vital ſpirit fled,
Returns no more to wake the ſilent dead.
My fates long ſince by *Thetis* were diſclos'd,
And each alternate, life or fame propos'd;

Here

ỳ. 530. *The vital ſpirit fled, Returns no more.*] Nothing ſu could be better imagin'd, or more ſtrongly paint *Achilles*'s reſen ment, than this commendation which *Homer* puts into his mou of a long and peaceable life. That hero, whoſe very ſoul was po ſeſs'd with love of glory, and who preferr'd it to life it ſelf, le his anger prevail over this his darling paſſion: he deſpiſes ev glory, when he cannot obtain that, and enjoy his revenge at th ſame time; and rather than lay this aſide, becomes the very r verſe of himſelf.

ỳ. 532. *My fates long ſince by* Thetis *were diſclos'd.*] It w very neceſſary for *Homer* to put the reader more than once in mi of this piece of *Achilles*'s ſtory: There is a remark of Monſieur *la Motte*, which deſerves to be tranſcrib'd entire on this occaſion.

" The generality of people who do not know *Achilles* by th " Iliad, and who upon a moſt noted fable conceive him invuln " rable all but in the heel, find it ridiculous that he ſhould b " placed at the head of heroes; ſo true it is, that the idea of v " lour implies it always in danger.

" Should a giant, well arm'd, fight againſt a legion of childre " whatever ſlaughter he ſhould make, the pity any one wou " have for them, would not turn at all to any admiration of hi " and the more he ſhould applaud his own courage, the mo " one would be offended at his pride.

" *Achilles* had been in this caſe, if *Homer*, beſides all the ſup " riority of ſtrength he has given him, had not found the art " putting likewiſe his greatneſs of ſoul out of all ſuſpicion.

" He has perfectly well ſucceeded in feigning that *Achil* " beſi

Here, if I ſtay, before the *Trojan* town,
Short is my date, but deathleſs my renown:
If I return, I quit immortal praiſe
For years on years, and long-extended days.
Convinc'd, tho' late, I find my fond miſtake,
And warn the *Greeks* the wiſer choice to make:
To quit theſe ſhores, their native ſeats enjoy,
Nor hope the fall of heav'n-defended *Troy*.
Jove's arm diſplay'd aſſerts her from the ſkies;
Her hearts are ſtrengthen'd, and her glories riſe.
Go then, to *Greece* report our fixt deſign;
Bid all your counſels, all your armies join,
Let all your forces, all your arts conſpire,
To ſave the ſhips, the troops, the chiefs from fire.

before his ſetting out to the *Trojan* war, was ſure of meeting his death. The deſtinies had propoſed to him by the mouth of *Thetis*, the alternative of a long and happy, but obſcure life, if he ſtay'd in his own ſtate; or of a ſhort, but glorious one, if he embrac'd the vengeance of the *Greeks*. He wiſhes for glory in contempt of death; and thus all his actions, all his motions are ſo many proofs of his courage; he runs, in haſtening his exploits, to a death which he knows infallibly attends him; what does it avail him, that he routs every thing almoſt without reſiſtance? It is ſtill true, that he every moment encounters and faces the ſentence of his deſtiny, and that he devotes himſelf generouſly for glory. *Homer* was ſo ſenſible that this idea muſt force a concern for his hero, that he ſcatters it throughout his poem, to the end that the reader having it always in view, may eſteem *Achilles* even for what he performs without the leaſt danger.

One Stratagem has fail'd, and others will:
Ye find, *Achilles* is unconquer'd ſtill.
Go then——digeſt my meſſage as ye may——
But here this night let rev'rend *Phœnix* ſtay:
His tedious toils, and hoary hairs demand
A peaceful death in *Pthia*'s friendly land.
But whether he remain, or ſail with me,
His age be ſacred, and his will be free.
The ſon of *Peleus* ceas'd: the chiefs around
In ſilence wrapt, in conſternation drown'd,
Attend the ſtern reply. Then *Phœnix* roſe;
(Down his white beard a ſtream of ſorrow flows)
And while the fate of ſuff'ring *Greece* he mourn'd,
With accent weak theſe tender words return'd.
Divine *Achilles!* wilt thou then retire,
And leave our hoſts in blood, our fleets on fire?
If wrath ſo dreadful fill thy ruthleſs mind,
How ſhall thy friend, thy *Phœnix*, ſtay behind?

The

℣. 565. *How ſhall thy friend, thy* Phœnix *ſtay behind?*] This is a ſtrong argument to perſuade *Achilles* to ſtay, but dreſs'd up in the utmoſt tenderneſs: the venerable old man riſes with tears in his eyes, and ſpeaks the language of affection. He tells him that he would not be left behind him, tho' the Gods would free him from the burthen of old age, and reſtore him to his youth: but in the midſt of ſo much fondneſs, he couches a powerful argument to perſuade him not to return home, by adding that

The royal *Peleus*, when from *Pthia*'s coaſt
He ſent thee early to th' *Achaian* hoſt;

Thy

hat his father ſent him to be his guide and guardian; *Phœnix* ought not therefore to follow the inclinations of *Achilles*, but *Achilles* the directions of *Phœnix*. *Euſtathius.*

" The art of this ſpeech of *Phœnix* (ſays *Dionyſius*, περὶ ἐσχηματισμένων, lib. 1.) conſiſts in his ſeeming to agree " with all that *Achilles* had ſaid: *Achilles*, he ſees, will depart, " and he muſt go along with him; but in aſſigning the reaſons " why he muſt go with him, he proves that *Achilles* ought " not to depart. And thus while he ſeems only to ſhew his " love to his pupil in his inability to ſtay behind him, he in- " deed challenges the other's gratitude for the benefits he had " conferr'd upon him in his infancy and education. At the " ſame time that he moves *Achilles*, he gratifies *Agamemnon*; " and that this was the real deſign which he diſguiſed in that " manner, we are inform'd by *Achilles* himſelf in the reply he " makes: for *Homer*, and all the authors that treat of this fi- " gure, generally contrived it ſo, that the anſwers made to theſe " kind of ſpeeches, diſcover all the art and ſtructure of them. " *Achilles* therefore aſks him,

Is it for him theſe tears are taught to flow?
For him theſe ſorrows; for my mortal foe!

" You ſee the ſcholar reveals the art and diſſimulation of his " maſter; and as *Phœnix* had recounted the benefits done him, " he takes off that expoſtulation by promiſing to divide his " empire with him, as may be ſeen in the ſame anſwer.

ν. 567. *He ſent thee early to th'* Achaian *hoſt.*] *Achilles* (ſays *Euſtathius*) according to ſome of the ancients, was but twelve years old when he went to the wars of *Troy*; (πεμπτε νήπιον) and it may be gather'd from what the Poet here relates of the education of *Achilles* under *Phœnix*, that the fable of his being nurtor'd by *Chiron* was the invention of later ages, and unknown to *Homer*.

Thy youth as then in ſage debates unſkill'd,
And new to perils of the direful field:
He bade me teach thee all the ways of war;
To ſhine in councils, and in camps to dare.
Never, ah never let me leave thy ſide!
No time ſhall part us, and no fate divide.
Not tho' the God that breath'd my life, reſtore
The bloom I boaſted, and the port I bore,
When *Greece* of old beheld my youthful flames,
(Delightful *Greece*, the land of lovely dames.)
My father, faithleſs to my mother's arms,
Old as he was, ador'd a ſtranger's charms.

Mr. *Bayle*, in his article of *Achilles*, has very well proved this. He might indeed, as he grew up, have learn'd muſick and phyſick of *Chiron*, without having him formally as his tutor; for it is plain from this ſpeech, that he was put under the direction of *Phœnix*; as his governour in morality, when his father ſent him along with him to the ſiege of *Troy*.

ỳ. 578. *My father, faithleſs to my mother's arms*, &c.] *Homer* has been blamed for introducing two long ſtories into this ſpeech of *Phœnix*; this concerning himſelf is ſaid not to be in the proper place, and what *Achilles* muſt needs have heard over and over: it alſo gives (ſay they) a very ill impreſſion of *Phœnix* himſelf, and makes him appear a very unfit perſon to be a teacher of morality to the young hero. It is anſwer'd, that tho' *Achilles* might have known the ſtory before in general, 'tis probable *Phœnix* had not till now ſo preſſing an occaſion to make him diſcover the exceſs his fury had tranſported him to, in attempting the life of his own

I try'd what youth could do (at her desire)
To win the damsel, and prevent my sire.
My sire with curses loads my hated head,
And cries, "Ye furies! barren be his bed.
Infernal *Jove*, the vengeful fiends below,
And ruthless *Proserpine*, confirm'd his vow.

Despair

father: the whole story tends to represent the dreadful effects of passion: and I cannot but think the example is the more forcible, as it is drawn from his own experience.

ỳ. 581. *To win the damsel.*] The counsel that this mother gives to her son *Phœnix* is the same that *Achitophel* gave to *Absalom*, to hinder him from ever being reconcil'd to *David*. *Et ait Achitophel ad Absalom: ingredere ad concubinas patris tui, quas dimisit ad custodiendam domum, ut cùm audierit omnis Israel quòd fœdaveris patrem tuum, roborentur tecum manus eorum.* 2 Sam. 14. 20. *Dacier.*

ỳ. 581. *Prevent my sire.*] This decency of *Homer* is worthy observation, who to remove all the disagreeable ideas, which might proceed from this intrigue of *Phœnix* with his father's mistress, took care to give us to understand in one single word, that *Amynor* had no share in her affections, which makes the action of *Phœnix* the more excusable. He does it only in obedience to his mother, in order to reclaim his father, and oblige him to live like her husband: besides, his father had yet no commerce with this mistress to whose love he pretended. Had it been otherwise, and had *Phœnix* committed this sort of incest, *Homer* would neither have presented this image to his reader, nor *Peleus* chosen *Phœnix* to be governor to *Achilles*. *Dacier.*

ỳ. 584. *Infernal* Jove.] The *Greek* is ζεὺς τε καταχθόνιος. The ancients gave the name of *Jupiter* not only to the God of heaven, but likewise to the God of hell, as is seen here; and to the God of the sea, as appears from *Æschylus*. They thereby meant to shew that one sole deity governed the world; and it was to teach the same truth, that the ancient statuaries made statues of *Jupiter*, which had three eyes. *Priam* had one of them in that manner

Deſpair and grief diſtract my lab'ring mind;
Gods! what a crime my impious heart deſign'd?
I thought (but ſome kind God that thought ſuppreſt)
To plunge the ponyard in my father's breaſt:
Then meditate my flight; my friends in vain
With pray'rs entreat me, and with force detain;

in the court of his palace, which was there in *Laomedon*'s time: after the taking of *Troy*, when the *Greeks* ſhar'd the booty, it fell to *Sthenelus*'s lot, who carry'd it into *Greece*. *Dacier*.

y. 586. *Deſpair and grief diſtract*, &c.] I have taken the liberty to replace here four verſes which *Ariſtarchus* had cut out, becauſe of the horror which the idea gave him of a ſon who is going to kill his father; but perhaps *Ariſtarchus*'s niceneſs was too great. Theſe verſes ſeem to me neceſſary, and have a very good effect; for *Phœnix*'s aim is to ſhew *Achilles*, that unleſs we overcome our wrath, we are expos'd to commit the greateſt crimes: he was going to kill his own father. *Achilles* in the ſame manner is going to let his father *Phœnix* and all the *Greeks* periſh, if he does not appeaſe his wrath. *Plutarch* relates theſe four verſes in his treatiſe of reading the poets; and adds, "*Ariſtarchus* "frightned at this horrible crime, cut out theſe verſes; but they "do very well in this place, and on this occaſion, *Phœnix* in- "tending to ſhew *Achilles* what wrath is, and to what abomi- "nable exceſſes it hurries men, who do not obey reaſon, and "who refuſe to follow the counſels of thoſe that adviſe them." Theſe ſort of curtailings from *Homer*, often contrary to all reaſon, gave room to *Lucian* to feign that being in the fortunate iſlands, he ask'd *Homer* a great many queſtions. "Among other things "(ſays he in his ſecond book of his true hiſtory) I ask'd him "whether he had made all the verſes which had been rejected in "his poem? he aſſur'd me they were all his own, which made "me laugh at the impertinent and bold criticiſms of *Zenodotus* "and *Ariſtarchus*, who had retrench'd them. *Dacier*.

On fat of rams, black bulls, and brawny ſwine,
They daily feaſt, with draughts of fragrant wine:
Strong guards they plac'd, and watch'd nine nights entire;
The roofs and porches flam'd with conſtant fire.
The tenth, I forc'd the gates, unſeen of all;
And favour'd by the night, o'erleap'd the wall.
My travels thence thro' ſpacious *Greece* extend;
In *Pthia*'s court at laſt my labours end.
Your ſire receiv'd me, as his ſon careſs'd,
With gifts enrich'd, and with poſſeſſions bleſs'd.
The ſtrong *Dolopians* thenceforth own'd my reign,
And all the coaſt that runs along the main.
My love to thee his bounties I repay'd,
And early wiſdom to thy ſoul convey'd:
Great as thou art, my leſſons made thee brave,
A child I took thee, but a hero gave.
Thy infant breaſt a like affection ſhow'd;
Still in my arms (an ever-pleaſing load)
Or at my knee, by *Phœnix* would'ſt thou ſtand;
No food was grateful but from *Phœnix*' hand,
I paſs my watchings o'er thy helpleſs years,
The tender labours, the compliant cares;

The

y. 612. *I paſs my watchings o'er thy helpleſs years.*] In the original of this place *Phœnix* tells *Achilles*, that as he plac'd him

The Gods (I thought) revers'd their hard decree,
And *Phœnix* felt a father's joys in thee:
Thy growing virtues justify'd my cares,
And promis'd comfort to my silver hairs.
Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage resign'd;
A cruel heart ill suits a manly mind:
The Gods (the only great, and only wise)
Are mov'd by off'rings, vows, and sacrifice;
Offending man their high compassion wins,
And daily pray'rs atone for daily sins.
Pray'rs are *Jove*'s daughters, of celestial race,
Lame are their feet, and wrinkled is their face;

With

him in his infancy on his lap, *he has often cast up the wine he had drank upon his cloaths.* I wish I had any authority to say these verses were foisted into the text: for tho' the idea be indeed natural, it must be granted to be so very gross, as to be utterly unworthy of *Homer*; nor do I see any colour to soften the meanness of it: such images in any age or country, must have been too nauseous to be described.

℣. 624. Pray'rs *are* Jove's *daughters.*] Nothing can be more beautiful, noble, or religious, than this divine allegory. We have here Goddesses of *Homer*'s creation; he sets before us the pictures in lively colours, and gives these fancy'd beings all the features that resemble mankind who offer injuries, or have recourse to prayers.

Prayers are said to be the daughters of *Jove*, because it is he who teaches man to pray. They are lame, because the posture of a supplicant is with his knee on the ground. They are wrinkled, because those that pray have a countenance of dejection and sorrow. Their eyes are turn'd aside, because thro' an awful regard

heav

With humble mien and with dejected eyes,
Constant they follow, where *Injustice* flies:
Injustice swift, erect, and unconfin'd,
Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind,
While *Pray'rs*, to heal her wrongs, move slow behind.
Who hears these daughters of almighty *Jove*,
For him they mediate to the throne above:
When man rejects the humble suit they make,
The sire revenges for the daughters' sake;
From *Jove* commission'd, fierce *Injustice* then
Descends, to punish unrelenting men.

heaven they dare not lift them thither. They follow *Ate* or *Injury*, because nothing but prayers can atone for the wrongs that are offer'd by the injurious. *Ate* is said to be strong and swift of foot, *&c.* because injurious Men are swift to do mischief. This is the explanation of *Eustathius*, with whom *Dacier* agrees; but when she allows the circumstance of lameness to intimate the custom of kneeling in prayer, she forgets that this contradicts her own assertion in one of the remarks on Iliad 7. where she affirms that no such custom was used by the *Greeks*. And indeed the contrary seems inferred in several places of *Homer*, particularly where *Achilles* says in the 608th verse of the eleventh book, *The Greeks shall stand round his knees supplicating to him.* The phrases in that language that signify praying, are deriv'd from the knee, only as it was usual to lay hold on the knee of the person to whom they supplicated.

A modern author imagines *Ate* to signify *divine Justice*; a notion in which he is single, and repugnant to all the Mythologists. Besides, the whole context in this place, and the very application of the allegory to the present case of *Achilles*, whom he exhorts to be mov'd by prayers, notwithstanding the injustice done him by *Agamemnon*, makes the contrary evident.

Oh let not headlong paſſion bear the ſway;
Theſe reconciling Goddeſſes obey:
Due honours to the ſeed of *Jove* belong;
Due honours calm the fierce, and bend the ſtrong.
Were theſe not paid thee by the terms we bring,
Were rage ſtill harbour'd in the haughty King,
Nor *Greece*, nor all her fortunes, ſhould engage
Thy friend to plead againſt ſo juſt a rage.
But ſince what honour asks, the Gen'ral ſends,
And ſends by thoſe whom moſt thy heart commends,
The beſt and nobleſt of the *Grecian* train;
Permit not theſe to ſue, and ſue in vain!

Let

ỳ. 643. *Nor* Greece, *nor all her fortunes.*] *Plato* in the third book of his Republick condemns this paſſage, and thinks it very wrong, that *Phœnix* ſhould ſay to *Achilles*, that if they did not offer him great preſents, he would not adviſe him to be appeas'd: But I think there is ſome injuſtice in this cenſure, and that *Plato* has not rightly enter'd into the ſenſe of *Phœnix*, who does not look upon theſe preſents on the ſide of intereſt, but honour, as a mark of *Agamemnon*'s repentance, and of the ſatisfaction he is ready to make: wherefore he ſays, that honour has a mighty power over great ſpirits. *Dacier.*

ỳ. 648. *Permit not theſe to ſue, and ſue in vain!*] In the original it is——τῶν μὴ σύ γε μῦθον ἐλέγξῃς Μηδὲ πόδας.—I am pretty confident there is not any manner of ſpeaking like this uſed throughout all *Homer*; nor two ſubſtantives ſo oddly coupled to a Verb, as μῦθον and πόδας in this place. We may indeed meet with ſuch little affectations in *Ovid*,——*Aurigam pariter animaque rotiſque, Expulit*——and the like; but the taſte of the ancients in general was too good for theſe fooleries.

I

Let me (my ſon) an ancient fact unfold,
A great example drawn from times of old;
Hear what our fathers were, and what their praiſe,
Who conquer'd their revenge in former days.
Where *Calydon* on rocky mountains ſtands,
Once fought th' *Ætolian* and *Curetian* bands;
To guard it, thoſe, to conquer, theſe advance;
And mutual deaths were dealt with mutual chance.

muſt have leave to think the verſe Μηδὲ πόδας, *&c.* an interpolation; the ſenſe is compleat without it, and the latter part of the line, πρὶν δ' ὅτι νεμεσσηθὲν κεχολῶσθαι, ſeems but a tautology, after what is ſaid in the ſix verſes preceding.

ver. 649. *Let me, my ſon, an ancient fact unfold.*] *Phœnix* ſays *Euſtathius*, lays down, as the foundation of his ſtory, that great men in former ages were always appeas'd by preſents and entreaties; and to confirm this poſition, he brings *Meleager* as an inſtance: but it may be objected that *Meleager* was an ill-choſen inſtance, being a perſon whom no entreaties could move. The ſuperſtructure of this ſtory ſeems not to agree with the foundation. *Euſtathius* ſolves the difficulty thus. *Homer* did not intend to give an inſtance of a hero's compliance with the entreaties of his friends, but to ſhew that they who did not comply, were ſufferers themſelves in the end. So that the connection of the ſtory is thus: The heroes of former times were uſed always to be won by preſents and entreaties; *Meleager* only was obſtinate, and ſuffer'd becauſe he was ſo.

The length of this narration cannot be taxed as unſeaſonable; it was at full leiſure in the tent, and in the night, a time of no action. Yet I cannot anſwer but the tale may be tedious to a modern reader. I have tranſlated it therefore with all poſſible ſhortneſs, as will appear upon a compariſon. The piece it ſelf is valuable, as it preſerves to us a part of ancient hiſtory that had otherwiſe been entirely loſt, as *Quintilian* has remark'd. The ſame great Critick commends *Homer*'s manner of relating it: *Narrare quis ſignificantiùs poteſt quàm qui Curetum Ætolorumque prælium exponit?* *lib.* 10. *c.* 1.

The

The silver *Cynthia* bade *Contention* rise,
In vengeance of neglected sacrifice;
On *Oeneus*' fields she sent a monstrous boar,
That level'd harvests, and whole forests tore:
This beast, (when many a chief his tusks had slain)
Great *Meleager* stretch'd along the plain.
Then, for his spoils, a new debate arose,
The neighbour nations thence commencing foes.
Strong as they were, the bold *Curetes* fail'd,
While *Meleager*'s thund'ring arm prevail'd:
'Till rage at length inflam'd his lofty breast,
(For rage invades the wisest and the best.)
Curs'd by *Althæa*, to his wrath he yields,
And in his wife's embrace forgets the fields.
" (She from *Marpessa* sprung, divinely fair,
" And matchless *Idas*, more than Man in war;
" The God of day ador'd the mother's charms;
" Against the God the father bent his arms:
" Th' afflicted pair, their sorrows to proclaim,
" From *Cleopatra* chang'd this daughter's name,
" And call'd *Alcyone*; a name to show
" The father's grief, the mourning mother's woe.)

ỳ. 677. Alcyone, *a name to show*, &c.] It appears (says Madam *Dacier*) by this passage, and by others already observ'd, that t
Gre

To her the chief retir'd from ſtern debate,
But found no peace from fierce *Althæa*'s hate:
Althæa's hate th' unhappy warriour drew,
Whoſe luckleſs hand his royal uncle ſlew;
She beat the ground, and call'd the pow'rs beneath
On her own ſon to wreak her brother's death:
Hell heard her curſes from the realms profound,
And the red fiends that walk the nightly round.
In vain *Ætolia* her deliv'rer waits,
War ſhakes her walls, and thunders at her gates.
She ſent embaſſadors, a choſen band,
Prieſts of the Gods, and elders of the land;
Beſought the chief to ſave the ſinking ſtate:
Their pray'rs were urgent, and their proffers great:
Full fifty acres of the richeſt ground,
Half paſture green, and half with vin'yards crown'd.)
His ſuppliant father, aged *Oeneus*, came;
His ſiſters follow'd; ev'n the vengeful dame,

Greeks often gave names, as did the *Hebrews*, not only with reſpect to the circumſtances, but likewiſe to the accidents which happen'd to the fathers and mothers of thoſe they named: Thus *Cleopatra* is called *Alcyone*, from the lamentations of her mother. I cannot but think this digreſſion concerning *Idas* and *Marpeſſa* too long, and not very much to the purpoſe.

Althæa

Althæa ſues; His friends before him fall:
He ſtands relentleſs, and rejects 'em all.
Mean while the victor's ſhouts aſcend the ſkies;
The walls are ſcal'd; the rolling flames ariſe;
At length his wife (a form divine) appears,
With piercing cries, and ſupplicating tears;
She paints the horrors of a conquer'd town,
The heroes ſlain, the palaces o'erthrown,
The matrons raviſh'd, the whole race enſlav'd:
The warriour heard, he vanquiſh'd, and he ſav'd.
Th' *Ætolians*, long diſdain'd, now took their turn,
And left the chief their broken faith to mourn.
Learn hence, betimes to curb pernicious ire,
Nor ſtay, till yonder fleets aſcend in fire:
Accept the preſents; draw thy conqu'ring ſword;
And be amongſt our guardian Gods ador'd.

℣. 703. *She paints the horrors of a conquer'd town,*
The heroes ſlain, the palaces o'erthrown,
The matrons raviſh'd, the whole race enſlav'd.]

It is remarkable with what art *Homer* here in a few words ſum up the miſeries of a city taken by aſſault.

It had been unpardonable for *Cleopatra* to have made a long re preſentation to *Meleager* of theſe miſeries, when every momen that kept him from the battel could not be ſpared. It is alſo to b obſerved how perfectly the features of *Meleager* reſemble *Achille* they are both brave men, ambitious of glory, both of them de ſcrib'd as giving victory to their ſeveral armies while they fough and both of them implacable in their reſentment. *Euſtathius.*

Thu

Thus he: The ſtern *Achilles* thus reply'd.
My ſecond father, and my rev'rend guide!
Thy friend, believe me, no ſuch gifts demands,
And asks no honours from a mortal's hands:
Jove honours me, and favours my deſigns;
His pleaſure guides me, and his will confines:
And here I ſtay, (if ſuch his high beheſt)
While life's warm ſpirit beats within my breaſt.

Yet

ſ. 713. Achilles's *anſwer to* Phœnix.] The character of *Achil-* is excellently ſuſtain'd in all his ſpeeches: To *Ulyſſes* he re-ns a flat denial, and threatens to leave the *Trojan* ſhores in the rning: To *Phœnix* he gives a much gentler anſwer, and begins mention *Agamemnon* with leſs diſreſpect Ἀτρεΐδῃ ἥρωϊ: After *ax* had ſpoken, he ſeems determin'd not to depart, but yet re-es to bear arms, 'till it is to defend his own ſquadron. Thus *hilles*'s character is every where of a piece: He begins to yield, not to have done ſo, would not have ſpoke him a man; to have de him perfectly inexorable, had ſhewn him a monſter. Thus Poet draws the heat of his paſſion cooling by ſlow degrees, ich is very natural: To have done otherwiſe, had not been a-eable to *Achilles*'s temper, nor the reader's expectation, to whom ould have been ſhocking to have ſeen him paſſing from the ateſt ſtorm of anger to a quiet calmneſs. *Euſtathius.*

ſ. 720. *While life's warm ſpirit beats within my breaſt.*] *Euſta-s* obſerves here with a great deal of penetration, that theſe ds of *Achilles* include a ſort of oracle, which he does not under-d: For it ſometimes happens, that men full of their objects ſay gs, which beſides the ſenſe natural and plain to every body, ude another ſupernatural, which they themſelves do not un-tand, and which is underſtood by thoſe only who have pene-ion enough to ſee through the obſcurity of it. Thus *Oedipus* n ſpeaks in *Sophocles*; and holy ſcripture furniſhes us with great

Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart;
No more moleſt me on *Atrida's* part:
Is it for him theſe tears are taught to flow,
For him theſe ſorrows? for my mortal foe?
A gen'rous friendſhip no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one reſentment glows;
One ſhould our int'reſts, and our paſſions be;
My friend muſt hate the man that injures me.
Do this, my *Phœnix*, 'tis a gen'rous part,
And ſhare my realms, my honours, and my heart.
Let theſe return: Our voyage, or our ſtay,
Reſt undetermin'd till the dawning day.
He ceas'd; then order'd for the ſage's bed
A warmer couch with num'rous carpets ſpread.
With that, ſtern *Ajax* his long ſilence broke,
And thus, impatient, to *Ulyſſes* ſpoke.
Hence let us go—why waſte we time in vain?
See what effect our low ſubmiſſions gain!

great examples of enthuſiaſtick ſpeeches, which have a dou
ſenſe. Here we manifeſtly ſee that *Achilles* in ſpeaking a v
ſimple and common thing, foretels without thinking of it, t
his abode on that fatal ſhore will equal the courſe of his life,
conſequently that he ſhall die there: and this double mean
gives a ſenſible pleaſure to the reader. *Dacier.*

℣. 737. *The Speech of* Ajax.] I have before ſpoken of t
ſhort ſoldier-like ſpeech of *Ajax*; *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus*

Lik'd or not lik'd, his words we muſt relate,
The *Greeks* expect them, and our heroes wait.
Proud as he is, that iron-heart retains
Its ſtubborn purpoſe, and his friends diſdains.
Stern, and unpitying! if a brother bleed,
On juſt atonement, we remit the deed;
A ſire the ſlaughter of his ſon forgives;
The price of blood diſcharg'd, the murd'rer lives:
The haughtieſt hearts at length their rage reſign,
And gifts can conquer ev'ry ſoul but thine.
The Gods that unrelenting breaſt have ſteel'd,
And curs'd thee with a mind that cannot yield.
One woman-ſlave was raviſh'd from thy arms:
Lo, ſev'n are offer'd, and of equal charms.

ſit, "That the perſon who entreats moſt, and with moſt li-berty, who ſupplicates moſt, and preſſes moſt, is *Ajax*." It probable that *Ajax* riſes up when he ſpeaks the word, *Let us* He does not vouchſafe to addreſs himſelf to *Achilles*, but ns himſelf to *Ulyſſes*, and ſpeaks with a martial eloquence. 746. *The price of blood diſcharg'd.*] It was the cuſtom for murderer to go into baniſhment one year, but if the relations the perſon murdered were willing, the criminal by paying em a certain fine, might buy off the exile, and remain at me. (It may not be amiſs to obſerve, that ποίνη, *quaſi* Φοίνη, perly ſignifies a mulct paid for murder.) *Ajax* ſums up this gument with a great deal of ſtrength: We ſee, ſays he, a ther forgive the murder of his brother, a father that of his : But *Achilles* will not forgive the injury offer'd him by king away one captive woman. *Euſtathius.*

Then

Then hear, *Achilles!* be of better mind;
Revere thy roof, and to thy gueſts be kind;
And know the men, of all the *Grecian* hoſt,
Who honour worth, and prize thy valour moſt.
Oh Soul of battels, and thy people's guide!
(To *Ajax* thus the firſt of *Greeks* reply'd)
Well haſt thou ſpoke; but at the tyrant's name
My rage rekindles, and my ſoul's on flame:
'Tis juſt reſentment, and becomes the brave;
Diſgrac'd, diſhonour'd, like the vileſt ſlave!
Return then heroes! and our anſwer bear,
The glorious combat is no more my care;

℣. 754. *Revere thy roof, and to thy gueſts be kind.*] *Euſtath.* ſays there is ſome difficulty in the original of this place. W ſhould *Ajax* draw an argument to influence *Achilles*, by putti him in mind to reverence his own habitation? The latter p of the verſe explains the former: We, ſays *Ajax*, are under y roof, and let that protect us from any ill uſage; ſend us not way from your houſe with contempt, who came hither as frie as ſupplicants, as embaſſadors.

℣. 759. *Well haſt thou ſpoke, but at the tyrant's name My R rekindles.*] We have here the true picture of an angry m and nothing can be better imagin'd to heighten *Achilles*'s wra he owns that reaſon will induce him to a reconciliation, but anger is too great to liſten to reaſon. He ſpeaks with reſp to them, but upon mentioning *Agamemnon*, he flies into ra Anger is in nothing more like madneſs, than that madmen talk ſenſibly enough upon any indifferent matter; but upon mention of the ſubject that cauſed their diſorder, they fly into their uſual extravagance.

ot till amidſt yon' ſinking navy ſlain,
he blood of *Greeks* ſhall dye the ſable main;
ot till the flames, by *Hector*'s fury thrown,
onſume your veſſels, and approach my own;
ſt there, th' impetuous homicide ſhall ſtand,
here ceaſe his battel, and there feel our hand.
This ſaid, each prince a double goblet crown'd,
nd caſt a large libation on the ground;
hen to their veſſels, thro' the gloomy ſhades,
he chiefs return; divine *Ulyſſes* leads.
eantime *Achilles*' ſlaves prepar'd a bed,
ith fleeces, carpets, and ſoft linen ſpread:
here, till the ſacred morn reſtor'd the day,
ſlumbers ſweet the rev'rend *Phœnix* lay.
t in his inner tent, an ampler ſpace,
illes ſlept; and in his warm embrace
r *Diomede* of the *Leſbian* race.
t, for *Patroclus* was the couch prepar'd,
hoſe nightly joys the beauteous *Iphis* ſhar'd:
illes to his friend conſign'd her charms,
hen *Scyros* fell before his conqu'ring arms.
nd now th' elected chiefs whom *Greece* had ſent,
'd thro' the hoſts, and reach'd the royal tent.

Then

Then riſing all, with goblets in their hands,
The peers, and leaders of th' *Achaian* bands
Hail'd their return: *Atrides* firſt begun.
Say what ſucceſs? divine *Laertes'* ſon!
Achilles' high reſolves declare to all;
Returns the chief, or muſt our navy fall?
Great King of nations! (*Ithacus* reply'd)
Fix'd is his wrath, unconquer'd is his pride;
He ſlights thy friendſhip, thy propoſals ſcorns,
And thus implor'd, with fiercer fury burns.
To ſave our army, and our fleets to free,
Is not his care; but left to *Greece* and thee.
Your eyes ſhall view, when morning paints the ſky,
Beneath his oars the whitening billows fly,
Us too he bids our oars and ſails employ,
Nor hope the fall of heav'n-protected *Troy*;
For *Jove* o'erſhades her with his arm divine,
Inſpires her war, and bids her glory ſhine.
Such was his word: what farther he declar'd,
Theſe ſacred heralds and great *Ajax* heard.

ỳ. 806. *Such was his word.*] It may be aſk'd here why *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks only of the anſwer which *Achilles* made him at firſt and ſays nothing of the diſpoſition to which the diſcourſes of *Phœnix* and *Ajax* had brought him. The queſtion is eaſily anſwered it is becauſe *Achilles* is obſtinate in his reſentment; and that, i

at *Phœnix* in his tent the chief retains,
ase to tranſport him to his native plains,
hen morning dawns: if other he decree,
is age is ſacred, and his choice is free.
Ulyſſes ceas'd: the great *Achaian* hoſt,
ith ſorrow ſeiz'd, in conſternation loſt,
ttend the ſtern reply. *Tydides* broke
he gen'ral ſilence, and undaunted ſpoke.
hy ſhould we gifts to proud *Achilles* ſend?
r ſtrive with pray'rs his haughty ſoul to bend?
is country's woes he glories to deride,
nd pray'rs will burſt that ſwelling heart with pride.
the fierce impulſe of his rage obey'd;
ur battels let him, or deſert, or aid;

gth a little mov'd by *Phœnix*, and ſhaken by *Ajax*, he ſeem'd
os'd to take arms, it is not out of regard to the *Greeks*, but only
ave his own ſquadron, when *Hector*, after having put the *Greeks*
the ſword, ſhall come to inſult it. Thus this inflexible man
tes nothing of his rage. It is therefore prudent in *Ulyſſes* to
ke this report to *Agamemnon*, to the end that being put out of
es of the aid with which he flatter'd himſelf, he may concert
h the leaders of the army the meaſures neceſſary to ſave his
t and troops. *Euſtathius.*

. 816. *Why ſhould we gifts*, &c.] This ſpeech is admirably a-
ted to the character of *Diomed*, every word is animated with a
rtial courage, and worthy to be deliver'd by a gallant ſoldier.
advis'd fighting in the beginning of the book, and continues
in that opinion; and he is no more concern'd at the ſpeech of
hilles now, than he was at that of *Agamemnon* before.

Then

Then let him arm when *Jove* or he think fit;
That, to his madneſs, or to heav'n commit:
What for our ſelves we can, is always ours;
This night, let due repaſt refreſh our pow'rs;
(For ſtrength conſiſts in ſpirits and in blood,
And thoſe are ow'd to gen'rous wine and food)
But when the roſy meſſenger of day
Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray,
Rang'd at the ſhips, let all our ſquadrons ſhine,
In flaming arms, a long-extended line:
In the dread front let great *Atrides* ſtand,
The firſt in danger, as in high command.
Shouts of acclaim the liſt'ning heroes raiſe,
Then each to heav'n the due libations pays;
'Till ſleep deſcending o'er the tents, beſtows
The grateful bleſſings of deſir'd repoſe.

THE TENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The Night-Adventure of *Diomed* and *Ulysses*.

UPON *the refusal of* Achilles *to return to the army, the distress of* Agamemnon *is describ'd in the most lively manner. He takes no rest that night, but passes thro' the camp, awaking the leaders, and contriving all possible methods for the publick safety.* Menelaus, Nestor, Ulysses, *and* Diomed, *are employ'd in raising the rest of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to send scouts into the enemy's camp, to learn their posture, and discover their intentions.* Diomed *undertakes this hazardous enterprize, and makes choice of* Ulysses *for his companion. In their passage they surprize* Dolon, *whom* Hector *had sent on a like design to the camp of the* Grecians. *From him they are inform'd of the situation of the* Trojan *and auxiliary forces, and particularly of* Rhesus, *and the* Thracians *who were lately arrived. They pass on with success; kill* Rhesus, *with several of his officers, and seize the famous horses of the Prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.*

The same night continues; the Scene lies in the two camps.

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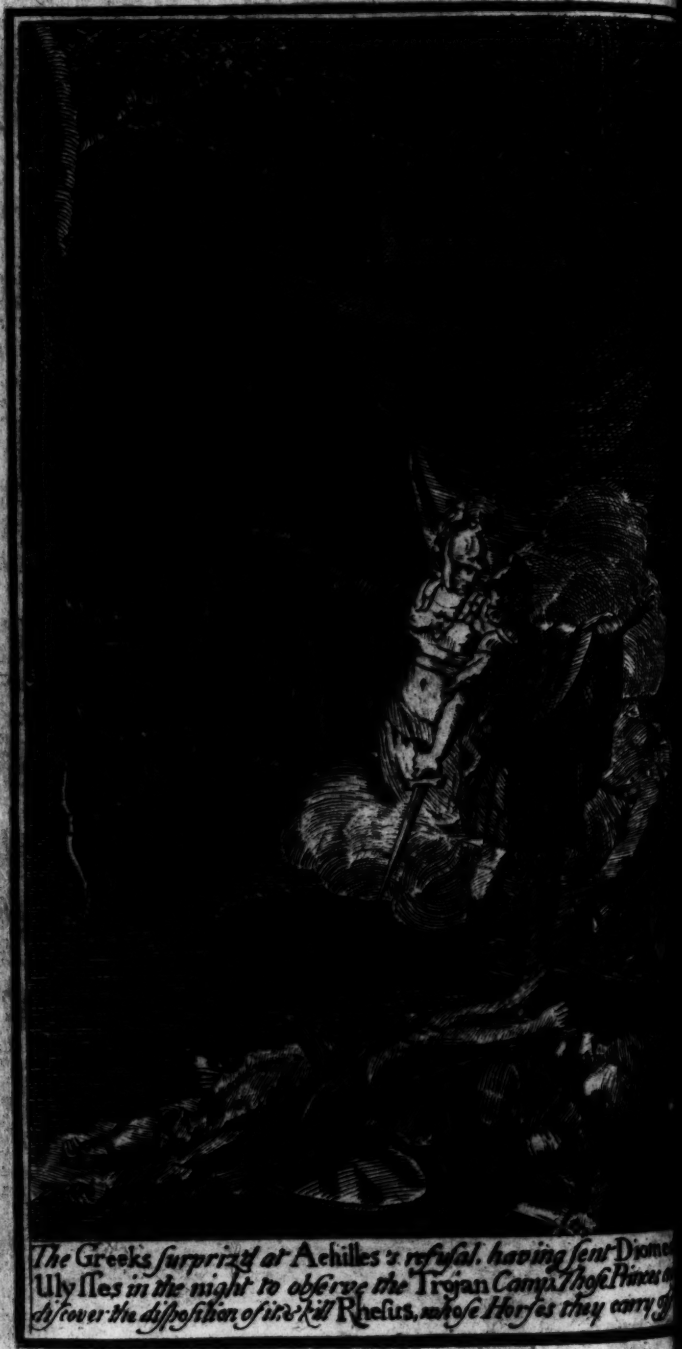

The Greeks surprized at Achilles's refusal, having sent Diome
Ulysses in the night to observe the Trojan Camp. Those Pirates
discover the disposition of it & kill Rhesus, whose Horses they carry

THE

*TENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

ALL night the Chiefs before their veſſels lay,
And loſt in ſleep the labours of the day:
All but the King; with various thoughts oppreſt,
His Country's cares lay rowling in his breaſt.

As

* It is obſervable, ſays *Euſtathius*, that the Poet very artfully repairs the loſs of the laſt day by this nocturnal ſtratagem; and it is plain that ſuch a contrivance was neceſſary: the army was diſpirited, and *Achilles* inflexible; but by the ſucceſs of this adventure the ſcale is turn'd in favour of the *Grecians*.

ℳ. 3. *All but the King*, &c.] *Homer* here with a very ſmall alteration repeats the verſes which begin the ſecond book: he

As when by light'nings *Jove*'s ætherial Pow'r
Foretels the ratling hail, or weighty ſhow'r,
Or ſends ſoft ſnows to whiten all the ſhore,
Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar;
By fits one flaſh ſucceeds as one expires,
And heav'n flames thick with momentary fires.
So burſting frequent from *Atrides*' breaſt,
Sighs following ſighs his inward fears confeſt.
Now o'er the fields, dejected, he ſurveys
From thouſand *Trojan* fires the mounting blaze;

Hears

introduces *Agamemnon* with the ſame pomp, as he did *Jupiter*; he aſcribes to the one the ſame watchfulneſs over men, as the other exercis'd over the Gods, and *Jove* and *Agamemnon* are the only perſons awake, while heaven and earth are aſleep. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 7. *Or ſends ſoft ſnows.*] *Scaliger*'s criticiſm againſt this paſſage, that it never lightens and ſnows at the ſame time, is ſufficiently refuted by experience. See *Boſſu* of the Epic poem, *lib.* 3. *c.* 7. and *Barnes*'s note on this place.

ỳ. 8. *Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar.*] There is ſomething very noble and ſublime in this image: the *vaſt jaws of war* is an expreſſion that very poetically repreſents the voraciouſneſs of war, and gives us a lively idea of an inſatiate monſter. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 9. *By fits one flaſh ſucceeds,* &c.] It requires ſome ſkill in *Homer* to take the chief point of his ſimilitudes; he has often been miſunderſtood in that reſpect, and his compariſons have frequently been ſtrain'd to comply with the fancies of commentators. This compariſon which is brought to illuſtrate the frequency of *Agamemnon*'s ſighs, has been uſually thought to repreſent in general the groans of the King; whereas what *Homer* had in his view, was only the quick ſucceſſion of them.

ỳ. 13. *Now o'er the fields,* &c.] *Ariſtotle* anſwers a criticiſm of

Hears in the paſſing wind their muſic blow,
And marks diſtinct the voices of the foe.
Now looking backwards to the fleet and coaſt,
Anxious he ſorrows for th' endanger'd hoſt.
He rends his hairs, in ſacrifice to *Jove*,
And ſues to him that ever lies above:
Inly he groans; while glory and deſpair
Divide his heart, and wage a doubtful war.
A thouſand cares his lab'ring breaſt revolves;
To ſeek ſage *Neſtor* now the Chief reſolves,
With him, in wholeſome counſels, to debate
What yet remains to ſave th' afflicted ſtate.

of ſome cenſurers of *Homer* on this place. They aſked how it was that *Agamemnon*, ſhut up in his tent in the night, could ſee the *Trojan* camp at one view, and the fleet at another, as the poet repreſents it? It is, (ſays *Ariſtotle*) only a metaphorical manner of ſpeech; *to caſt one's eye*, means but *to reflect upon*, or *to revolve in one's mind*: and that employ'd *Agamemnon*'s thoughts in his tent, which had been the chief object of his eyes the day before.

ver. 19. *He rends his hairs in ſacrifice to* Jove.] I know this action of *Agamemnon* has been taken only as a common expreſſion of grief, and ſo indeed it was render'd by *Accius*, as cited by *Tully*, *Tuſc. quæſt. l.* 3. *Scindens dolore identidem intonſam comam.* But whoever reads the context will, I believe, be of opinion, that *Jupiter* is mention'd here on no other account than as he was apply'd to in the offering of theſe hairs, in an humble ſupplication to the offended deity, who had ſo lately manifeſted his anger.

He roſe, and firſt he caſt his mantle round,
Next on his feet the ſhining ſandals bound;
A lion's yellow ſpoils his back conceal'd;
His warlike hand a pointed jav'lin held.
Mean while his brother, preſt with equal woes,
Alike deny'd the gifts of ſoft repoſe,

ỳ. 27. *He roſe, and firſt he caſt his mantle round.*] I fancy it will be entertaining to the reader, to obſerve how well the poet at all times ſuits his deſcriptions to the circumſtances of the perſons: we muſt remember that this book continues the actions of one night; the whole army is now aſleep, and *Homer* takes this opportunity to give us a deſcription of ſeveral of his heroes ſuitable to their proper characters. *Agamemnon*, who is every where deſcrib'd as anxious for the good of his people, is kept awake by a fatherly care for their preſervation. *Menelaus*, for whoſe ſake the *Greeks* had ſuffer'd ſo greatly, ſhares all their misfortunes, and is reſtleſs while they are in danger. *Neſtor*, a provident, wiſe, old man, ſacrifices his reſt even in the extremity of age, to his love for his country. *Ulyſſes*, a perſon next to *Neſtor* in wiſdom, is ready at the firſt ſummons; he finds it hard, while the *Greeks* ſuffer, to compoſe himſelf to ſleep, but is eaſily awak'd to march to its defence: but *Diomed*, who is every where deſcrib'd as a daring warriour, ſleeps unconcern'd at the nearneſs of the enemy, but is not awak'd without ſome violence: he is ſaid to be aſleep, but he ſleeps like a ſoldier in compleat Arms.

I could not paſs over one circumſtance in this place in relation to *Neſtor*. It is a pleaſure to ſee what care the poet takes of his favourite counſellor: he deſcribes him lying in a ſoft bed, wraps him up in a warm cloak, to preſerve his age from the coldneſs of the night; but *Diomed*, a gallant, young hero, ſleeps upon the ground in open air; and indeed every warriour is dreſs'd in arms peculiar to that ſeaſon: the hide of a lion or leopard is what they all put on, being not to engage an enemy, but to meet their friends in council. *Euſtathius.*

Laments

Laments for *Greece*; that in his cauſe before
So much had ſuffer'd, and muſt ſuffer more.
A leopard's ſpotted hide his ſhoulders ſpread;
A brazen helmet glitter'd on his head:
Thus (with a jav'lin in his hand) he went
To wake *Atrides* in the royal tent.
Already wak'd, *Atrides* he deſcry'd,
His armour buckling at his veſſel's ſide.
Joyful they met; the *Spartan* thus begun:
Why puts my brother his bright armour on?
Sends he ſome ſpy, amidſt theſe ſilent hours,
To try yon' camp, and watch the *Trojan* pow'rs?
But ſay, what hero ſhall ſuſtain that taſk?
Such bold exploits uncommon courage aſk,
Guideleſs, alone, through night's dark ſhade to go,
And 'midſt a hoſtile camp explore the foe?
To whom the King. In ſuch diſtreſs we ſtand,
No vulgar counſels our affairs demand;
Greece to preſerve, is now no eaſy part,
But aſks high wiſdom, deep deſign, and art.

ỳ. 43. *Sends he ſome ſpy?* &c.] *Menelaus* in this place ſtarts a deſign, which is afterwards propoſed by *Neſtor* in council; the poet knew that the project would come with greater weight from the age of the one, than from the youth of the other; and that the valiant would be ready to execute a deſign, which ſo venerable a counſellor had form'd. *Euſtathius.*

For *Jove* averſe our humble pray'r denies,
And bows his head to *Hector*'s ſacrifice.
What eye has witneſs'd, or what ear believ'd,
In one great day, by one great arm atchiev'd,
Such wond'rous deeds as *Hector*'s hand has done,
And we beheld, the laſt revolving ſun?
What honours the belov'd of *Jove* adorn!
Sprung from no God, and of no Goddeſs born,

℣. 57. *Such wondrous deeds as* Hector's *hand*, &c.] We hear *Agamemnon* in this place launching into the praiſes of a gallant enemy; but if any one think that he raiſes the actions of *Hector* too high, and ſets him above *Achilles* himſelf, this objection will vaniſh if he conſiders that he commends him as the braveſt of mere men, but ſtill he is not equal to *Achilles*, who was deſcended from a goddeſs. *Agamemnon* undoubtedly had *Achilles* in his thoughts when he ſays,

Sprung from no God, &c.

But his anger will not let him even name the man whom he thus obliquely praiſes.

Euſtathius proceeds to obſerve, that the poet aſcribes the gallant exploits of *Hector* to his piety; and had he not been favour'd by *Jove*, he had not been thus victorious.

He alſo remarks that there is a double tautology in this ſpeech of *Agamemnon*, as δηθὰ καὶ δολιχὸν, μέρμερα μηχήσασθαι, and ἔρξα ἔβρεξε. This proceeds from the wonder which the King endeavours to expreſs at the greatneſs of *Hector*'s actions: he labours to make his words anſwer the great idea he had conceiv'd of them; and while his mind dwells upon the ſame object, he falls into the ſame manner of expreſſing it. This is very natural to a perſon in his circumſtances, whoſe thoughts are as it were pent up, and ſtruggle for an utterance.

Yet

Yet such his acts, as *Greeks* unborn shall tell,
And curse the battel where their fathers fell.
Now speed thy hasty course along the fleet,
There call great *Ajax*, and the Prince of *Crete*;
Our self to hoary *Nestor* will repair;
To keep the guards on duty, be his care;
For *Nestor*'s influence best that quarter guides,
Whose son with *Merion*, o'er the watch presides.)
To whom the *Spartan*: These thy orders born,
Say shall I stay, or with dispatch return?
There shalt thou stay, (the King of men reply'd)
Lest may we miss to meet, without a guide,
The paths so many, and the camp so wide.
Call, with your voice, the slothful soldiers raise,
Urge by their father's fame, their future praise.
Forget we now our state and lofty birth;
Not titles here, but works, must prove our worth.
No labour is the lot of man below;
And when *Jove* gave us life, he gave us woe.

v. 73. *The paths so many*, &c.] 'Tis plain from this verse, as well as from many others, that the art of fortification was in some degree of perfection in *Homer*'s days: here are ports drawn, that traverse the camp ev'ry way; the ships are drawn up in the manner of a rampart, and sally-ports made at proper distances, that they might without difficulty either retire or issue out, as the occasion should require. *Eustathius.*

This ſaid, each parted to his ſev'ral cares;
The King to *Neſtor*'s ſable ſhip repairs;
The ſage protector of the *Greeks* he found
Stretch'd in his bed, with all his arms around;
The various-colour'd ſcarf, the ſhield he rears,
The ſhining helmet, and the pointed ſpears?
The dreadful weapons of the warriour's rage,
That, old in arms, diſdain'd the peace of age.
Then leaning on his hand his watchful head,
The hoary Monarch rais'd his eyes, and ſaid,
What art thou, ſpeak, that on deſigns unknown,
While others ſleep, thus range the camp alone;
Seek'ſt thou ſome friend, or nightly centinel?
Stand off, approach not, but thy purpoſe tell.

ỳ. 92. *Seek'ſt thou ſome friend or nightly centinel?*] It has be thought that *Neſtor* asks this queſtion upon the account his ſon *Thraſymedes*, who commanded the guard that nig He ſeems to be under ſome apprehenſion leſt he ſhould ha remitted the watch. And it may alſo be gather'd from t paſſage, that in thoſe times the uſe of the watch-word unknown; becauſe *Neſtor* is oblig'd to croud ſeveral queſti together, before he can learn whether *Agamemnon* be a fri or an enemy. The ſhortneſs of the queſtions agrees admira with the occaſion upon which they were made; it being ceſſary that *Neſtor* ſhould be immediately inform'd who was, that paſs'd along the camp: if a ſpy, that he mi ſtand upon his guard; if a friend, that he might not c an alarm to be given to the army, by multiplying queſti *Euſtathius.*

O ſon of *Neleus* (thus the King rejoin'd)
Pride of the *Greeks*, and glory of thy kind!
Lo here the wretched *Agamemnon* ſtands,
Th' unhappy Gen'ral of the *Grecian* bands;
Whom *Jove* decrees with daily cares to bend,
And woes, that only with his life ſhall end!
Scarce can my knees theſe trembling limbs ſuſtain,
And ſcarce my heart ſupport its load of pain.
No taſte of ſleep theſe heavy eyes have known;
Confus'd, and ſad, I wander thus alone,
With fears diſtracted, with no fix'd deſign;
And all my people's miſeries are mine.
If aught of uſe thy waking thoughts ſuggeſt,
(Since cares, like mine, deprive thy ſoul of reſt)
Impart thy counſel, and aſſiſt thy friend;
Now let us jointly to the trench deſcend,
At ev'ry gate the fainting guard excite,
Tir'd with the toils of day, and watch of night:

ỳ. 96. *Lo here the wretched* Agamemnon *ſtands.*] *Euſtathius* obſerves, that *Agamemnon* here paints his diſtreſs in a very pathetical manner: while the meaneſt ſoldier is at reſt, the General wanders about diſconſolate, and is ſuperior now in nothing ſo much as in ſorrow; but this ſorrow proceeds not from a baſe abject ſpirit, but from a generous diſpoſition; he is not anxious for the loſs of his own glory, but for the ſufferings of his people: it is a noble ſorrow, and ſprings from a commendable tenderneſs and humanity.

Else may the sudden foe our works invade,
So near, and favour'd by the gloomy shade.
To him thus *Nestor*. Trust the Pow'rs above,
Nor think proud *Hector*'s hopes confirm'd by *Jove*:
How ill agree the views of vain mankind,
And the wise counsels of th' eternal mind?
Audacious *Hector*, if the Gods ordain
That great *Achilles* rise and rage again,
What toils attend thee, and what woes remain?
Lo faithful *Nestor* thy command obeys;
The care is next our other Chiefs to raise:
Ulysses, *Diomed* we chiefly need;
Meges for strength, *Oïleus* fam'd for speed.
Some other be dispatch'd, of nimbler feet,
To those tall ships, remotest of the fleet,
Where lie great *Ajax*, and the King of *Crete*.
To rouse the *Spartan* I my self decree;
Dear as he is to us, and dear to thee,
Yet must I tax his sloth, that claims no share
With his great brother in this martial care:
Him it behov'd to ev'ry chief to sue,
Preventing ev'ry part perform'd by you;
For strong Necessity our toils demands,
Claims all our hearts, and urges all our hands.

To

To whom the King: With rev'rence we allow
Thy juſt rebukes, yet learn to ſpare them now,
My gen'rous brother is of gentle kind,
He ſeems remiſs, but bears a valiant mind;
Thro' too much def'rence to our ſov'reign ſway,
Content to follow when we lead the way.
But now, our ills induſtrious to prevent,
Long e'er the reſt, he roſe, and ſought my tent.
The chiefs you nam'd, already, at his call,
Prepare to meet us near the navy-wall;
Aſſembling there, between the trench and gates,
Near the night-guards, our choſen council waits.
Then none (ſaid *Neſtor*) ſhall his rule withſtand,
For great examples juſtify command.
With that, the venerable warriour roſe;
The ſhining greaves his manly legs incloſe;

138. *My gen'rous brother is of gentle kind.*] *Agamemnon* every where repreſented as the greateſt example of brotherly affection; and he at all times defends *Menelaus*, but never with more addreſs than now: *Neſtor* had accus'd *Menelaus* of ſloth; the King is his advocate, but pleads his excuſe only in part: he does not entirely acquit him, becauſe he would not contradict ſo wiſe a man as *Neſtor*; nor does he condemn him, becauſe his brother at this time was not guilty; but he very artfully turns the imputation of *Neſtor* to the praiſe of *Menelaus*; and affirms, that what might ſeem to be remiſſneſs in his character, was only a deference to his authority, and that his ſeeming inactivity was but an unwillingneſs to act without command. *Euſtathius.*

His

His purple mantle golden buckles join'd,
Warm with the ſofteſt wool, and doubly lin'd.
Then ruſhing from his tent, he ſnatch'd in haſte
His ſteely lance, that lighten'd as he paſt.
The camp he travers'd thro' the ſleeping croud,
Stopp'd at *Ulyſſes*' tent, and call'd aloud.
Ulyſſes, ſudden as the voice was ſent,
Awakes, ſtarts up, and iſſues from his tent.
What new diſtreſs, what ſudden cauſe of fright
Thus leads you wandring in the ſilent night?
O prudent chief! (the *Pylian* ſage reply'd)
Wiſe as thou art, be now thy wiſdom try'd:
Whatever means of ſafety can be ſought,
Whatever counſels can inſpire our thought,
Whatever methods, or to fly or fight;
All, all depend on this important night!
He heard, return'd, and took his painted ſhield:
Then join'd the chiefs, and follow'd thro' the field.
Without his tent, bold *Diomed* they found,
All ſheath'd in arms, his brave companions round:
Each ſunk in ſleep, extended on the field,
His head reclining on his boſſy ſhield.

A wood of ſpears ſtood by, that fixt upright,
Shot from their flaſhing points a quiv'ring light.
A bull's black hide compos'd the hero's bed;
A ſplendid carpet roll'd beneath his head.
Then, with his foot old *Neſtor* gently ſhakes
The ſlumb'ring chief, and in theſe words awakes.
Riſe, ſon of *Tydeus!* to the brave and ſtrong
Reſt ſeems inglorious, and the night too long.
But ſleep'ſt thou now? when from yon' hill the foe
Hangs o'er the fleet, and ſhades our walls below?
At this, ſoft ſlumber from his eyelids fled;
The warriour ſaw the hoary chief, and ſaid,
Wond'rous old man! whoſe ſoul no reſpite knows,
Tho' years and honours bid thee ſeek repoſe.

ỳ. 174. *A wood of ſpears ſtood by,* &c.] The picture here given us of *Diomed* ſleeping in his arms, with his ſoldiers about him, and the ſpears ſticking upright in the earth, has a near reſemblance to that in the firſt book of *Samuel*, Ch. 26. ỳ. 7. Saul *lay ſleeping within the trench, and his ſpear ſtuck in the ground at his bolſter*; *but* Abner *and the people lay round about him.*

ỳ. 182. *From yon' hill the foe,* &c.] It is neceſſary, if we would form an exact idea of the battles of *Homer*, to carry in our minds the place where our action was fought. It will therefore be proper to enquire where that eminence ſtood, upon which the *Trojans* encamp'd this night. *Euſtathius* is inclinable to believe it was *Callicolone*, (the ſituation of which you will find in the map of *Homer*'s battels) but it will appear from what *Dolon* ſays, ỳ. 487. (of *Hector*'s being encamp'd at the monument of *Ilus*) that this eminence muſt be the *Tumulus* on which that monument was ſituate, and ſo the old Scholiaſt rightly explains it.

Let

Let younger *Greeks* our ſleeping warriours wake;
Ill fits thy age theſe toils to undertake.
My friend, (he anſwer'd) gen'rous is thy care,
Theſe toils, my ſubjects and my ſons might bear,
Their loyal thoughts and pious loves conſpire
To eaſe a ſov'reign, and relieve a ſire.
But now the laſt deſpair ſurrounds our hoſt;
No hour muſt paſs, no moment muſt be loſt;
Each ſingle *Greek*, in this concluſive ſtrife,
Stands on the ſharpeſt edge of death or life:
Yet if my years thy kind regard engage,
Employ thy youth as I employ my age;
Succeed to theſe my cares, and rouze the reſt;
He ſerves me moſt, who ſerves his country beſt.

℣. 194. *But now the laſt deſpair ſurrounds our hoſt.*] The different behaviour of *Neſtor* upon the ſame occaſion, to different perſons, is worthy obſervation: *Agamemnon* was under a concern and dejection of ſpirit from the danger of his army: To raiſe his courage, *Neſtor* gave him hopes of ſucceſs, and repreſented the ſtate of affairs in the moſt favourable view. But he applies himſelf to *Diomed*, who is at all times enterprizing and incapable of deſpair, in a far different manner: He turns the darkeſt ſide to him, and gives the worſt proſpect of their condition. This conduct (ſays *Euſtathius*) ſhews a great deal of prudence: 'tis the province of wiſdom to encourage the diſhearten'd with hopes, and to qualify the forward courage of the daring with fears; that the valour of the one may not ſink thro' deſpair, nor that of the other fly out into raſhneſs.

This

This ſaid, the hero o'er his ſhoulders flung
A lion's ſpoils, that to his ankles hung;
Then ſeiz'd his pond'rous lance, and ſtrode along.
Meges the bold, with *Ajax* fam'd for ſpeed,
The warriour rouz'd, and to th' entrenchments led.
And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard;
A wakeful ſquadron, each in arms prepar'd:
Th' unweary'd watch their liſt'ning leaders keep,
And couching cloſe, repel invading ſleep.
So faithful dogs their fleecy charge maintain,
With toil protected from the prowling train;

When

℣. 207. *And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard.*] It is
ual in poetry to paſs over little circumſtances, and carry on
e greater. *Menelaus* in this book was ſent to call ſome of the
ders; the poet has too much judgment to dwell upon the tri-
l particulars of his performing his meſſage, but lets us know
the ſequel that he had performed it. It would have clogg'd
e poetical narration to have told us how *Menelaus* waked the
roes to whom he was diſpatched, and had been but a repe-
on of what the Poet had fully deſcrib'd before: He there-
e (ſays the ſame author) drops theſe particularities, and leaves
m to be ſupply'd by the imagination of the reader. 'Tis ſo
Painting, the Painter does not always draw at the full length,
leaves what is wanting to be added by the fancy of the be-
lder.

℣. 211. *So faithful dogs*, &c.] This ſimile is in all its parts
to the deſcription it is meant to illuſtrate. The dogs repre-
t the watch, the flock the *Greeks*, the fold their camp, and
wild beaſt that invades them, *Hector*. The place, poſture,
circumſtance, are painted with the utmoſt life and nature.
Euſtathius takes notice of one particular in this deſcription,
ich ſhews the manner in which their centinels kept the
guard.

When the gaunt lioneſs, with hunger bold,
Springs from the mountains tow'rd the guarded fold:
Thro' breaking woods her ruſt'ling courſe they hear;
Loud, and more loud, the clamours ſtrike their ear
Of hounds and men; they ſtart, they gaze around;
Watch ev'ry ſide, and turn to ev'ry ſound.
Thus watch'd the *Grecians*, cautious of ſurprize,
Each voice, each motion, drew their ears and eyes;
Each ſtep of paſſing feet increas'd th' affright;
And hoſtile *Troy* was ever full in ſight.
Neſtor with joy the wakeful band ſurvey'd,
And thus accoſted thro' the gloomy ſhade.
'Tis well, my ſons! your nightly cares employ,
Elſe muſt our hoſt become the ſcorn of *Troy*.
Watch thus, and *Greece* ſhall live—The hero ſaid;
Then o'er the trench the following chieftains led.

guard. The Poet tells us, that they *ſate down with their ſ in their hands.* I think that this was not ſo prudent a met as is now uſed; it being almoſt impoſſible for a man that ſta to drop aſleep, whereas one that is ſeated may eaſily be o power'd by the fatigue of a long watch.

℣. 228. *Then o'er the trench the following chieftains led.*] reaſon why *Neſtor* did not open the council within the trenc was with a deſign to encourage the guards, and thoſe wh he intended to ſend to enter the *Trojan* camp. It would appear'd unreaſonable to ſend others over the entrenchm upon a hazardous enterprize, and not to have dared hi

his ſon, and godlike *Merion* march'd behind,
(For theſe the Princes to their council join'd)
The trenches paſt, th' aſſembl'd Kings around
A ſilent ſtate the conſiſtory crown'd.
A place there was yet undefil'd with gore,
The ſpot where *Hector* ſtop'd his rage before,
When night deſcending, from his vengeful hand
Repriev'd the relicks of the *Grecian* band:
The plain beſide with mangled corps was ſpread,
And all his progreſs mark'd by heaps of dead.)
Here ſat the mournful Kings: when *Neleus'* ſon
The council opening, in theſe words begun.
Is there (ſaid he) a chief ſo greatly brave,
His life to hazard, and his country ſave?

Lives

ſet a foot beyond them. This alſo could not fail of inming the courage of the *Grecian* ſpies, who would know mſelves not to be far from aſſiſtance, while ſo many of princes were paſſed over the ditch as well as they. *Eubius.*

v. 241. *Is there (ſaid he) a chief ſo greatly brave?*] *Neſtor* proes his deſign of ſending ſpies into the *Trojan* army with reat deal of addreſs: He begins with a general ſentence, will not chooſe any one hero, for fear of diſguſting the : Had *Neſtor* named the perſon, he would have paid him mplement that was ſure to be attended with the hazard of life; and that perſon might have believ'd that *Neſtor* exed him to a danger, which his honour would not let him line; while the reſt might have reſented ſuch a partiality, ich would have ſeem'd to give the preference to another

before

Lives there a man, who ſingly dares to go
To yonder camp, or ſeize ſome ſtraggling foe?
Or favour'd by the night approach ſo near,
Their ſpeech, their counſels, and deſigns to hear?
If to beſiege our Navies they prepare,
Or *Troy* once more muſt be the ſeat of war?
This could he learn, and to our peers recite,
And paſs unharm'd the dangers of the night;
What fame were his thro' all ſucceeding days,
While *Phœbus* ſhines, or men have tongues to praiſe
What gifts his grateful country would beſtow?
What muſt not *Greece* to her deliv'rer owe?
A ſable ewe each leader ſhould provide,
With each a ſable lambkin by her ſide;

before them. It therefore was wiſdom in *Neſtor* to propoſe deſign in general terms, whereby all the gallant men that fer'd themſelves ſatisfy'd their honour, by being willing to ſ the danger with *Diomed*; and it was no diſgrace to be left hind, after they had offer'd to hazard their lives for their coun *Euſtathius.*

℣. 244. *Or ſeize ſome ſtraggling foe?*] It is worthy obſer tion with how much caution *Neſtor* opens this deſign, and w how much courage *Diomed* accepts it. *Neſtor* forms it w coolneſs, but *Diomed* embraces it with warmth and reſoluti *Neſtor* only propoſes that ſome man would approach the e my and intercept ſome ſtraggling *Trojan*, but *Diomed* offers penetrate the very camp. *Neſtor* was afraid leſt no one ſho undertake it: *Diomed* overlooks the danger, and preſents hi ſelf, as willing to march againſt the whole army of *Troy*. *ſtathius.*

v'ry rite his ſhare ſhould be increas'd,
his the foremoſt honours of the feaſt.
ear held them mute: Alone, untaught to fear,
ides ſpoke——The man you ſeek, is here.
ro' yon' black camps to bend my dang'rous way,
e God within commands, and I obey.
let ſome other choſen warriour join,
raiſe my hopes, and ſecond my deſign.
mutual confidence, and mutual aid,
at deeds are done, and great diſcov'ries made;
e wiſe new prudence from the wiſe acquire,
one brave hero fans another's fire.
Contending leaders at the word aroſe:
h gen'rous breaſt with emulation glows:
rave a taſk each *Ajax* ſtrove to ſhare,
Merion ſtrove, and *Neſtor*'s valiant heir;
Spartan wiſh'd the ſecond place to gain,
great *Ulyſſes* wiſh'd, nor wiſh'd in vain.
n thus the King of Men the conteſt ends:
u firſt of warriours, and thou beſt of Friends,
aunted *Diomed!* what chief to join
his great enterprize, is only thine.

Juſt

Juſt be thy choice, without affection made,
To birth, or office, no reſpect be paid;
Let worth determine here. The Monarch ſpake,
And inly trembled for his brother's ſake.
Then thus (the God-like *Diomed* rejoin'd)
My choice declares the impulſe of my mind.
How can I doubt, while great *Ulyſſes* ſtands
To lend his counſels, and aſſiſt our hands?
A chief, whoſe ſafety is *Minerva*'s care;
So fam'd, ſo dreadful in the works of war:
Bleſt in his conduct, I no aid require,
Wiſdom like his might paſs thro' flames of fire.

ỳ. 280. *To birth or office no reſpect be paid.*] *Euſtathius* marks, that *Agamemnon* artfully ſteals away his brother fr danger; the fondneſs he bears to him makes him think him u equal to ſo bold an enterprize, and prefer his ſafety to his glo He farther adds, that the Poet intended to condemn that fa ty modeſty which makes one ſometimes prefer a nobleman fore a perſon of more real worth. To be greatly born is an h pineſs, but no merit; whereas perſonal virtues ſhew a man w thy of that greatneſs to which he is not born.

It appears from hence, how honourable it was of old to upon theſe parties by night, or undertake thoſe offices wh are now only the taſk of common ſoldiers. *Gideon* in t book of *Judges* (as *Dacier* obſerves) goes as a ſpy into camp of *Midian*, tho' he was at that time General of the *raelites*.

ỳ. 289. *Bleſt in his conduct.*] There requir'd ſome addreſs *Diomed* to make his choice without offending the *Grecian* Pr ces; each of them might think it an indignity to be refu ſuch a place of honour. *Diomed* therefore chuſes *Ulyſſes* beca

It fits thee not, before theſe chiefs of fame,
eply'd the ſage) to praiſe me, or to blame:
aiſe from a friend, or cenſure from a foe,
e loſt on hearers that our merits know.
t let us haſte——Night rolls the hours away,
he red'ning Orient ſhews the coming day,

auſe he is braver than the reſt, but becauſe he is wiſer. is part of his character was allow'd by all the leaders of e army; and none of them thought it a diſparagement to emſelves as they were men of valour, to ſee the firſt place en to *Ulyſſes* in point of wiſdom. No doubt but the Poet, cauſing *Diomed* to make this choice, intended to inſinuate t valour ought always to be temper'd with wiſdom; to the that what is deſign'd with prudence, may be executed with olution. *Euſtathius.*

. 291. *It fits thee not to praiſe me or to blame.*] The modeſty *Ulyſſes* in this paſſage is very remarkable; tho' undoubted- he deſerved to be praiſed, yet he interrupts *Diomed* rather n he would be a hearer of his own commendation. What *omed* ſpoke in praiſe of *Ulyſſes*, was utter'd to juſtify his ice of him to the leaders of the army; otherwiſe the praiſe had given him, would have been no better than flattery. *ſtathius.*

. 295. ——————*Night rolls the hours away,*
The ſtars ſhine fainter on th' ætherial plains,
And of Night's empire but a third remains.]

has been objected that *Ulyſſes* is guilty of a threefold tauto- y, when every word he utter'd ſhews the neceſſity of being ciſe: If the night was nigh ſpent, there was the leſs time loſe in tautologies. But this is ſo far from being a fault, t it is a beauty: *Ulyſſes* dwells upon the ſhortneſs of the time ore the day appears, in order to urge *Diomed* to the greater ed in proſecuting the deſign. *Euſtathius.*

The ſtars ſhine fainter on th' ætherial plains,
And of Night's empire but a third remains.
Thus having ſpoke, with gen'rous ardour preſt,
In arms terrific their huge limbs they dreſt.
A two-edg'd faulchion *Thraſymed* the brave,
And ample buckler, to *Tydides* gave:
Then in a leathern helm he cas'd his head,
Short of its creſt, and with no plume o'erſpread:

(Suc

ỳ. 298. *But a third remains,*] One ought to take notice wi how much exactneſs *Homer* proportions his incidents to the tim of action: Theſe two books take up no more than the comp of one night; and this deſign could not have been execut in any other part of it. The Poet had before told us, th all the plain was enlightned by the fires of *Troy*, and conſ quently no ſpy could paſs over to their camp, till they we almoſt ſunk and extinguiſh'd, which could not be till near t morning.

'Tis obſervable that the Poet divides the night into thr parts, from whence we may gather, that the *Grecians* had thr watches during the night: The firſt and ſecond of which we over, when *Diomed* and *Ulyſſes* ſet out to enter the enemy camp. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 301. *A two-edg'd faulchion* Thraſymed *the brave,* &c.] is a very impertinent remark of *Scaliger*, that *Diomed* ſhou not have gone from his tent without a ſword. The expediti he now goes upon could not be foreſeen by him at the tim he roſe: He was awak'd of a ſudden, and ſent in haſte to c ſome of the Princes: Beſides, he went but to council, and ev then carry'd his ſpear with him, as *Homer* had already inform us. I think if one were to ſtudy the art of cavilling, the would be more occaſion to blame *Virgil* for what *Scali* praiſes him, giving a ſword to *Euryalus*, when he had one b fore, *Æn.* 9. ỳ. 303.

ỳ. 303. *Then in a leathern helm.*] It may not be improper obſerve how conformably to the deſign, the Poet arms the

such as by youths unus'd to arms, are worn;
No spoils enrich it, and no studs adorn.)
Next him *Ulysses* took a shining sword,
A bow and quiver, with bright arrows stor'd:
A well-prov'd casque with leather braces bound
(Thy gift, *Meriones*) his temples crown'd:
Soft wool within; without, in order spread,
A boar's white teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head.
This from *Amyntor*, rich *Ormenus*' son,
Autolychus by fraudful rapine won,

And

o heroes: *Ulysses* has a bow and arrows, that he might be able wound the enemy at a distance, and so retard his flight till he uld overtake him; and for fear of a discovery, *Diomed* is arm'd ith an helmet of leather, that the glittering of it might not be- ay him. *Eustathius.*

There is some resemblance in this whole story to that of *Nisus* d *Euryalus* in *Virgil:* and as the heroes are here successful, and *Virgil* unfortunate, it was perhaps as great an instance of *Vir-* 's judgment to describe the unhappy youth in a glitt'ring helmet, hich occasion'd his discovery, as it was in *Homer* to arm his suc- ssful one in the contrary manner.

ν. 309. *A well-prov'd casque.*] Mr. *Barnes* has a pretty re- ark on this place, that it was probably from this description, λος ἁρπήσι, that the ancient Painters and tragic Poets con- ntly represented *Ulysses* with the *Pileus* on his head; but this rticularity could not be preserv'd with any grace in the tran- tion.

ν. 313. *This from* Amyntor, &c.] The succession of this helmet scending from one hero to another, is imitated by *Virgil* in the ry of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*.

And gave *Amphidamas*; from him the prize
Molus receiv'd, the pledge of ſocial ties;
The helmet next by *Merion* was poſſeſs'd,
And now *Ulyſſes*' thoughtful temples preſs'd.
Thus ſheath'd in arms, the counſel they forſake,
And dark thro' paths oblique their progreſs take.
Juſt then, in ſign ſhe favour'd their intent,
A long-wing'd heron great *Minerva* ſent;
This, tho' ſurrounding ſhades obſcur'd their view,
By the ſhrill clang and whiſtling wings, they knew.
As from the right ſhe ſoar'd, *Ulyſſes* pray'd,
Hail'd the glad omen, and addreſs'd the maid.

Euryalus phaleras Rhamnetis, & aurea bullis
Cingula; Tiburti Remulo ditiſſimus olim
Quæ mittit dona, hoſpitio cùm jungeret abſens,
Cædicus; ille ſuo moriens dat habere nepoti:
Poſt mortem bello Rutuli pugnâque potiti.

It was anciently a cuſtom to make theſe military preſents t brave adventurers. So *Jonathan* in the firſt book of *Samue ſtript himſelf of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to* David *and his garments, even to his ſword, and his bow, and his girdl* Ch. 18. ℣. 4.

℣. 326. Ulyſſes—*Hail'd the glad omen.*] This paſſage ſufficien ly juſtifies *Diomed* for his choice of *Ulyſſes*: *Diomed*, who w moſt renown'd for valour, might have given a wrong inte pretation to this omen, and ſo have been diſcourag'd fro proceeding in the attempt. For tho' it really ſignify'd, th as the bird was not ſeen, but only heard by the ſound of i wings, ſo they ſhould not be diſcover'd by the *Trojans*, b perform actions which all *Troy* ſhould hear with ſorrow; y on the other hand it might imply, that as they diſcover'd th bi

O daughter of that God, whoſe arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and ſhake the dreadful ſhield!
O thou! for ever preſent in my way,
Who, all my motions, all my toils ſurvey!
Safe may we paſs beneath the gloomy ſhade,
Safe by thy ſuccour to our ſhips convey'd;
And let ſome deed this ſignal night adorn,
To claim the tears of *Trojans* yet unborn.
Then god-like *Diomed* preferr'd his pray'r:
Daughter of *Jove*, unconquer'd *Pallas!* hear.
Great Queen of arms, whoſe favour *Tydeus* won,
As thou defend'ſt the ſire, defend the ſon.
When on *Æſopus'* banks the banded pow'rs
Of *Greece* he left, and ſought the *Theban* tow'rs,
Peace was his charge; receiv'd with peaceful ſhow,
He went a legate, but return'd a foe:
Then help'd by thee, and cover'd by thy ſhield,
He fought with numbers, and made numbers yield.
So now be preſent, Oh celeſtial maid!
So ſtill continue to the race thine aid!

ird by the noiſe of its wings, ſo they ſhould be betray'd by the oiſe they ſhould make in the *Trojan* army. The reaſon why *Pallas* does not ſend the bird that is ſacred to herſelf, but the eron, is becauſe it is a bird of prey, and denoted that they ſhould oil the *Trojans*. *Euſtathius.*

A youthful ſteer ſhall fall beneath the ſtroke,
Untam'd, unconſcious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and with ſpreading horns,
Whoſe taper tops refulgent gold adorns.
The Heroes pray'd, and *Pallas* from the ſkies,
Accords their vow, ſucceeds their enterprize.
Now, like two lions panting for the prey,
With deathful thoughts they trace the dreary way,
Thro' the black horrors of th' enſanguin'd plain,
Thro' duſt, thro' blood, o'er arms, and hills of ſlain.
Nor leſs bold *Hector*, and the ſons of *Troy*,
On high deſigns the wakeful hours employ;
Th' a

ỳ. 356. *Thro' duſt, thro' blood,* &c.] *Xenophon* (ſays *Euſtathius*) has imitated this paſſage; but what the poet gives in one line, the hiſtorian protracts into ſeveral ſentences. Ἐπεὶ δὲ ἔληξεν ἡ μάχη, παρῆν ἰδεῖν, τὸν μὲν γῆν αἵματι πεφυρμένην, &c. "When the battel was over, one might behold thro' the whole extent of the field, the ground dy'd red with blood, the bodies of friends and enemies ſtretch'd over each other, the ſhields pierc'd, the ſpears broken, and the drawn ſwords ſome ſcatter'd on the earth, ſome plung'd in the bodies of the ſlain, and ſome yet graſp'd in the hands of the ſoldiers.

ỳ. 357. *Nor leſs bold* Hector, &c.] It is the remark of *Euſtathius*, that *Homer* ſends out the *Trojan* ſpy in this place in a very different manner from the *Grecian* ones before. Having been very particular in deſcribing the counſel of the *Greeks*, he avoids tiring the reader here with parallel circumſtances, and paſſes it in general terms. In the firſt, a wiſe old man propoſes the adventure with an air of deference; in the ſecond, a brave young man with an air of authority. The one promiſes a ſmall gift, but very honourable and certain; the other a great one, but uncertain and leſs honourable, becau

Th' assembled peers their lofty chief inclos'd;
Who thus the counsels of his breast propos'd.
What glorious man, for high attempts prepar'd,
Dares greatly venture for a rich reward?
Of yonder fleet a bold discov'ry make,
What watch they keep, and what resolves they take?
Or now subdu'd they meditate their flight,
And spent with toil neglect the watch of night?
Wou'd he the chariot that shall please him most,
Of all the plunder of the vanquish'd host;
Wou'd the fair steeds that all the rest excel,
And his the glory to have serv'd so well.
A youth there was among the tribes of *Troy*
Dolon his name, *Eumedes'* only Boy.

(Five

is given as a reward. So that *Diomed* and *Ulysses* are inspired with the love of glory. *Dolon* is possest with a thirst of gain: they proceed with a sage and circumspect valour, he with rashness and vanity; they go in conjunction, he alone; they cross the fields out of the road, he follows the common track. In all there is a contraste that is admirable, and a moral that strikes every reader at first sight.

ver. 372. Dolon *his name.*] 'Tis scarce to be conceiv'd with what conciseness the poet has here given us the name, the fortunes, the pedigree, the office, the shape, the swiftness of *Dolon*. He seems to have been eminent for nothing so much as for his wealth, tho' undoubtedly he was by place one of the first rank in *Troy*: *Hector* summons him to this assembly amongst the chiefs of *Troy*; nor was he unknown to the *Greeks*, for *Diomed* immediately after he had seiz'd him, calls him by his name. Perhaps being an herald, he had fre-

(Five girls beſide the rev'rend herald told)
Rich was the ſon in braſs, and rich in gold;
Not bleſt by nature with the charms of face,
But ſwift of foot, and matchleſs in the race.
Hector! (he ſaid) my courage bids me meet
This high atchievement, and explore the fleet:
But firſt exalt thy ſceptre to the ſkies,
And ſwear to grant me the demanded prize;

Th' im-

quently paſs'd between the armies in the execution of his office.

The ancients obſerv'd upon this place, that it was the office of *Dolon* which made him offer himſelf to *Hector*. The ſacred character gave him hopes that they would not violate his perſon, ſhould he happen to be taken; and his riches he knew were ſufficient to purchaſe his liberty; beſides all which advantages, he had hopes from his ſwiftneſs to eſcape any purſuers. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 375. *Not bleſt by nature with the charms of face.*] The original is,

Ὃς δή τοι εἶδος μὲν ἔην κακὸς, ἀλλὰ ποδώκης.

Which ſome ancient criticks thought to include a contradiction, becauſe the man who is ill-ſhap'd can hardly be ſwift in running; taking the word εἶδος as apply'd in general to the air of the whole perſon. But *Ariſtotle* acquaints us that word was as proper in regard to the face only, and that it was uſual with the *Cretans* to call a man with a handſome face, εὐειδής. So that *Dolon* might want a good face, and yet be well-ſhap'd enough to make an excellent racer. *Poet. c.* 26.

℣. 380. *Swear to grant me,* &c.] It is evident from this whole narration, that *Dolon* was a man of no worth or courage; his covetouſneſs ſeems to be the ſole motive of his undertaking this exploit: and whereas *Diomed* neither deſir'd any reward,

Th' immortal courſers, and the glitt'ring car,
That bear *Pelides* thro' the ranks of war.
Encourag'd thus no idle ſcout I go,
Fulfil thy wiſh, their whole intention know,
Ev'n to the royal tent purſue my way,
And all their counſels, all their aims betray.
The chief then heav'd the golden ſceptre high,
Atteſting thus the monarch of the ſky.

ward, nor when promis'd requir'd any aſſurance of it; *Dolon* demands an oath, and will not truſt the promiſe of *Hector*; he every where diſcovers a baſe ſpirit, and by the ſequel it will appear, that this vain boaſter inſtead of diſcovering the army of the enemy, becomes a traytor to his own. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 381. *Th' immortal courſers, and the glitt'ring car.*] *Hector* in the foregoing ſpeech promiſes the beſt horſes in the *Grecian* army, as a reward to any one who would undertake what he propos'd. *Dolon* immediately demands thoſe of *Achilles*, and confines the general promiſe of *Hector* to the particular horſes of that brave hero.

There is ſomething very extraordinary in *Hector*'s taking a ſolemn oath, that he will give the chariots and ſteeds of *Achilles* to *Dolon*. The ancients, ſays *Euſtathius*, knew not whoſe vanity moſt to wonder at, that of *Dolon* or *Hector*; the one for demanding this, or the other for promiſing it. Tho' we may take notice, that *Virgil* lik'd this extravagance ſo well as to imitate it, where *Aſcanius* (without being aſked) promiſes the horſes and armour of *Turnus* to *Niſus*, on his undertaking a like enterprize.

Vidiſti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis,
Aureus; ipſum illum, clypeum criſtaſque rubentes
Excipiam ſorti, jam nunc tua præmia, Niſe.

Unleſs one ſhould think the raſhneſs of ſuch a promiſe better agreed with the ardour of this youthful prince, than with the character of an experienc'd warriour like *Hector*.

Be witneſs thou! immortal Lord of all!
Whoſe thunder ſhakes the dark aerial hall:
By none but *Dolon* ſhall this prize be born,
And him alone th' immortal ſteeds adorn.
Thus *Hector* ſwore: the Gods were call'd in vain,
But the raſh youth prepares to ſcour the plain:
A-croſs his back the bended bow he flung,
A wolf's grey hide around his ſhoulders hung,
A ferret's downy fur his helmet lin'd,
And in his hand a pointed jav'lin ſhin'd.
Then (never to return) he ſought the ſhore,
And trod the path his feet muſt tread no more.
Scarce had he paſs'd the ſteeds and *Trojan* throng,
(Still bending forward as he cours'd along)
When, on the hollow way, th' approaching tread
Ulyſſes mark'd, and thus to *Diomed*.
O Friend! I hear ſome ſtep of hoſtile feet,
Moving this way, or haſtning to the fleet;
Some ſpy perhaps, to lurk beſide the main;
Or nightly pillager that ſtrips the ſlain.
Yet let him paſs, and win a little ſpace;
Then ruſh behind him, and prevent his pace.
But if too ſwift of foot he flies before,
Confine his courſe along the fleet and ſhore,

Betwixt

etwixt the camps and him our ſpear employ,
nd intercept his hope'd return to *Troy*.
With that they ſtep'd aſide, and ſtoop'd their head,
As *Dolon* paſs'd) behind a heap of dead:
long the path the ſpy unwary flew;
oft, at juſt diſtance, both the chiefs purſue.
o diſtant they, and ſuch the ſpace between,
s when two teams of mules divide the green,

(To

. 491. ——*Such the ſpace between, As when two teams of les*, &c.] I wonder *Euſtathius* takes no notice of the man- of plowing uſed by the ancients, which is deſcrib'd in ſe verſes, and of which we have the beſt account from cier. She is not ſatisfied with the explanation given by dymus, that *Homer* meant the ſpace which mules by their iftneſs gain upon oxen, that plow in the ſame field. "The Grecians (ſays ſhe) did not plow in the manner now in uſe. They firſt broke up the ground with oxen, and then plow'd it more lightly with mules. When they employed two plows in a field, they meaſured the ſpace they could plow in a day, and ſet their plows at the two ends of that ſpace, and thoſe plows proceeded toward each other. This intermediate ſpace was conſtantly fix'd, but leſs in proportion for two plows of oxen than for two of mules; becauſe oxen are ſlower, and toil more in a field that has not been yet turn'd up, whereas mules are naturally ſwifter, and make greater ſpeed in a ground that has already had the firſt plowing. I therefore believe that what *Homer* calls ρωγάς, is the ſpace left by the husbandmen between two plows of mules which till the ſame field: and as this ſpace was ſo much the greater in a field already plow'd by oxen, he adds what he ſays of mules, that they are ſwifter and fitter to give the ſecond plowing than oxen, and there- fore diſtinguiſhes the field ſo plowed by the epithet of βαθεῖης· for that ſpace was certain of ſo many acres or perches, and always larger than in a field as yet

(To whom the hind like ſhares of land allows)
When now few furrows part th' approaching ploughs,
Now *Dolon* liſt'ning heard them as they paſt;
Hector (he thought) had ſent, and check'd his haſte,
Till ſcarce at diſtance of a Jav'lin's throw,
No voice ſucceeding, he perceiv'd the foe.
As when two ſkilful hounds the lev'ret winde,
Or chaſe thro' woods obſcure the trembling hinde;
Now loſt, now ſeen, they intercept his way,
And from the herd ſtill turn the flying prey:
So faſt, and with ſuch fears the *Trojan* flew;
So cloſe, ſo conſtant, the bold *Greeks* purſue.
Now almoſt on the fleet the daſtard falls,
And mingles with the guards that watch the walls;

" untill'd, which being heavier and more difficult, requi
" the interval to be ſo much the leſs between two plows
" oxen, becauſe they could not diſpatch ſo much wo
" *Homer* could not have ſerv'd himſelf of a juſter compa
" ſon for a thing that paſs'd in the fields; at the ſa
" time he ſhews his experience in the art of agricultu
" and gives his verſes a moſt agreeable ornament, as
" deed all the images drawn from this art are peculiarly en
" taining."

This manner of meaſuring a ſpace of ground by a comp
ſon from plowing, ſeems to have been cuſtomary in thoſe tim
from that paſſage in the firſt book of *Samuel*, ch. 14 *v.*
And the firſt ſlaughter which Jonathan *and his armour-bea
made, was about twenty men, within as it were half a fur
of an acre of land, which a yoke of oxen might plow.*

Wh

hen brave *Tydides* ſtopp'd; a gen'rous thought
ſpir'd by *Pallas*) in his boſom wrought,
t on the foe ſome forward *Greek* advance,
d ſnatch the glory from his lifted lance.
en thus aloud: Whoe'er thou art, remain;
is jav'lin elſe ſhall fix thee to the plain.
ſaid, and high in air the weapon caſt,
ich wilful err'd, and o'er his ſhoulder paſt;
en fix'd in earth. Againſt the trembling wood
e wretch ſtood propp'd, and quiver'd as he ſtood;
ſudden palſy ſeiz'd his turning head;
looſe teeth chatter'd, and his colour fled:
e panting warriours ſeize him as he ſtands,
d with unmanly tears his life demands.
O ſpare my youth, and for the breath I owe,
rge gifts of price my father ſhall beſtow:
t heaps of braſs ſhall in your ſhips be told,
d ſteel well-temper'd, and refulgent gold.

444. *Quiver'd as he ſtood*, &c.] The Poet here gives us a lively picture of a perſon in the utmoſt agonies of fear: n's ſwiftneſs forſakes him, and he ſtands ſhackled by his ardice. The very words expreſs the thing he deſcribes by the en turn of the *Greek* Verſes. And ſomething like it is aimed the *Engliſh*.

——ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἔσχε, τάρβησέν τε
Βαμβαίνων· ἆρβος δὲ διὰ ϛόμα γίνετ' ὀδόντων
Χλωρὸς ὑπαΐ, δείσας.——

To whom *Ulyſſes* made this wiſe reply;
Whoe'er thou art, be bold, nor fear to die.
What moves thee, ſay, when ſleep has clos'd the ſight,
To roam the ſilent fields in dead of night?
Cam'ſt thou the ſecrets of our camp to find,
By *Hector* prompted, or thy daring mind?
Or art ſome wretch by hopes of plunder led
Thro' heaps of carnage, to deſpoil the dead?
Then thus pale *Dolon* with a fearful look,
(Still, as he ſpoke, his limbs with horror ſhook)
Hither I came, by *Hector*'s words deceiv'd;
Much did he promiſe, raſhly I believ'd:
No leſs a bribe than great *Achilles*' car
And thoſe ſwift ſteeds that ſweep the ranks of war,
Urg'd me, unwilling, this attempt to make;
To learn what counſels, what reſolves you take:

ỳ. 454. *Behold, nor fear to die.*] 'Tis obſervable what ca
tion the poet here uſes in reference to *Dolon*: *Ulyſſes* does n
make him any promiſes of life, but only bids him very artful
not to think of dying: ſo that when *Diomed* kills him, he w
not guilty of a breach of promiſe, and the ſpy was deceiv'd rath
by the art and ſubtlety of *Ulyſſes*, than by his falſhood. *Dolon*
underſtanding ſeems entirely to be diſturb'd by his fears;
was ſo cautious as not to believe a friend juſt before without
oath, but here he truſts an enemy without ſo much as a promi
Euſtathius.

ỳ. 467. *Urg'd me unwilling.*] 'Tis obſervable that the co
ardice of *Dolon* here betrays him into a falſhood: tho' *Euſtathi*
is of opinion that the word in the original means no more th
contrary to my judgment.

If now ſubdu'd, you fix your hopes on flight,
And tir'd with toils, neglect the watch of night?
Bold was thy aim, and glorious was the prize,
(*Ulyſſes*, with a ſcornful ſmile, replies)
Far other rulers thoſe proud ſteeds demand,
And ſcorn the guidance of a vulgar hand;
Ev'n great *Achilles* ſcarce their rage can tame,
Achilles ſprung from an immortal dame.
But ſay, be faithful, and the truth recite!
Where lies encamp'd the *Trojan* chief to-night?
Where ſtand his courſers? in what quarter ſleep
Their other Princes? tell what watch they keep?
Say, ſince this conqueſt, what their counſels are?
Or here to combat, from their city far,
Or back to *Ilion*'s walls transfer the war?
Ulyſſes thus, and thus *Eumedes*' ſon:
What *Dolon* knows, his faithful tongue ſhall own.
Hector, the peers aſſembling in his tent,
A council holds at *Ilus*' monument.

478. *Where lies encamp'd.*] The night was now very far advanc'd, the morning approach'd, and the two heroes had their whole deſign ſtill to execute: *Ulyſſes* therefore complies with the neceſſity of the time, and makes his queſtions very ſhort, tho' at the ſame time very full. In the like manner when *Ulyſſes* comes to ſhew *Diomed* the chariot of *Rheſus*, he uſes a ſudden tranſition without the uſual form of ſpeaking.

No

No certain guards the nightly watch partake;
Where-e'er yon' fires aſcend, the *Trojans* wake:
Anxious for *Troy*, the guard the natives keep;
Safe in their cares, th' auxiliar forces ſleep,
Whoſe wives and infants, from the danger far,
Diſcharge their ſouls of half the fears of war.
Then ſleep thoſe aids among the *Trojan* train,
(Enquir'd the chief) or ſcatter'd o'er the plain?
To whom the ſpy: Their pow'rs they thus diſpoſe:
The *Pæons*, dreadful with their bended bows,
The *Carians*, *Caucons*, the *Pelaſgian* hoſt,
And *Leleges* encamp along the coaſt.
Not diſtant far, lie higher on the land
The *Lycian*, *Myſian*, and *Mæonian* band,

℣. 488. *No certain guards.*] *Homer* to give an air of probability to this narration, lets us underſtand that the *Trojan* camp might eaſily be enter'd without diſcovery, becauſe there were no centinels to guard it. This might happen partly thro' the ſecurity which their late ſucceſs had thrown them into, and partly thro' the fatigues of the former day. Beſides which, *Homer* gives us another very natural reaſon, the negligence of the auxiliar forces, who being foreigners, had nothing to loſe by the fall of *Troy*.

℣. 489. *Where-e'er yon' fires aſcend.*] This is not to be underſtood of thoſe fires which *Hector* commanded to be kindled at the beginning of this night, but only of the houſhold fires of the *Trojans*, diſtinct from the auxiliars. The expreſſion in the original is ſomewhat remarkable; but implies thoſe people that were natives of *Troy*; ἰςία and ἐσχάρα πυρὸς ſignifying the ſame thing. So that ἰςίας ἔχειν and ἐσχάρας ἔχειν mean to have houſes or hearths in *Troy*. *Euſtathius*.

And

nd *Phrygia*'s horſe, by *Thymbras*' ancient wall;
he *Thracians* utmoſt, and a-part from all.
heſe *Troy* but lately to her ſuccour won,
ed on by *Rheſus*, great *Eioneus*' ſon:
ſaw his courſers in proud triumph go,
wift as the wind, and white as winter-ſnow:
ich ſilver plates his ſhining car infold;
is ſolid arms, refulgent, flame with gold;
o mortal ſhoulders ſuit the glorious load,
eleſtial *Panoply*, to grace a God!
et me, unhappy, to your fleet be born,
r leave me here, a captive's fate to mourn,
n cruel chains; till your return reveal
he truth or falſhood of the news I tell.
To this *Tydides*, with a gloomy frown:
hink not to live, tho' all the truth be ſhown:
hall we diſmiſs thee, in ſome future ſtrife
o riſk more bravely thy now forfeit life?
r that again our camps thou may'ſt explore?
o—once a traytor, thou betray'ſt no more.
Sternly he ſpoke, and as the wretch prepar'd
ith humble blandiſhment to ſtroke his beard,

Like

Like light'ning ſwift the wrathful faulchion flew,
Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two;
One inſtant ſnatch'd his trembling ſoul to hell,
The head, yet ſpeaking, mutter'd as it fell.
The furry helmet from his brow they tear,
The wolf's grey hide, th' unbended bow and ſpear;
Theſe great *Ulyſſes* lifting to the ſkies,
To fav'ring *Pallas* dedicates the prize.
Great queen of arms! receive this hoſtile ſpoil,
And let the *Thracian* ſteeds reward our toil:
Thee firſt of all the heav'nly hoſt we praiſe;
O ſpeed our labours, and direct our ways!
This ſaid, the ſpoils with dropping gore defac'd,
High on a ſpreading tamariſk he plac'd;
Then heap'd with reeds and gather'd boughs the plain,
To guide their footſteps to the place again.
Thro' the ſtill night they croſs the devious fields,
Slipp'ry with blood, o'er arms and heaps of ſhields.
Arriving where the *Thracian* ſquadrons lay,
And eas'd in ſleep the labours of the day,

ỳ. 525. *Divides the neck.*] It may ſeem a piece of barbarity in *Diomed* to kill *Dolon* thus, in the very act of ſupplicating for mercy. *Euſtathius* anſwers, that it was very neceſſary that it ſhould be ſo, for fear, if he had defer'd his death, he might have cry'd out to the *Trojans*, who hearing his voice, would have been upon their guard.

Rang'd

ng'd in three lines they view the proſtrate band:
he horſes yok'd beſide each warrior ſtand;
heir arms in order on the ground reclin'd,
ro' the brown ſhade the fulgid weapons ſhin'd;
nidſt lay *Rheſus*, ſtretch'd in ſleep profound,
d the white ſteeds behind his chariot bound.
e welcome ſight *Ulyſſes* firſt deſcries,
d points to *Diomed* the tempting prize.
e man, the courſers, and the car behold!
ſcrib'd by *Dolon*, with the arms of gold.
w, brave *Tydides!* now thy courage try,
proach the chariot, and the ſteeds untye;
if thy ſoul aſpire to fiercer deeds,
ge thou the ſlaughter, while I ſeize the ſteeds.
Pallas (this ſaid) her hero's boſom warms,
ath'd in his heart, and ſtrung his nervous arms;
ere-e'er he paſs'd, a purple ſtream purſu'd;
thirſty faulchion, fat with hoſtile blood,
n'd all his footſteps, dy'd the fields with gore,
a low groan remurmur'd thro' the ſhore.
he grim lion, from his nightly den,
leaps the fences, and invades the pen;
ſheep or goats, reſiſtleſs in his way,
falls, and foaming rends the guardleſs prey.

Nor

Nor ſtopp'd the fury of his vengeful hand,
'Till twelve lay breathleſs of the *Thracian* band.
Ulyſſes following, as his Part'ner ſlew,
Back by the foot each ſlaughter'd warriour drew;
The milk-white courſers ſtudious to convey
Safe to the Ships, he wiſely clear'd the way;
Leſt the fierce ſteeds, not yet to battels bred,
Should ſtart, and tremble at the heaps of dead.
Now twelve diſpatch'd, the monarch laſt they found
Tydides' faulchion fix'd him to the ground.
Juſt then a deathful dream *Minerva* ſent;
A warlike form appear'd before his tent,
Whoſe viſionary ſteel his boſom tore:
So dream'd the monarch, and awak'd no more.
Ulyſſes now the ſnowy ſteeds detains,
And leads them, faſten'd by the ſilver reins;
Theſe, with his bow unbent, he laſh'd along;
(The ſcourge forgot, on *Rheſus'* chariot hung.)

℣. 578. *Juſt then a deathful dream* Minerva *ſent.*] All the cumſtances of this action, the night, *Rheſus* buried in a found ſleep, and *Diomed* with the ſword in his hand hang over the head of that prince, furniſh'd *Homer* with the ide this fiction, which repreſents *Rheſus* dying faſt aſleep, an it were beholding his enemy in a dream plunging a ſword to his boſom. This image is very natural, for a man in condition awakes no farther than to ſee confuſedly what rons him, and to think it not a reality, but a viſion. *Euſtat Dacier.*

hen gave his friend the ſignal to retire;
t him, new dangers, new atchievements fire:
oubtful he ſtood, or with his reeking blade
o ſend more heroes to th' infernal ſhade,
rag off the car where *Rheſus'* armour lay,
heave with manly force, and lift away.
hile unreſolv'd the ſon of *Tydeus* ſtands,
llas appears, and thus her chief commands.
Enough, my ſon, from farther ſlaughter ceaſe,
gard thy ſafety, and depart in peace;
aſte to the ſhips, the gotten ſpoils enjoy,
r tempt too far the hoſtile Gods of *Troy*.
The voice divine confeſs'd the martial maid;
haſte he mounted, and her word obey'd;
e courſers fly before *Ulyſſes'* bow,
ift as the wind, and white as winter-ſnow.
Not unobſerv'd they paſs'd: the God of light
d watch'd his *Troy*, and mark'd *Minerva*'s flight,
w *Tydeus'* ſon with heav'nly ſuccour bleſt,
d vengeful anger fill'd his ſacred breaſt.
ift to the *Trojan* camp deſcends the pow'r,
d wakes *Hippocoön* in the morning-hour,

. 607. *And wakes* Hippocoön.] *Apollo*'s waking the *Trojans* nly an allegory to imply that the light of the morning a-en'd them. *Euſtathius.*

(On

(On *Rheſus'* ſide accuſtom'd to attend,
A faithful kinſman, and inſtructive friend.)
He roſe, and ſaw the field deform'd with blood,
An empty ſpace where late the courſers ſtood,
The yet-warm *Thracians* panting on the coaſt;
For each he wept, but for his *Rheſus* moſt:
Now while on *Rheſus'* name he calls in vain,
The gath'ring tumult ſpreads o'er all the plain;
On heaps the *Trojans* ruſh, with wild affright,
And wond'ring view the ſlaughters of the night.
Mean while the chiefs, arriving at the ſhade
Where late the ſpoils of *Hector's* ſpy were laid,
Ulyſſes ſtopp'd; to him *Tydides* bore
The trophy, dropping yet with *Dolon's* gore:
Then mounts again; again their nimble feet
The courſers ply, and thunder tow'rds the fleet.
Old *Neſtor* firſt perceiv'd th' approaching ſound,
Beſpeaking thus the *Grecian* peers around.

Methi

ỳ. 624. *Old* Neſtor *firſt perceiv'd*, &c.] It may with an pearance of reaſon be ask'd, whence it could be that *Ne* whoſe ſenſe of hearing might be ſuppos'd to be impair'd his great age, ſhould be the firſt perſon among ſo many yo ful warriors who hears the tread of the horſe's feet at a ſtance? *Euſtathius* anſwers, that *Neſtor* had a particular cern for the ſafety of *Diomed* and *Ulyſſes* on this occaſion, he was the perſon who, by propoſing the undertaking, exp

thinks the noiſe of tramp'ling ſteeds I hear
lick'ning this way, and gath'ring on my ear;
haps ſome horſes of the *Trojan* breed
may, ye Gods! my pious hopes ſucceed)
e great *Tydides* and *Ulyſſes* bear,
turn'd triumphant with this prize of war.
much I fear (ah may that fear be vain)
e chiefs out-number'd by the *Trojan* train;
haps, ev'n now purſu'd, they ſeek the ſhore;
oh! perhaps thoſe heroes are no more.
Scarce had he ſpoke, when lo! the chiefs appear,
d ſpring to earth; the *Greeks* diſmiſs their fear:
th words of friendſhip and extended hands
ey greet the Kings; and *Neſtor* firſt demands:
Say thou, whoſe praiſes all our hoſt proclaim,
ou living glory of the *Grecian* name!
whence theſe courſers? by what chance beſtow'd.
e ſpoil of foes, or preſent of a God?
thoſe fair ſteeds ſo radiant and ſo gay,
at draw the burning chariot of the day.

ſed them to a very ſignal danger: and conſequently his extra-
ary care for their preſervation, did more than ſupply the diſ-
ntage of his age. This agrees very well with what imme-
ly follows; for the old man breaks out into a tranſport at the
of them, and in a wild ſort of joy aſks ſome queſtions, which
d not have proceeded from him, but while he was under that
y ſurprize. *Euſtathius.*

Old

Old as I am, to age I ſcorn to yield,
And daily mingle in the martial field;
But ſure till now no courſers ſtruck my ſight
Like theſe, conſpicuous thro' the ranks of fight.
Some God, I deem, conferr'd the glorious prize,
Bleſt as ye are, and fav'rites of the ſkies;
The care of him who bids the thunder roar,
And * her, whoſe fury bathes the world with gore.

* *Minerva.*

Father! not ſo, (ſage *Ithacus* rejoin'd)
The gifts of heav'n are of a nobler kind.
Of *Thracian* lineage are the ſteeds ye view,
Whoſe hoſtile King the brave *Tydides* ſlew;
Sleeping he dy'd, with all his guards around,
And twelve beſide lay gaſping on the ground.
Theſe other ſpoils from conquer'd *Dolon* came,
A wretch, whoſe ſwiftneſs was his only fame,

ỳ. 656. *Of* Thracian *Lineage*, &c.] It is obſervable, *Euſtathius*, that *Homer* in this place unravels the ſeries of night's exploits, and inverts the order of the former nar tion. This is partly occaſion'd by a neceſſity of *Neſtor*'s en ries, and partly to relate the ſame thing in a different way, t he might not tire the reader with an exact repetition of what knew before.

ỳ. 659. *And twelve beſide*, &c.] How comes it to paſs the Poet ſhould here call *Dolon* the thirteenth that was ſl whereas he had already number'd up thirteen beſides h *Euſtathius* anſwers, that he mentions *Rheſus* by himſelf, by of eminence. Then coming to recount the *Thracians*, he rec twelve of 'em; ſo that taking *Rheſus* ſeparately, *Dolon* make the thirteenth.

Hector ſent our forces to explore,
e now lies headleſs on the ſandy ſhore.
Then o'er the trench the bounding courſers flew;
he joyful *Greeks* with loud acclaim purſue.
rait to *Tydides'* high pavillion born,
he matchleſs ſteeds his ample ſtall adorn:
he neighing courſers their new fellows greet,
nd the full racks are heap'd with gen'rous wheat.
t *Dolon*'s armour, to his ſhips convey'd,
gh on the painted ſtern *Ulyſſes* laid,
trophy deſtin'd to the blue-ey'd maid.
Now from nocturnal ſweat, and ſanguine ſtain,
hey cleanſe their bodies in the neighb'ring main:
hen in the poliſh'd bath, refreſh'd from toil,
heir joints they ſupple with diſſolving oil,
due repaſt indulge the genial hour,
nd firſt to *Pallas* the libations pour:

They

ſ. 674. *They cleanſe their bodies in the main*, &c.] We have re a regimen very agreeable to the ſimplicity and auſterity the old heroic times. Theſe warriours plunge into the ſea waſh themſelves; for the ſalt water is not only more puri- ng than any other, but more corroborates the nerves. They erwards enter into a bath, and rub their bodies with oil, hich by ſoftening and moiſtening the fleſh prevents too eat a diſſipation, and reſtores the natural ſtrength. *Eu- bius.*

ſ. 677. *In due repaſt*, &c.] It appears from hence with what eciſeneſs *Homer* diſtinguiſhes the time of theſe actions. 'Tis evident

They ſit, rejoicing in her aid divine,
And the crown'd goblet foams with floods of wine.

evident from this paſſage, that immediately after their retu
it was day-light; that being the time of taking ſuch a re
as is here dēſcrib'd.

I cannot conclude the notes to this book without obſervi
that what ſeems the principal beauty of it, and what diſ
guiſhes it among all the others, is the livelineſs of its Pai
ings: The reader ſees the moſt natural night ſcene in
world; he is led ſtep by ſtep with the adventurers, and m
the companion of all their expectations, and uncertainti
We ſee the very colour of the ſky, know the time to a minu
are impatient while the heroes are arming, our imagina
ſteals out after them, becomes privy to all their doubts,
even to the ſecret wiſhes of their hearts ſent up to *Mine*
We are alarmed at the approach of *Dolon*, hear his very fo
ſteps, aſſiſt the two chiefs in purſuing him, and ſtop juſt w
the ſpear that arreſts him. We are perfectly acquainted w
the ſituation of all the forces, with the figure in which t
lie, with the diſpoſition of *Rheſus* and the *Thracians*, with
poſture of his chariot and horſes. The marſhy ſpot of gro
where *Dolon* is killed, the tamarisk, or aquatick Plants u
which they hang his ſpoils, and the reeds that are heap'd
gether to mark the place, are circumſtances the moſt *pictur*
imaginable. And tho' it muſt be owned, that the human fig
in this piece are excellent, and diſpoſed in the propereſt actio
I cannot but confeſs my opinion, that the chief beauty of it i
the proſpect, a finer than which was never drawn by
pencil.

TH

THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The third battel, and the acts of *Aga-memnon.*

AGamemnon *having arm'd himself, leads the* Grecian *to battel:* Hector *prepares the* Trojans *to receive them; while* Jupiter, Juno, *and* Minerva *give the signal of war.* Agamemnon *bears all before him; and* Hector *is commanded by* Jupiter *(who sends* Iris *for that purpose) to decline the engagement, till the King shall be wounded and retire from the field. He then makes a great slaughter of the enemy;* Ulysses *and* Diomed *put a stop to him for a time; but the latter being wounded by* Paris, *is obliged to desert his companion, who is encompass'd by the* Trojans, *wounded, and in the utmost danger, till* Menelaus *and* Ajax *rescue him.* Hector *comes against* Ajax, *but that hero alone opposes multitudes, and rallies the* Greeks. *In the mean time* Machaon, *in the other wing of the army, is pierced with an arrow by* Paris, *and carry'd from the fight in* Nestor's *chariot.* Achilles *(who overlook'd the action from his ship) sends* Patroclus *to enquire which of the* Greeks *was wounded in that manner.* Nestor *entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of some former wars which he remember'd, tending to put* Patroclus *upon persuading* Achilles *to fight for his country-men, or at least to permit Him to do it, clad in* Achilles's *armour.* Patroclus *in his return meets* Eurypylus *also wounded, and assists him in that distress.*

This book opens with the eight and twentieth day of the poem; and the same day, with its various actions and adventures, is extended thro' the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth books. The scene lies in the field near the monument of Ilus.

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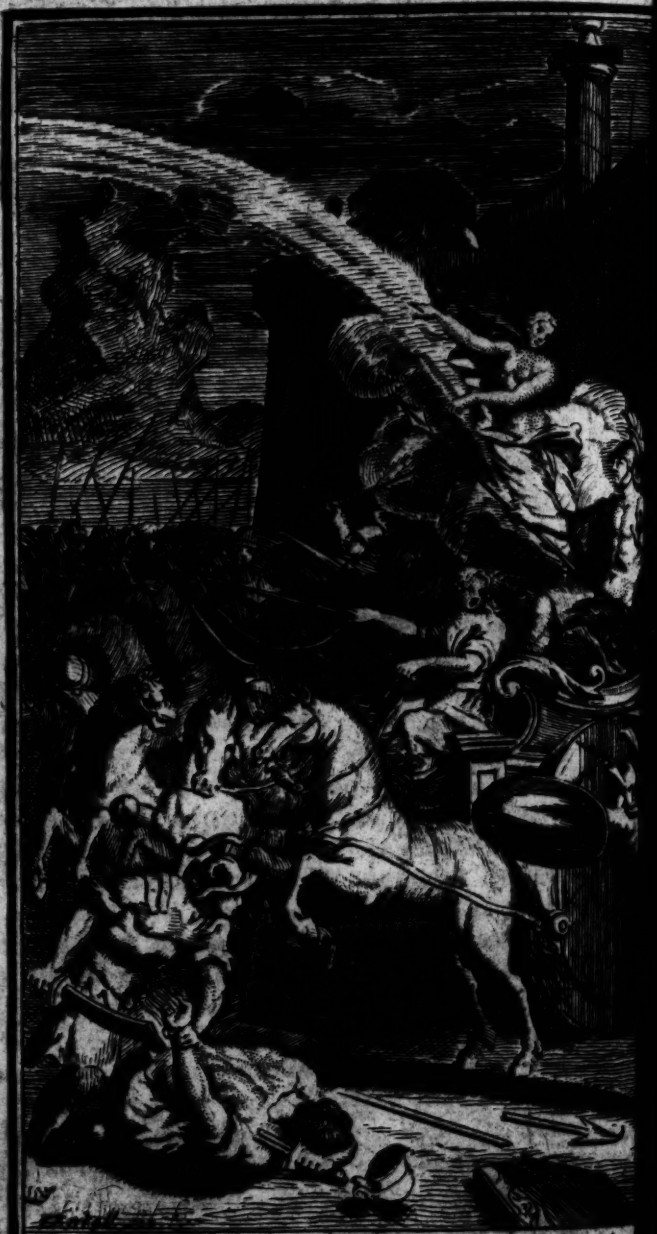

The two Armies being engaged by break of day, Jupiter sends Iris to retire from the Fight, & not return, till Agamemnon's wounds him, so withdraw, from the Field of Battle.

THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

THE ſaffron morn, with early bluſhes ſpread,
Now roſe refulgent from *Tithonus'* bed;
With new-born day to gladden mortal ſight,
And gild the courts of heav'n with ſacred light.

When

* As *Homer's* invention is in nothing more wonderful, than in the great variety of characters with which his poems are diverſify'd, ſo his judgment appears in nothing more exact, than in that propriety with which each character is maintain'd. But this exactneſs muſt be collected by a diligent attention to his conduct thro' the whole: and when the particulars of each cha-

5 When baleful *Eris* ſent by *Jove*'s command,
The torch of diſcord blazing in her hand,

Thro

racter are laid together, we ſhall find them all proceeding from the ſame temper and diſpoſition of the perſon. If this obſervation be neglected, the Poet's conduct will loſe much of its true beauty and harmony.

I fancy it will not be unpleaſant to the reader, to conſider the picture of *Agamemnon*, drawn by ſo maſterly an hand as that of *Homer*, in its full length, after having ſeen him in ſeveral views and lights ſince the beginning of the poem.

He is a maſter of policy and ſtratagem, and maintains a good underſtanding with his council; which was but neceſſary, conſidering how many different, independent nations and intereſts he had to manage: He ſeems fully conſcious of his own ſuperior authority, and always knows the time when to exert it: He is perſonally very valiant, but not without ſome mixture of fierceneſs: Highly reſentful of the injuries done his family, even more than *Menelaus* himſelf: Warm both in his paſſions and affections, particularly in the love he bears his brother. In ſhort he is (as *Homer* himſelf in another place deſcribes him) both a good King, and a great Warriour.

Ἀμφότερον, βασιλεὺς τ' ἀγαθὸς, κρατερός τ' αἰχμητής.

It is very obſervable how this hero riſes in the eſteem of the reader as the poem advances: It opens with many circumſtances very much to the diſadvantage of his character; he inſults the prieſt of *Apollo*, and outrages *Achilles*: but in the ſecond book he grows ſenſible of the effects of his raſhneſs, and takes the fault entirely upon himſelf: In the fourth he ſhews himſelf a ſkilful commander, by exhorting, reproving, and performing all the offices of a good general: In the eighth he is deeply touch'd by the ſufferings of his army, and makes all the peoples calamities his own. In the ninth he endeavours to reconcile himſelf to *Achilles*, and condeſcends to be the petitioner, becauſe it is for the publick good. In the tenth, finding thoſe endeavours ineffectual, his concern keeps him the whole night awake, in contriving all poſſible methods to aſſiſt them; And now in the eleventh as it were reſolvi

Thro' the red ſkies her bloody ſign extends,
And wrapt in tempeſts, o'er the fleet deſcends.
High on *Ulyſſes'* bark, her horrid ſtand
She took, and thunder'd thro' the ſeas and land.
Ev'n *Ajax* and *Achilles* heard the ſound,
Whoſe ſhips, remote, the guarded navy bound.
Thence the black Fury thro' the *Grecian* throng
With horrour ſounds the loud *Orthian* ſong:

reſolving himſelf to ſupply the want of *Achilles*, he grows prodigiouſly in his valour, and performs wonders in his ſingle perſon.

Thus we ſee *Agamemnon* continually winning upon our eſteem, as we grow acquainted with him; ſo that he ſeems to be like that Goddeſs the Poet deſcribes, who was low at the firſt, but riſing by degrees, at laſt reaches the very heavens.

ỳ. 5. *When baleful* Eris, *&c.*] With what a wonderful ſublimity does the Poet begin this book? He awakens the reader's curioſity, and ſounds an alarm to the approaching battel. With what magnificence does he uſher in the deeds of *Agamemnon*? He ſeems for a while to have loſt all view of the main battel, and lets the whole action of the poem ſtand ſtill, to attend the motions of this ſingle hero. Inſtead of a herald, he brings down a Goddeſs to enflame the army; inſtead of a trumpet, or ſuch warlike muſick, *Juno* and *Minerva* thunder over the field of battel: *Jove* rains down drops of blood, and averts his eyes from ſuch a ſcene of horrours.

By the Goddeſs *Eris* is meant that ardour and impatience for the battel which now inſpir'd the *Grecian* army: They who juſt before were almoſt in deſpair, now burn for the fight, and breathe nothing but war. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 14. Orthian *ſong.*] This is a kind of an *Odaic* ſong, invented and ſung on purpoſe to fire the ſoul to noble deeds in war. Such was that of *Timotheus* before *Alexander the Great*, which had ſuch an influence upon him, that he leap'd from his ſeat, and laid hold on his arms. *Euſtathius.*

The navy ſhakes, and at the dire alarms
Each boſom boils, each warriour ſtarts to arms.
No more they ſigh, inglorious to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.
The King of Men his hardy hoſt inſpires
With loud command, with great example fires;
Himſelf firſt roſe, himſelf before the reſt
His mighty limbs in radiant armour dreſt.
And firſt he cas'd his manly legs around
In ſhining greaves, with ſilver buckles bound:
The beaming cuiraſs next adorn'd his breaſt,
The ſame which once King *Cinyras* poſſeſt:
(The fame of *Greece* and her aſſembled hoſt
Had reach'd that Monarch on the *Cyprian* coaſt;
'Twas then, the friendſhip of the chief to gain,
This glorious gift he ſent, nor ſent in vain.)
Ten rows of azure ſteel the work infold,
Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold;
Three glitt'ring dragons to the gorget riſe,
Whoſe imitated ſcales againſt the ſkies

℣. 26. *King* Cinyras.] 'Tis probable this paſſage of *Cinyras* King of *Cyprus*, alludes to a true hiſtory; and what makes it the more ſo, is, that this iſland was famous for its mines of ſeveral metals. *Euſtathius.*

Reflected

Reflected various light, and arching bow'd,
Like colour'd rainbows o'er a ſhow'ry cloud.
(*Jove*'s wondrous bow, of three celeſtial dyes,
Plac'd as a ſign to man amid the ſkies.)
A radiant baldrick o'er his ſhoulder ty'd,
Suſtain'd the ſword that glitter'd at his ſide:
Gold was the hilt, a ſilver ſheath encas'd
The ſhining blade, and golden hangers grac'd.
His buckler's mighty orb was next diſplay'd,
That round the warriour caſt a dreadful ſhade;
Ten zones of braſs its ample brim ſurround,
And twice ten boſſes the bright convex crown'd:
Tremendous *Gorgon* frown'd upon its field,
And circling terrours fill'd th' expreſſive ſhield:
Within its concave hung a ſilver thong,
On which a mimic ſerpent creeps along,
His azure length in eaſy waves extends,
'Till in three heads th' embroider'd monſter ends.

℣. 35. *Arching bow'd, &c.*] *Euſtathius* obſerves, that the Poet intended to repreſent the bending figure of theſe ſerpents, as well as their colour, by comparing them to rainbows. *Dacier* obſerves here how cloſe a parallel this paſſage of *Homer* bears to that in *Geneſis*, where God tells *Noah*, *I have ſet my bow in the clouds, that it may be for a ſign of the covenant between me and the earth.*

Laſt o'er his brows his fourfold helm he plac'd,
With nodding horſe-hair formidably grac'd;
And in his hands two ſteely jav'lins wields,
That blaze to heav'n, and lighten all the fields.
That inſtant *Juno*, and the martial Maid
In happy thunders promis'd *Greece* their aid;
High o'er the chief they claſh'd their arms in air,
And leaning from the clouds, expect the war.
Cloſe to the limits of the trench and mound,
The fiery courſers to their chariots bound
The ſquires reſtrain'd: The foot, with thoſe who wield
The lighter arms, ruſh forward to the field.
To ſecond theſe in cloſe array combin'd,
The ſquadrons ſpread their ſable wings behind.
Now ſhouts and tumults wake the tardy ſun,
As with the light the warriours toils begun.

℣. 63. *The foot, with thoſe who wield The lighter arms, ruſh forward.*] Here we ſee the order of battel is inverted, and oppoſite to that which *Neſtor* propoſed in the fourth book: For it is the cavalry which is there ſuſtain'd by the infantry; here the infantry by the cavalry. But to deliver my opinion, I believe it was the nearneſs of the enemy that obliged *Agamemnon* to change the diſpoſition of the battel: He would break their battalions with his infantry, and compleat their defeat by his cavalry, which ſhould fall upon the flyers. *Dacier.*

Ev'n

v'n *Jove*, whoſe thunder ſpoke his wrath, diſtill'd
ed drops of blood o'er all the fatal field;
he woes of men unwilling to ſurvey,
nd all the ſlaughters that muſt ſtain the day.
Near *Ilus*' tomb in order rang'd around,
he *Trojan* lines poſſeſs'd the riſing ground,
here wiſe *Polydamas* and *Hector* ſtood;
Eneas, honour'd as a guardian God;
old *Polybus*, *Agenor* the divine;
The brother warriours of *Antenor*'s line;
With youthful *Acamas*, whoſe beauteous face
And fair proportion, match'd th' etherial race;
Great *Hector*, cover'd with his ſpacious ſhield,
Plies all the troops, and orders all the field.
As the red ſtar now ſhows his ſanguine fires
Thro' the dark clouds, and now in night retires;

Thus

ỳ. 70. *Red drops of blood.*] Theſe prodigies, with which *Homer* embelliſhes his poetry, are the ſame with thoſe which hiſtory relates not as ornaments, but as truths. Nothing is more common in hiſtory than ſhowers of blood, and philoſophy gives us the reaſon of them: The two battels which had been fought on the plains of *Troy*, had ſo drench'd them with blood, that a great quantity of it might be exhal'd in vapours, and carry'd into the air, and being there condens'd, fall down again in dews and drops of the ſame colour. *Euſtathius.* See Notes on *lib.* 16. ỳ. 560.

ỳ. 83. *As the red ſtar.*] We have juſt ſeen at full length the picture of the General of the *Greeks*: Here we ſee *Hector* beautifully

Thus thro' the ranks appear'd the God-like man,
Plung'd in the rear, or blazing in the van;
While ſtreamy ſparkles, reſtleſs as he flies,
Flaſh from his arms as light'ning from the ſkies.
As ſweating reapers in ſome wealthy field,
Rang'd in two bands, their crooked weapons wield,
Bear down the furrows, till their labours meet;
Thick fall the heapy harveſts at their feet.
So *Greece* and *Troy* the field of war divide,
And falling ranks are ſtrow'd on ev'ry ſide.

tifully drawn in miniature. This proceeded from the great judgment of the Poet: 'twas neceſſary to ſpeak fully of *Agamemnon* who was to be the chief hero of this battel, and briefly of *Hector* who had ſo often been ſpoken of at large before. This is an inſtance that the Poet well knew when to be conciſe, and when to be copious. It is impoſſible that any thing ſhould be more happily imagin'd than this ſimilitude: It is ſo lively, that we ſee *Hector* ſometimes ſhining in arms at the head of his troops; and then immediately loſe ſight of him, while he retires in the ranks of the army. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 89. *As ſweating reapers.*] 'Twill be neceſſary for the underſtanding of this ſimilitude, to explain the method of mowing in *Homer's* days: They mowed in the ſame manner as they plowed, beginning at the extremes of the field, which was equally divided, and proceeded till they met in the middle of it. By this means they rais'd an emulation between both parties, which ſhould finiſh their ſhare firſt. If we conſider this cuſtom, we ſhall find it a very happy compariſon to the two armies advancing againſt each other, together with an exact reſemblance in every circumſtance the Poet intended to illuſtrate.

Nor

None ſtoop'd a thought to baſe inglorious flight;
But horſe to horſe, and man to man they fight.
Not rabid wolves more fierce conteſt their prey;
Each wounds, each bleeds, but none reſign the day.
Diſcord with joy the ſcene of death deſcries,
And drinks large ſlaughter at her ſanguin eyes;
Diſcord alone, of all th' immortal train,
Swells the red horrors of this direful plain:
The Gods in peace their golden manſions fill,
Rang'd in bright order on th' *Olympian* hill;
But gen'ral murmurs told their griefs above,
And each accus'd the partial will of *Jove*.
Mean while apart, ſuperiour, and alone,
Th' eternal Monarch, on his awful throne,
Wrapt in the blaze of boundleſs glory ſate;
And fix'd, fulfill'd the juſt decrees of fate.
On earth he turn'd his all-conſid'ring eyes,
And mark'd the ſpot where *Ilion*'s tow'rs ariſe;
The ſea with ſhips, the fields with armies ſpread,
The victor's rage, the dying, and the dead.
Thus while the morning-beams increaſing bright
O'er heav'ns pure azure ſpread the growing light,
Commutual death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverſe battel goar'd with equal wounds.

But now (what time in ſome ſequeſter'd vale
The weary woodman ſpreads his ſparing meal,
When

ỳ. 119. *What time in ſome ſequeſter'd vale The weary wood-man, &c.*] One may gather from hence, that in *Homer's* time they did not meaſure the day by hours, but by the progreſſion of the ſun; and diſtinguiſh'd the parts of it by the moſt noted employments; as in the 12 of the *Odyſſeis*, ỳ. 439. from the riſing of the judges, and here from the dining of the labourer.

It may perhaps be entertaining to the reader to ſee a general account of the menſuration of time among the ancients, which I ſhall take from *Spondanus*. At the beginning of the world it is certain there was no diſtinction of time but by the light and darkneſs, and the whole day was included in the general terms of the evening and the morning. *Munſter* makes a pretty obſervation upon this cuſtom: Our long-liv'd fore-fathers (ſays he) had not ſo much occaſion to be exact obſervers how the day paſs'd, as their frailer ſons, whoſe ſhortneſs of life makes it neceſſary to diſtinguiſh every part of time, and ſuffer none of it to ſlip away without their obſervation.

It is not improbable but that the *Chaldæans*, many ages after the flood, were the firſt who divided the day into hours; they being the firſt who applied themſelves with any ſucceſs to aſtrology. The moſt ancient ſun-dial we read of, is that of *Achaz* mention'd in the ſecond book of *Kings*, ch. 20. about the time of the building of *Rome*: But as theſe were of no uſe in cloudy days, and in the night, there was another invention of meaſuring the parts of time by water; but that not being ſufficiently exact, they laid it aſide for another by ſand.

'Tis certain the uſe of dials was earlier among the *Greeks* than the *Romans*; 'twas above three hundred years after the building of *Rome* before they knew any thing of them: But yet they had divided the day and night into twenty four hours, as appears from *Varro* and *Macrobius*, tho' they did not count the hours as we do numerically, but from midnight to midnight, and diſtinguiſh'd them by particular names, as by the cock-crowing, the dawn, mid-day, &c. The firſt ſun-dial we read of among the *Romans*

When his tir'd arms refuſe the axe to rear,
And claim a reſpite from the ſylvan war;
But not 'till half the proſtrate foreſts lay
Stretch'd in long ruin, and expos'd to day)

which divided the day into hours, is mention'd by *Pliny*, *lib.* 1. *cap.* 20. fixt upon the temple of *Quirinus* by *L. Papyrius* the cenſor, about the twelfth year of the wars with *Pyrrhus*. But the firſt that was of any uſe to the publick, was ſet up near the *roſtra* in the *forum* by *Valerius Meſſala* the conſul, after the taking of *Catana* in *Sicily*; from whence it was brought, thirty years after the firſt had been ſet up by *Papyrius*: but this was ſtill an imperfect one, the lines of it not exactly correſponding with the ſeveral hours. Yet they made uſe of it many years, till *Q. Marcius Philippus* placed another by it, greatly improved: but theſe had ſtill one common defect of being uſeleſs in the night, and when the ſkies were overcaſt. All theſe inventions being thus ineffectual, *Scipio Naſica* ſome years after meaſur'd the day and night into hours from the dropping of water.

Yet near this time, it may be gather'd that ſun-dials were very frequent in *Rome*, from a fragment preſerv'd by *Aulus Gellius*, and aſcrib'd to *Plautus*: The lines are ſo beautiful, that I cannot deny the reader the ſatisfaction of ſeeing them. They are ſuppoſed to be ſpoken by an hungry paraſite, upon a ſight of one of theſe dials.

Ut illum Dii perdant, primus qui horas repperit,
Quique adeo primus ſtatuit hoic ſolarium:
Qui mihi comminuit miſero, articulatim, diem!
Nam me puero uterus hic erat ſolarium,
Multo omnium iſtorum optimum & veriſſumum,
Ubi iſte monebat eſſe, niſi cùm nihil erat.
Nunc etiam quod eſt, non eſt, niſi Soli lubet:
Itaque adeo jam oppletum eſt oppidum ſolariis,
Major pars populi aridi reptant fame.

We find frequent mention of the hours in the courſe of this poem; but to prevent any miſtake, it may not be improper to take notice, that they muſt always be underſtood to mean the ſeaſons, and not the diviſion of the day by hours.

Then

Then, nor till then, the *Greeks* impulsive might
Pierc'd the black *Phalanx*, and let in the light.
Great *Agamemnon* then the slaughter led,
And slew *Bienor* at his people's head:
Whose Squire *Oïleus*, with a sudden spring,
Leap'd from the chariot to revenge his King,
But in his front he felt the fatal wound,
Which pierc'd his brain, and stretch'd him on the ground:
Atrides spoil'd, and left them on the plain:
Vain was their youth, their glitt'ring armour vain:
Now soil'd with dust, and naked to the sky,
Their snowy limbs and beauteous bodies lie.

℣. 125. *The Greeks impulsive might.*] We had just before seen that all the Gods were withdrawn from the battel; that *Jupiter* was resolv'd, even against the inclinations of them all, to honour the *Trojans*. Yet we here see the *Greeks* breaking thro' them; the love the Poet bears to his countrymen makes him aggrandize their valour, and over-rule even the decrees of fate. To vary his battels, he supposes the Gods to be absent this day; and they are no sooner gone, but the courage of the *Greeks* prevails, even against the determination of *Jupiter*. *Eustathius*.

℣. 135. *Naked to the sky.*] *Eustathius* refines upon this place, and believes that *Homer* intended, by particularizing the whiteness of the limbs, to ridicule the effeminate education of these unhappy youths. But as such an interpretation may be thought below the majesty of an Epic poem, and a kind of barbarity to insult the unfortunate, I thought it better to give the passage an air of compassion. As the words are equally capable of either meaning, I imagin'd the reader would be more pleas'd with the humanity of the one, than with the satyr of the other.

Two

Two ſons of *Priam* next to battle move,
The product one of marriage, one of love;
In the ſame car the brother warriours ride,
This took the charge to combat, that to guide:
Far other taſk! than when they wont to keep,
On *Ida*'s tops, their father's fleecy ſheep.
Theſe on the mountains once *Achilles* found,
And captive led, with pliant oſiers bound;
Then to their ſire for ample ſums reſtor'd;
But now to periſh by *Atrides*' ſword:
Pierc'd in the breaſt the baſe-born *Iſus* bleeds:
Cleft thro' the head, his brother's fate ſucceeds.
Swift to the ſpoil the haſty victor falls,
And ſtript, their features to his mind recalls.
The *Trojans* ſee the youths untimely die,
But helpleſs tremble for themſelves, and fly.

℣. 143. *Theſe on the mountains once* Achilles *found.*] *Homer*, ſays *Euſtathius*, never lets any opportunity paſs of mentioning the hero of his poem, *Achilles*: he gives here an inſtance of his former reſentment, and at once varies his poetry, and exalts his character. Nor does he mention him curſorily; he ſeems unwilling to leave him; and when he purſues the thread of the ſtory in a few lines, takes occaſion to ſpeak again of him. This is a very artful conduct; by mentioning him ſo frequently, he takes care that the reader ſhould not forget him, and ſhews the importance of that hero, whoſe anger is the ſubject of his poem.

So

So when a lion, ranging o'er the lawns,
Finds, on ſome graſſy lare, the couching fawns,
Their bones he cracks, their reeking vitals draws,
And grinds the quiv'ring fleſh with bloody jaws;
The frighted hind beholds, and dares not ſtay,
But ſwift thro' ruſtling thickets burſts her way;
All drown'd in ſweat the panting mother flies,
And the big tears roll trickling from her eyes.
Amidſt the tumult of the routed train,
The ſons of falſe *Antimachus* were ſlain;
He, who for bribes his faithleſs counſels ſold,
And voted *Helen*'s ſtay for *Paris*' gold.
Atrides mark'd as theſe their ſafety ſought,
And ſlew the children for the father's fault;
Their headſtrong horſe unable to reſtrain,
They ſhook with fear, and dropp'd the ſilken rein;
Then in their chariot on their knees they fall,
And thus with lifted hands for mercy call.
Oh ſpare our youth, and for the life we owe,
Antimachus ſhall copious gifts beſtow;
Soon as he hears, that not in battel ſlain,
The *Grecian* ſhips his captive ſons detain,
Large heaps of braſs in ranſom ſhall be told,
And ſteel well-temper'd, and perſuaſive gold.

These words, attended with a flood of tears,
The youths addreſs'd to unrelenting ears:
The vengeful monarch gave this ſtern reply;
If from *Antimachus* ye ſpring, ye die:
The daring wretch who once in council ſtood
To ſhed *Ulyſſes'* and my brother's blood,
For proffer'd peace! and ſues his ſeed for grace!
No, die, and pay the forfeit of your race.
This ſaid, *Piſander* from the car he caſt,
And pierc'd his breaſt: ſupine he breath'd his laſt.
His brother leap'd to earth; but as he lay,
The trenchant faulchion lopp'd his hands away;
His ſever'd head was toſs'd among the throng,
And rolling drew a bloody trail along.
Then, where the thickeſt fought, the victor flew;
The King's example all his *Greeks* purſue.

Now

℣. 181. Antimachus, *who once*, &c.] 'Tis obſervable that *Homer* with a great deal of art interweaves the true hiſtory of the *Trojan* war in his poem: he here gives a circumſtance that carries us back from the tenth year of the war to the very beginning of it. So that altho' the action of the poem takes up but a ſmall part of the laſt year of the war, yet by ſuch incidents as theſe we are taught a great many particulars that happen'd thro' the whole ſeries of it. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 188. *Lopp'd his hands away.*] I think one cannot but compaſſionate the fate of theſe brothers, who ſuffer for the ſins of

Now by the foot the flying foot were ſlain,
Horſe trod by horſe, lay foaming on the plain.
From the dry fields thick clouds of duſt ariſe,
Shade the black hoſt, and intercept the ſkies.
The braſs-hoof'd ſteeds tumultuous plunge and bound,
And the thick thunder beats the lab'ring ground.
Still ſlaught'ring on, the King of men proceeds;
The diſtanc'd army wonders at his deeds.
As when the winds with raging flames conſpire,
And o'er the foreſts roll the flood of fire,

of their father, notwithſtanding the juſtice which the comme
tators find in this action of *Agamemnon*. And I can much l
imagine that his cutting off their *hands* was meant for an e
preſs example againſt bribery, in revenge for the gold which *A*
timachus had received from *Paris*. *Euſtathius* is very refini
upon this point: but the grave *Spondanus* outdoes them all, w
has found there was an excellent conceit in cutting off the han
and head of the ſon; the firſt, becauſe the father had been
laying hands on the *Grecian* embaſſadors; and the ſecond, b
cauſe it was from his *head* that the advice proceeded of detaini
Helena.

ỳ. 193. *Now by the foot the flying foot*, &c.] After Ho
with a poetical juſtice has puniſh'd the ſons of *Antimachus*
the crimes of the father; he carries on the narration, and p
ſents all the terrours of the battel to our view: we ſee in t
lively deſcription the men and chariots overthrown, and h
the trampling of the horſes feet. Thus the Poet very artful
by ſuch ſudden alarms, awakens the attention of the reader, t
is apt to be tired and grow remiſs by a plain and more cool n
ration.

ỳ. 197. *The braſs-hoof'd ſteeds.*] *Euſtathius* obſerves, that t
cuſtom of ſhoeing horſes was in uſe in *Homer*'s time, and calls t
ſhoes σιδηναῖα, from the figure of an half-moon.

In blazing heaps the grove's old honours fall,
And one refulgent ruin levels all.
Before *Atrides'* rage ſo ſinks the foe,
Whole ſquadrons vaniſh, and proud heads lie low.
The ſteeds fly trembling from his waving ſword;
And many a car, now lighted of its Lord,
Wide o'er the field with guideleſs fury rolls,
Breaking their ranks, and cruſhing out their ſouls;
While his keen faulchion drinks the warriours lives;
More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives!
Perhaps great *Hector* then had found his fate,
But *Jove* and deſtiny prolong'd his date.

℣. 212. *More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives.*] This is a reflection of the Poet, and ſuch an one as ariſes from ſentiment of compaſſion; and indeed there is nothing more moving than to ſee thoſe heroes, who were the love and delight of their ſpouſes, reduced ſuddenly to ſuch a condition of horrour, that thoſe very wives durſt not look upon them. I was very much ſurprized to find a remark of *Euſtathius* upon this, which ſeems very wrong and unjuſt: he would have it that there is in this place an *Elliphis*, which comprehends a ſevere raillery: "For, ſays he, *Homer* would imply, that thoſe dead warriours were now more agreeable to vultures, than they had ever been in all their days to their wives." This is very ridiculous; to ſuppoſe that theſe unhappy women did not love their husbands, is to inſult them barbarouſly in their affliction; and every body can ſee that ſuch a thought in this place would have appear'd mean, frigid, and out of ſeaſon. *Homer*, on the contrary, always endeavours to excite compaſſion by the grief of the wives, whoſe husbands are kill'd in the battel. *Dacier.*

Safe

Safe from the darts, the care of heav'n he ſtood,
Amidſt alarms, and death, and duſt, and blood.
Now paſt the tomb where ancient *Ilus* lay,
Thro' the mid field the routed urge their way.
Where the wild figs th' adjoining ſummit crown,
That path they take, and ſpeed to reach the town.
As ſwift, *Atrides* with loud ſhouts purſu'd,
Hot with his toil, and bath'd in hoſtile blood.
Now near the beech-tree, and the *Scæan* gates,
The hero halts, and his aſſociates waits.
Mean while on ev'ry ſide, around the plain,
Diſpers'd, diſorder'd, fly the *Trojan* train.
So flies a herd of beeves, that hear diſmay'd
The lion's roaring thro' the midnight ſhade;
On heaps they tumble with ſucceſsleſs haſte;
The ſavage ſeizes, draws, and rends the laſt:
Not with leſs fury ſtern *Atrides* flew,
Still preſs'd the rout, and ſtill the hindmoſt ſlew;

℣. 217. *Now paſt the tomb where ancient* Ilus *lay.*] By the exactneſs of *Homer's* deſcription we ſee as in a landſcape the very place where this battel was fought. *Agamemnon* drives the *Trojans* from the tomb of *Ilus* where they encamp'd all the night: that tomb ſtood in the middle of the plain: from thence he purſues them by the wild fig-tree to the beech-tree, and from thence to the very *Scæan* gate. Thus the ſcene of action is fixt, and we ſee the very rout thro' which the one retreats, and the other advances. *Euſtathius.*

Hur

hurl'd from their cars the braveſt chiefs are kill'd,
And rage, and death, and carnage, load the field.
Now ſtorms the victor at the *Trojan* wall;
Surveys the tow'rs, and meditates their fall.
But *Jove* deſcending ſhook th' *Idæan* hills,
And down their ſummits pour'd a hundred rills:
Th' unkindled light'ning in his hand he took,
And thus the many-colour'd maid beſpoke.
Iris, with haſte thy golden wings diſplay,
To god-like *Hector* this our word convey.
While *Agamemnon* waſtes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
Bid him give way; but iſſue forth commands,
And truſt the war to leſs important hands.

ver. 241. Iris, *with haſte thy golden wings diſplay.*] 'Tis evident that ſome ſuch contrivance as this was neceſſary; the *Trojans*, we learn from the beginning of this book, were to be victorious this day; but if *Jupiter* had not now interpos'd, they had been driv'n even within the walls of *Troy*. By this means alſo the Poet conſults both for the honour of *Hector*, and that of *Agamemnon*. *Agamemnon* has time enough to ſhew the greatneſs of his valour, and it is no diſgrace to *Hector* not to encounter him when *Jupiter* interpoſes.

Euſtathius obſerves, that the Poet gives us here a ſketch of what is drawn out at large in the ſtory of this whole book: This he does to raiſe the curioſity of the reader, and make him impatient to hear thoſe great actions which muſt be perform'd before *Agamemnon* can retire, and *Hector* be victorious.

But

But when, or wounded by the ſpear, or dart,
That chief ſhall mount his chariot, and depart:
Then *Jove* ſhall ſtring his arm, and fire his breaſt,
Then to her ſhips ſhall flying *Greece* be preſs'd,
Till to the main the burning ſun deſcend,
And ſacred night her awful ſhade extend.
He ſpoke, and *Iris* at his word obey'd;
On wings of winds deſcends the various maid.
The chief ſhe found amidſt the ranks of war,
Cloſe to the bulwarks, on his glitt'ring car.
The Goddeſs then: O ſon of *Priam* hear!
From *Jove* I come, and his high mandate bear.
While *Agamemnon* waſtes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground
Abſtain from fight; yet iſſue forth commands,
And truſt the war to leſs important hands.
But when, or wounded by the ſpear, or dart,
The chief ſhall mount his chariot, and depart;
Then *Jove* ſhall ſtring thy arm, and fire thy breaſt,
Then to her ſhips ſhall flying *Greece* be preſt,
Till to the main the burning ſun deſcend,
And ſacred night her awful ſhade extend.
She ſaid, and vaniſh'd: *Hector*, with a bound,
Springs from his chariot on the trembling ground,

In clanging arms: he graſps in either hand
A pointed lance, and ſpeeds from band to band;
Revives their ardour, turns their ſteps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
They ſtand to arms: the *Greeks* their onſet dare,
Condenſe their pow'rs, and wait the coming war.
New force, new ſpirit to each breaſt returns:
The fight renew'd with fiercer fury burns:
The King leads on; all fix on him their eye,
And learn from him, to conquer, or to die.
Ye ſacred nine, celeſtial Muſes! tell,
Who fac'd him firſt, and by his proweſs fell?
The great *Iphidamas*, the bold and young:
From ſage *Antenor* and *Theano* ſprung;

Whom

ỳ. 281. *Ye ſacred nine!*] The Poet, to win the attention of the reader, and ſeeming himſelf to be ſtruck with the exploits of *Agamemnon* while he recites them, (who when the battel was rekindled, ruſhes out to engage his enemies) invokes not one muſe, as he did in the beginning of the poem, but as if he intended to warn us that he was about to relate ſomething ſurprizing, he invokes the whole nine; and then, as if he had received their inſpiration, goes on to deliver, what they ſuggeſted to him. By means of this apoſtrophe, the imagination of the reader is ſo fill'd, that he ſeems not only preſent, but active in the ſcene to which the ſkill of the Poet has tranſported him. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 283. Iphidamas, *the bold and young.*] *Homer* here gives us the hiſtory of this *Iphidamas*, his parentage, the place of his birth, and many circumſtances of his private life. This he does

Whom from his youth his grandsire *Cisseus* bred,
And nurs'd in *Thrace* where snowy flocks are fed.
Scarce did the down his rosy cheeks invest,
And early honour warm his gen'rous breast,
When the kind sire consign'd his daughter's charms
(*Theano*'s sister) to his youthful arms.
But call'd by glory to the wars of *Troy*,
He leaves untasted the first fruits of joy;
From his lov'd bride departs with melting eyes,
And swift to aid his dearer country flies.
With twelve black ships he reach'd *Percope*'s strand,
Thence took the long, laborious march by land.
Now fierce for fame, before the ranks he springs,
Tow'ring in arms, and braves the King of Kings.
Atrides first discharg'd the missive spear;
The *Trojan* stoop'd, the jav'lin pass'd in air.
Then near the corselet, at the monarch's heart,
With all his strength the youth directs his dart:

does to diversify his poetry, and to soften with some amiable em-
bellishments, the continual horrours that must of necessity stri
the imagination, in an uninterrupted narration of blood and slaug-
ter. *Eustathius.*

ỳ. 290. Theano's *sister.*] That the reader may not be shock
at the marriage of *Iphidamas* with his mother's sister, it may n
be amiss to observe from *Eustathius*, that consanguinity was
impediment in *Greece* in the days of *Homer*: nor is *Iphidamas* si
gular in this kind of marriage, for *Diomed* was married to his o
aunt as well as he.

t the broad belt, with plates of silver bound,
he point rebated, and repell'd the wound.
ncumber'd with the dart, *Atrides* stands,
ill grasp'd with force, he wrench'd it from his hands.
t once his weighty sword discharg'd a wound
ll on his neck, that fell'd him to the ground.
retch'd in the dust th' unhappy warriour lies,
nd sleep eternal seals his swimming eyes.
h worthy better fate! oh early slain!
hy country's friend; and virtuous, tho' in vain!
o more the youth shall join his consort's side,
t once a virgin, and at once a bride!
o more with presents her embraces meet,
r lay the spoils of conquest at her feet,
n whom his passion, lavish of his store,
estow'd so much, and vainly promis'd more!
nwept, uncover'd on the plain he lay,
hile the proud victor bore his arms away.
Coön, *Antenor*'s eldest hope, was nigh:
ears, at the sight, came starting from his eye,
hile pierc'd with grief the much-lov'd youth he view'd,
nd the pale features now deform'd with blood.

Then with his ſpear, unſeen, his time he took,
Aim'd at the King, and near his elbow ſtrook.
The thrilling ſteel tranſpierc'd the brawny part,
And thro' his arm ſtood forth the barbed dart.
Surpriz'd the monarh feels, yet void of fear
On *Coön* ruſhes with his lifted ſpear:
His brother's corps the pious *Trojan* draws,
And calls his country to aſſert his cauſe,
Defends him breathleſs on the ſanguine field,
And o'er the body ſpreads his ample ſhield.
Atrides, marking an unguarded part,
Transfix'd the warriour with his brazen dart;
Prone on his brother's bleeding breaſt he lay,
The Monarch's faulchion lopp'd his head away:
The ſocial ſhades the ſame dark journey go,
And join each other in the realms below.
The vengeful victor rages round the fields,
With ev'ry weapon, art or fury yields:
By the long lance, the ſword, or pond'rous ſtone,
Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'erthrown
This, while yet warm, diſtill'd the purple flood;
But when the wound grew ſtiff with clotted blood,

Then grinding tortures his ſtrong boſom rend,
Leſs keen thoſe darts the fierce *Ilythiæ* ſend,
(The pow'rs that cauſe the treming matron's throes,
Sad mothers of unutterable woes!)
Stung with the ſmart, all panting with the pain,
He mounts the car, and gives his ſquire the rein:
Then with a voice which fury made more ſtrong,
And pain augmented, thus exhorts the throng.
O friends! O *Greeks!* aſſert your honours won;
Proceed, and finiſh what this arm begun:
Lo! angry *Jove* forbids your chief to ſtay,
And envies half the glories of the day.

He

ỳ. 349. *The fierce* Ilythiæ.] Theſe *Ilythiæ* are the Goddeſſes that *Homer* ſuppoſes to preſide over child-birth: he arms their hands with a kind of inſtrument, from which a pointed dart is ſhot into the diſtreſſed mother, as an arrow from a bow: ſo that as *Eris* has her torch, and *Jupiter* his thunder, theſe Goddeſſes have their darts which they ſhoot into women in travail. He calls them the daughters of *Juno*, becauſe ſhe preſides over the marriage-bed. *Euſtathius.* Here (ſays *Dacier*) we find the ſtyle of the holy ſcripture, which to expreſs a ſevere pain, uſually compares it to that of woman in labour. Thus *David, Pain came upon them as upon a woman in travail*; and *Iſaiah, They ſhall grieve as a woman in travail.* And all the Prophets are full of the like expreſſions.

ỳ. 358. *Lo angry* Jove *forbids your chief to ſtay.*] *Euſtathius* remarks upon the behaviour of *Agamemnon* in his preſent diſtreſs: *Homer* deſcribes him as rack'd with almoſt intolerable pains, yet he does not complain of the anguiſh he ſuffers, but that he is oblig'd to retire from the fight.

This indeed, as it prov'd his undaunted ſpirit, ſo did it

He ſaid; the driver whirls his lengthful thong;
The horſes fly! the chariot ſmoaks along.
Clouds from their noſtrils the fierce courſers blow,
And from their ſides the foam deſcends in ſnow;
Shot thro' the battel in a moment's ſpace,
The wounded Monarch at his tent they place.

No ſooner *Hector* ſaw the King retir'd,
But thus his *Trojans* and his aids he fir'd.
Hear all ye *Dardan*, all ye *Lycian* race!
Fam'd in cloſe fight, and dreadful face to face;
Now call to mind your ancient trophies won,
Your great forefathers virtues, and your own.
Behold, the Gen'ral flies! deſerts his pow'rs!
Lo *Jove* himſelf declares the conqueſt ours!
Now on yon' ranks impel your foaming ſteeds;
And, ſure of glory, dare immortal deeds.

With words like theſe the fiery chief alarms
His fainting hoſt, and ev'ry boſom warms.
As the bold hunter chears his hounds to tear
The brindled lion, or the tuſky bear,

likewiſe his wiſdom: had he ſhew'd any unmanly dejection, it would have diſpirited the army; but his intrepidity makes them believe his wound leſs dangerous, and renders them not ſo highly concern'd for the abſence of their General.

With voice and hand provokes their doubting heart,
And ſprings the foremoſt with his lifted dart:
So god-like *Hector* prompts his troops to dare;
Nor prompts alone, but leads himſelf the war.
On the black body of the foes he pours,
As from the cloud's deep boſom, ſwell'd with ſhow'rs,
A ſudden ſtorm the purple ocean ſweeps,
Drives the wild waves, and toſſes all the deeps.
Say Muſe! when *Jove* the *Trojan*'s glory crown'd,
Beneath his arm what heroes bit the ground?

Aſſæus,

ỳ. 388. *Say, Muſe, when* Jove *the* Trojan's *glory crown'd.*] The Poet juſt before has given us an invocation of the muſes, to make us attentive to the great exploits of *Agamemnon.* Here we have one with regard to *Hector,* but this laſt may perhaps be more eaſily accounted for than the other. For in that, after ſo ſolemn an invocation, we might reaſonably have expected wonders from the hero: whereas in reality he kills but one man before he himſelf is wounded; and what he does afterwards ſeems to proceed from a frantic valour, ariſing from the ſmart of the wound: we do not find by the text that he kills one man, but overthrows ſeveral in his fury, and then retreats: So that one would imagine he invoked the muſes only to deſcribe his retreat.

But upon a nearer view, we ſhall find that *Homer* ſhews a commendable partiality to his own countryman and hero *Agamemnon:* he ſeems to detract from the greatneſs of *Hector*'s actions, by aſcribing them to *Jupiter*; whereas *Agamemnon* conquers by the dint of bravery: and that this is a juſt obſervation, will appear by what follows. Thoſe *Greeks* that fall by the ſword of *Hector,* he paſſes over as if they were all vulgar men: he ſays nothing of them but that they died; and only briefly mentions their names, as if he endeavour'd to conceal the overthrow of the *Greeks.* But when he ſpeaks

Aſſæus, *Dolops*, and *Autonous* dy'd,
Opites next was added to their ſide,
Then brave *Hipponous* fam'd in many a fight,
Opheltius, *Orus*, ſunk to endleſs night,
Æſymnus, *Agelaus*; all chiefs of name;
The reſt were vulgar deaths, unknown to fame.
As when a weſtern whirlwind, charg'd with ſtorms,
Diſpels the gather'd clouds that *Notus* forms;
The guſt continu'd, violent, and ſtrong,
Rolls ſable clouds in heaps on heaps along;
Now to the ſkies the foaming billows rears,
Now breaks the ſurge, and wide the bottom bares.
Thus raging *Hector*, with reſiſtleſs hands,
O'erturns, confounds, and ſcatters all their bands.
Now the laſt ruin the whole hoſt appalls;
Now *Greece* had trembled in her wooden walls;

of his favourite *Agamemnon*, he expatiates and dwells upon his actions; and ſhews us, that thoſe that fell by his hand were all men of diſtinction, ſuch as were the ſons of *Priam*, of *Antenor*, and *Antimachus*. 'Tis true, *Hector* kill'd as many leaders of the *Greeks* as *Agamemnon* of the *Trojans*, and more of the common ſoldiers; but by particularizing the deaths of the chiefs of *Troy*, he ſets the deeds of *Agamemnon* in the ſtrongeſt point of light, and by his ſilence in reſpect to the leaders whom *Hector* ſlew, he caſts a ſhade over the greatneſs of the action, and conſequently it appears leſs conſpicuous.

But wiſe *Ulyſſes* call'd *Tydides* forth,
His ſoul rekindled, and awak'd his worth.
And ſtand we deedleſs, O eternal ſhame!
Till *Hector*'s arm involve the ſhips in flame?
Haſte, let us join, and combat ſide by ſide.
The warriour thus, and thus the friend reply'd.
No martial toil I ſhun, no danger fear;
Let *Hector* come; I wait his fury here.
But *Jove* with conqueſt crowns the *Trojan* train;
And, *Jove* our foe, all human force is vain.
He ſigh'd; but ſighing, rais'd his vengeful ſteel,
And from his car the proud *Thymbræus* fell:
Molion, the charioteer, purſu'd his Lord,
His death ennobled by *Ulyſſes*' ſword.
There ſlain, they left them in eternal night;
Then plung'd amidſt the thickeſt ranks of fight.

¥. 406. *But wiſe* Ulyſſes *call'd* Tydides *forth.*] There is ſomething inſtructive in thoſe which ſeem the moſt common paſſages of *Homer*, who by making the wiſe *Ulyſſes* direct the brave *Diomed* in all the enterprizes of the laſt book, and by maintaining the ſame conduct in this, intended to ſhew this moral, That valour ſhould always be under the guidance of wiſdom. Thus in the eighth book, when *Diomed* could ſcarce be reſtrain'd by the thunder of *Jupiter*, *Neſtor* is at hand to moderate his courage; and this hero ſeems to have made a very good uſe of thoſe inſtructions; his valour no longer runs out into raſhneſs: tho' he is too brave to decline the fight, yet he is too wiſe to fight againſt *Jupiter*,

So two wild boars outſtrip the following hounds,
Then ſwift revert, and wounds return for wounds.
Stern *Hector*'s conqueſts in the middle plain
Stood check'd awhile, and *Greece* reſpir'd again.
The ſons of *Merops* ſhone amidſt the war;
Tow'ring they rode in one refulgent car:
In deep prophetic arts their father ſkill'd,
Had warn'd his children from the *Trojan* field;
Fate urg'd them on; the father warn'd in vain,
They ruſh to fight, and periſh'd on the plain!
Their breaſts no more the vital ſpirit warms;
The ſtern *Tydides* ſtrips their ſhining arms.
Hypirochus by great *Ulyſſes* dies,
And rich *Hippodamus* becomes his prize.
Great *Jove* from *Ide* with ſlaughter fills his ſight,
And level hangs the doubtful ſcale of fight.
By *Tydeus*' lance *Agaſtrophus* was ſlain,
The far-fam'd hero of *Pæonian* ſtrain;
Wing'd with his fears, on foot he ſtrove to fly,
His ſteeds too diſtant, and the foe too nigh;
Thro' broken orders, ſwifter than the wind,
He fled, but flying left his life behind.
This *Hector* ſees, as his experienc'd eyes
Traverſe the files, and to the reſcue flies;

Shouts

Shouts, as he paſt, the cryſtal regions rend,
And moving armies on his march attend.
Great *Diomed* himſelf was ſeiz'd with fear,
And thus beſpoke his brother of the war.
Mark how this way yon' bending ſquadrons yield!
The ſtorm rolls on, and *Hector* rules the field:
Here ſtand his utmoſt force—The warriour ſaid;
Swift at the word, his pondrous jav'lin fled;
Nor miſs'd its aim, but where the plumage danc'd,
Raz'd the ſmooth cone, and thence obliquely glanc'd.
Safe in his helm (the gift of *Phœbus'* hands)
Without a wound the *Trojan* hero ſtands;
But yet ſo ſtunn'd, that ſtagg'ring on the plain,
His arm and knee his ſinking bulk ſuſtain;
O'er his dim ſight the miſty vapours riſe,
And a ſhort darkneſs ſhades his ſwimming eyes.

ỳ. 448. *Great* Diomed *himſelf was ſeiz'd with fear.*] There ſeems to be ſome difficulty in theſe words: this brave warriour, who has frequently met *Hector* in the battel, and offer'd himſelf for the ſingle combat, is here ſaid to be ſeiz'd with fear at the very ſight of him: this may be thought not to agree with his uſual behaviour, and to derogate from the general character of his intrepidity: but we muſt remember that *Diomed* himſelf has but juſt told us, that *Jupiter* fought againſt the *Grecians*; and that all the endeavours of himſelf and *Ulyſſes* would be in vain: this fear therefore of *Diomed* is far from being diſhonourable; it is not *Hector*, but *Jupiter* of whom he is afraid. *Euſtathius.*

Tydides follow'd to regain his lance;
While *Hector* roſe, recover'd from the trance,
Remounts his car, and herds amidſt the croud;
The *Greek* purſues him, and exults aloud.
Once more thank *Phœbus* for thy forfeit breath,
Or thank that ſwiftneſs which outſtrips the death.
Well by *Apollo* are thy pray'rs repaid,
And oft' that partial pow'r has lent his aid.
Thou ſhalt not long the death deſerv'd withſtand,
If any God aſſiſt *Tydides'* hand.
Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight, this day,
Whole hecatombs of *Trojan* ghoſts ſhall pay.
Him, while he triumph'd, *Paris* ey'd from far,
(The ſpouſe of *Helen*, the fair cauſe of war)
Around the fields his feather'd ſhafts he ſent,
From ancient *Ilus'* ruin'd monument;
Behind the column plac'd, he bent his bow,
And wing'd an arrow at th' unwary foe;

ỳ. 477. *Ilus' monument.*] I thought it neceſſary juſt to put the reader in mind, that the battel ſtill continues near the tomb of *Ilus*: by a juſt obſervation of that, we may with pleaſure ſee the various turns of the fight, and how every ſtep of ground is won or loſt, as the armies are repuls'd or victorious.

Ju

Juſt as he ſtoop'd, *Agaſtrophus*'s creſt
To ſeize, and drew the corſelet from his breaſt.
The bow-ſtring twang'd; nor flew the ſhaft in vain,
But piere'd his foot, and nail'd it to the plain.
The laughing *Trojan*, with a joyful ſpring
Leaps from his ambuſh, and inſults the King.

He

ỳ. 480. *Juſt as he ſtoop'd, Agaſtrophus's creſt*
To ſeize, and drew the corſelet from his breaſt.] One would think that the Poet at all times endeavour'd to condemn the practice of ſtripping the dead, during the heat of action; he frequently deſcribes the victor wounded, while he is ſo employ'd about the bodies of the ſlain: thus in the preſent book we ſee *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*, *Ulyſſes*, *Elephenor*, and *Eurypylus*, all ſuffer as they ſtrip the men they ſlew; and in the ſixth book he brings in the wiſe *Neſtor* directly forbidding it. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 483. *But piere'd his foot.*] It cannot but be a ſatisfaction to the reader to ſee the Poet ſmitten with the love of his country, and at all times conſulting its glory: this day was to be glorious to *Troy*, but *Homer* takes care to remove with honour moſt of the braveſt *Greeks* from the field of battel, before the *Trojans* can conquer. Thus *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*, and *Ulyſſes* muſt bleed, before the Poet can allow his countrymen to retreat. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 484. *The laughing* Trojan.] *Euſtathius* is of opinion that *Homer* intended to ſatirize in this place the unwarlike behaviour of *Paris*: ſuch an effeminate laugh and geſture is unbecoming a brave warriour, but agrees very well with the character of *Paris*: nor do I remember that in the whole Iliad any one perſon is deſcrib'd in ſuch an indecent tranſport, tho' upon a much more glorious or ſucceſsful action. He concludes his ludicrous inſult with a circumſtance very much to the honour of *Diomed*, and very much to the diſadvantage of his own character; for he reveals to an enemy the fears of *Troy*, and compares the *Grecks* to lions, and the *Trojans* to ſheep. *Diomed* is the

He bleeds! (he cries) ſome God has ſped my dart;
Would the ſame God had fixt it in his heart!
So *Troy* reliev'd from that wide-waſting hand,
Shall breathe from ſlaughter, and in combat ſtand,
Whoſe ſons now tremble at his darted ſpear,
As ſcatter'd lambs the ruſhing lion fear.

He dauntleſs, thus: Thou conqu'ror of the fair,
Thou woman-warriour with the curling hair;
Vain archer! truſting to the diſtant dart,
Unſkill'd in arms to act a manly part!
Thou haſt but done what boys or women can;
Such hands may wound, but not incenſe a man.
Nor boaſt the ſcratch thy feeble arrow gave,
A coward's weapon never hurts the brave.
Not ſo this dart, which thou may'ſt one day feel:
Fate wings its flight, and death is on the ſteel,
Where this but lights, ſome noble life expires,
Its touch makes orphans, bathes the cheeks of ſires,
Steeps earth in purple, gluts the birds of air,
And leaves ſuch objects, as diſtract the fair.

very reverſe of him; he deſpiſes and leſſens the wound he receiv'd, and in the midſt of his pain, would not gratify his enemy with the little joy he might give him by letting him know it.

Ulyſſes haſtens with a trembling heart,
Before him ſteps, and bending draws the dart:
Forth flows the blood; an eager pang ſucceeds;
Phidides mounts, and to the navy ſpeeds.
Now on the field *Ulyſſes* ſtands alone,
The *Greeks* all fled, the *Trojans* pouring on:
But ſtands collected in himſelf and whole,
And queſtions thus his own unconquer'd ſoul.
What farther ſubterfuge, what hopes remain?
What ſhame, inglorious if I quit the plain?
What danger, ſingly if I ſtand the ground,
My friends all ſcatter'd, all the foes around?
Yet wherefore doubtful? let this truth ſuffice;
The brave meets danger, and the coward flies:
To die, or conquer, proves a hero's heart;
And knowing this, I know a ſoldier's part.
Such thoughts revolving in his careful breaſt,
Near, and more near, the ſhady cohorts preſt;

V. 513. *And queſtions thus his own unconquer'd ſoul.*] This is a paſſage which very much ſtrikes me: we have here a brave hero making a noble ſoliloquy, or rather calling a council within himſelf, when he was ſingly to encounter an army: 'tis impoſſible for the reader not to be in pain for ſo gallant a man in ſuch an imminent danger; he muſt be impatient for the event, and his whole curioſity muſt be awaken'd 'till he knows the fate of *Ulyſſes*, who ſcorn'd to fly, tho' encompaſs'd by an army.

Theſe, in the warriour, their own fate incloſe;
And round him deep the ſteely circle grows.
So fares a boar whom all the troop ſurrounds
Of ſhouting huntſmen, and of clam'rous hounds;
He grinds his iv'ry tuſks; he foams with ire;
His ſanguine eyeballs glare with living fire;
By theſe, by thoſe, on ev'ry part is ply'd;
And the red ſlaughter ſpreads on ev'ry ſide.
Pierc'd thro' the ſhoulder, firſt *Deiopis* fell;
Next *Ennomus* and *Thoön* ſunk to hell;
Cherſidamas, beneath the naval thruſt,
Falls prone to earth, and graſps the bloody duſt.
Charops, the ſon of *Hippaſus*, was near;
Ulyſſes reach'd him with the fatal ſpear;
But to his aid his brother *Socus* flies,
Socus, the brave, the gen'rous, and the wiſe:
Near as he drew, the warriour thus began.
O great *Ulyſſes*, much-enduring man!
Not deeper ſkill'd in ev'ry martial ſlight,
Than worn to toils, and active in the fight!
This day two brothers ſhall thy conqueſt grace,
And end at once the great *Hippaſian* race,
Or thou beneath this lance muſt preſs the field——
He ſaid, and forceful pierc'd his ſpacious ſhield:

Thr

Thro' the ſtrong braſs the ringing javelin thrown,
Plow'd half his ſide, and bar'd it to the bone.
By *Pallas'* care, the ſpear, tho' deep infix'd,
Stop'd ſhort of life, nor with his entrails mix'd.
The wound not mortal wiſe *Ulyſſes* knew,
Then furious thus, (but firſt ſome ſteps withdrew.)
Unhappy man; whoſe death our hands ſhall grace!
Fate calls thee hence, and finiſh'd is thy race.
No longer check my conqueſts on the foe;
But pierc'd by this, to endleſs darkneſs go,
And add one ſpectre to the realms below!

ν. 550. *By* Pallas' *care.*] It is a juſt obſervation, that there is no moral ſo evident, or ſo conſtantly carry'd on through the Iliad, as the neceſſity mankind at all times has of divine aſſiſtance. Nothing is perform'd with ſucceſs, without particular mention of this; *Hector* is not ſav'd from a dart without *Apollo*, nor *Ulyſſes* without *Minerva*. *Homer* is perpetually acknowledging the hand of God in all events, and aſcribing to that only, all the victories, triumphs, rewards, or puniſhments of men. Thus the grand moral he laid down at the entrance of his poem, Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή, *The will of God was fulfill'd*, runs thro' his whole work, and is with a moſt remarkable care and conſtant put into the mouths of his greateſt and wiſeſt perſons on every occaſion.

Homer generally makes ſome peculiar God attend on each hero: For the ancients believ'd that every man had his particular tutelary deity; theſe in ſucceeding times were called *Dæmons* or *Genii*, who (as they thought) were given to men at the hour of their birth, and directed the whole courſe of their lives. See *Cebes's Tablet*. *Menander*, as he is cited by *Ammianus Marcellinus*, ſtyles them μυσαγωγοὶ βίου, *the inviſible guides of life*.

He

He ſpoke, while *Socus* ſeiz'd with ſudden fright,
Trembling gave way, and turn'd his back to flight,
Between his ſhoulders pierc'd the following dart,
And held its paſſage thro' the panting heart.
Wide in his breaſt appear'd the grizly wound;
He falls; his armour rings againſt the ground.
Then thus *Ulyſſes*, gazing on the ſlain:
Fam'd ſon of *Hippaſus!* there preſs the plain;
There ends thy narrow ſpan aſſign'd by fate,
Heav'n owes *Ulyſſes* yet a longer date.
Ah wretch! no father ſhall thy corps compoſe,
Thy dying eyes no tender mother cloſe,
But hungry birds ſhall tear thoſe balls away,
And hov'ring vultures ſcream around their prey.

℣. 566. *Fam'd ſon of* Hippaſus.] *Homer* has been blam'd ſome late cenſurers for making his heroes addreſs diſcour to the dead. *Dacier* replies, that Paſſion dictates theſe ſpeech and it is generally to the dying, not to the dead, that th are addreſs'd. However, one may ſay, that they are oft rather reflections, than inſults. Were it otherwiſe, *Homer* ſerves not to be cenſured for feigning what hiſtories ha reported as truth. We find in *Plutarch* that *Mark Antony* up ſight of the dead body of *Brutus*, ſtopp'd and reproach'd h with the death of his brother *Caius*, whom *Brutus* had kill'd *Macedonia* in revenge for the murder of *Cicero*. I muſt conf I am not altogether pleas'd with the railleries he ſometim uſes to a vanquiſh'd warriour; which inhumanities, if ſpoken the dying, would I think be yet worſe than after they w dead.

℣. 572. *And hov'ring vultures ſcream around their prey.*] T

Me *Greece* ſhall honour, when I meet my doom,
With ſolemn fun'rals and a laſting tomb.
Then raging with intolerable ſmart,
He writhes his body, and extracts the dart.
The dart a tide of ſpouting gore purſu'd,
And gladden'd *Troy* with ſight of hoſtile blood.
Now troops on troops the fainting chief invade,
Force'd he recedes, and loudly calls for aid.
Thrice to its pitch his lofty voice he rears;
The well-known voice thrice *Menelaüs* hears:
Alarm'd, to *Ajax Telamon* he cry'd,
Who ſhares his labours, and defends his ſide.
O friend! *Ulyſſes'* ſhouts invade my ear;
Diſtreſs'd he ſeems, and no aſſiſtance near:

not literally tranſlated, what the Poet ſays gives us the moſt
ely picture imaginable of the vulturs in the act of tearing
ir prey with their bills: They beat the body with their
gs as they rend it, which is a very natural circumſtance, but
ce poſſible to be copy'd by a tranſlator without loſing the
ity of it.

573. *Me* Greece *ſhall honour when I meet my doom, With*
n fun'rals.——] We may ſee from ſuch paſſages as theſe
honours paid to the aſhes of the dead have been greatly va-
in all ages: This poſthumous honour was paid as a pub-
acknowledgment that the perſon deceas'd had deſerv'd well
is country, and conſequently was an incitement to the living
mitate his actions: In this view there is no man but would be
itious of them, not as they are teſtimonies of titles or riches,
of diſtinguiſh'd merit.

Strong

Strong as he is; yet, one oppos'd to all,
Oppreſs'd by multitudes, the beſt may fall.
Greece, robb'd of him, muſt bid her hoſt deſpair,
And feel a loſs, not ages can repair.
Then, where the cry directs, his courſe he bends;
Great *Ajax*, like the God of war, attends.
The prudent chief in ſore diſtreſs they found,
With bands of furious *Trojans* compaſs'd round.
As when ſome huntſman with a flying ſpear,
From the blind thicket wounds a ſtately deer;
Down his cleft ſide while freſh the blood diſtills,
He bounds aloft, and ſcuds from hills to hills:
'Till life's warm vapour iſſuing thro' the wound,
Wild mountain-wolves the fainting beaſt ſurround;
Juſt as their jaws his proſtrate limbs invade,
The lion ruſhes thro' the woodland ſhade,

℣. 592. *Great* Ajax *like the God of War attends.*] The ſilence of other heroes on many occaſions is very beautiful in *Homer*, but particularly ſo in *Ajax*, who is a gallant rough ſoldier, and readier to act than to ſpeak: The preſent neceſſity *Ulyſſes* requir'd ſuch a behaviour, for the leaſt delay might have been fatal to him: *Ajax* therefore complying both with his own inclinations, and the urgent condition of *Ulyſſes*, makes no reply to *Menelaus*, but immediately haſtens to his relief. The reader will obſerve how juſtly the Poet maintains this character of *Ajax* throughout the whole Iliad, who is often ſilent when he has an opportunity to ſpeak, and when he ſpeaks 'tis like a ſoldier, with a martial air, and always with brevity. *Euſtathius.*

The wolves, tho' hungry, ſcour diſpers'd away;
The lordly ſavage vindicates his prey.
Ulyſſes thus, unconquer'd by his pains,
A ſingle warriour, half an hoſt ſuſtains:
But ſoon as *Ajax* heaves his tow'r-like ſhield,
The ſcatter'd crouds fly frighted o'er the field;
Atrides' arm the ſinking hero ſtays,
And ſav'd from numbers, to his car conveys.
Victorious *Ajax* plies the routed crew;
And firſt *Doryclus*, *Priam*'s ſon, he ſlew;
In ſtrong *Pandocus* next inflicts a wound,
And lays *Lyſander* bleeding on the ground.
As when a torrent, ſwell'd with wintry rains,
Pours from the mountains o'er the delug'd Plains,
And pines and oaks, from their foundations torn,
The country's ruins! to the ſeas are born:
Fierce *Ajax* thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng,
Men, ſteeds, and chariots, roll in heaps along.
But *Hector*, from this ſcene of ſlaughter far,
Urge'd on the left, and rul'd the tide of war:
Loud groans proclaim his progreſs thro' the plain,
And deep *Scamander* ſwells with heaps of ſlain.
There *Neſtor* and *Idomeneus* oppoſe
The warriour's fury, there the battel glows;

There

There fierce on foot, or from the chariot's height,
His ſword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight.
The ſpouſe of *Helen* dealing darts around,
Had pierc'd *Machaon* with a diſtant wound:
In his right ſhoulder the broad ſhaft appear'd,
And trembling *Greece* for her phyſician fear'd.
To *Neſtor* then *Idomeneus* begun;
Glory of *Greece*, old *Neleus'* valiant ſon!
Aſcend thy chariot, haſte with ſpeed away,
And great *Machaon* to the ſhips convey.
A wiſe Phyſician, ſkill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the publick weal.

ỳ. 637. *A wiſe Phyſician.*] The Poet paſſes a very ſig commendation upon Phyſicians: The army had ſeen ſeve of the braveſt of their heroes wounded, yet were not ſo m diſpirited for them all, as they were at the ſingle dange *Machaon*: But the perſon whom he calls a Phyſician ſeems ther to be a Surgeon; the cutting out of arrows, and appl anodynes being the province of the latter: However (as *Eu thius* ſays) we muſt conclude that *Machaon* was both a Phyſi and Surgeon, and that thoſe two profeſſions were practiſed by perſon.

It is reaſonable to think, from the frequency of their w that the profeſſion in thoſe days was chiefly chirurgical: *ſus* ſays expreſsly that the *Diætetic* was long after inven but that *Botany* was in great eſteem and practice, appears f the ſtories of *Medea*, *Circe*, &c. We often find mention a the moſt ancient writers, of women eminent in that art; *Agamede* in this very book, *ỳ.* 876. who is ſaid (like *Solo* to have known the virtues of every plant that grew on

Old *Neſtor* mounts the ſeat: Beſide him rode
The wounded offſpring of the healing God.
He lends the laſh; the ſteeds with ſounding feet
Shake the dry field, and thunder tow'rd the fleet.
But now *Cebriones*, from *Hector*'s car,
Survey'd the various fortune of the war.
While here (he cry'd) the flying *Greeks* are ſlain;
Trojans on *Trojans* yonder load the plain.
Before great *Ajax*, ſee the mingled throng
Of men and chariots driv'n in heaps along!
I know him well, diſtinguiſh'd o'er the field
By the broad glitt'ring of the ſev'nfold ſhield.
Thither, O *Hector*, thither urge thy ſteeds;
There danger calls, and there the combat bleeds,
There horſe and foot in mingled deaths unite,
And groans of ſlaughter mix with ſhouts of fight.

...th, and of *Polydamne* in the fourth book of the *Odyſſeis*, ...7, &c.

Homer, I believe, knew all that was known in his time of ...e practice of theſe arts. His methods of extracting of ar...ws, ſtanching of blood by the bitter root, fomenting of wounds ...th warm water, applying proper bandages and remedies, are ...l according to the true precepts of art. There are likewiſe ſe...ral paſſages in his works that ſhew his knowledge of the ...rtues of plants, even of thoſe qualities which are commonly ...lso' perhaps erroneouſly) aſcribed to them, as of the *Moly* a...inſt enchantments, the willow which cauſes barrenneſs, the ...enthe, &c.

Thus

Thus having ſpoke, the driver's laſh reſounds;
Swift thro' the ranks the rapid chariot bounds;
Stung by the ſtroke, the courſers ſcour the fields,
O'er heaps of carcaſſes, and hills of ſhields.
The horſes hoofs are bath'd in heroes gore,
And daſhing, purple all the car before,
The groaning axle ſable drops diſtills,
And mangled carnage clogs the rapid wheels.
Here *Hector* plunging thro' the thickeſt fight,
Broke the dark *Phalanx*, and let in the light:
(By the long lance, the ſword, or pond'rous ſtone,
The ranks lie ſcatter'd, and the troops o'erthrown)
Ajax he ſhuns, thro' all the dire debate,
And fears that arm, whoſe force he felt ſo late.
But partial *Jove*, eſpouſing *Hector*'s part,
Shot heav'n-bred horrour thro' the *Grecian*'s heart;

Confus'

℣. 669. *But partial* Jove, &c.] The addreſs of *Homer* bringing off *Ajax* with decency is admirable: He makes *Hect* afraid to approach him: He brings down *Jupiter* himſelf terrify him: ſo that he retreats not from a mortal, but from God.

This whole paſſage is inimitably juſt and beautiful: we *Ajax* drawn in the moſt bold and ſtrong colours, and in manner alive in the deſcription. We ſee him ſlowly and ſ lenly retreat between two armies, and even with a look pulſe the one, and protect the other: There is not one l but what reſembles *Ajax*; the character of a ſtubborn but daunted warriour is perfectly maintain'd, and muſt ſtrike r rea

Confus'd, unnerv'd in *Hector*'s preſence grown,
Amaz'd he ſtood, with terrours not his own.

O'er

eader at the firſt view. He compares him firſt to the Lion for
s undauntedneſs in fighting, and then to the Aſs for his ſtub-
rn ſlowneſs in retreating; tho' in the latter compariſon there
e many other points of likeneſs that enliven the image: The
avock he makes in the field is repreſented by the tearing and
ampling down the harveſts; and we ſee the bulk, ſtrength,
d obſtinacy of the hero, when the *Trojans* in reſpect to him
e compared but to troops of boys that impotently endeavour to
ive him away.

Euſtathius is ſilent as to thoſe objections which have been
ſe'd againſt this laſt ſimile, for a pretended want of delicacy:
his alone is conviction to me that they are all of a later date:
or elſe he would not have fail'd to have vindicated his favou-
e Poet in a paſſage that had been applauded many hundreds of
ars, and ſtood the teſt of ages.

But Monſieur *Dacier* has done it very well in his remarks
on *Ariſtotle*. "In the time of *Homer* (ſays that author)
an Aſs was not in ſuch circumſtances of contempt as in
ours: The name of that animal was not then converted into
a term of reproach, but it was a beaſt upon which Kings
and Princes might be ſeen with dignity. And it will not be
very diſcreet to ridicule this compariſon, which the holy
ſcripture has put into the mouth of *Jacob*, who ſays in the
benediction of his children, Iſſachar *ſhall be as a ſtrong Aſs.*"
Monſieur *de la Motte* allows this point, and excuſes *Homer* for
s choice of this animal, but is unhappily diſguſted at the
rcumſtance of the *boys*, and the obſtinate *gluttony* of the
ſs, which he ſays are images too mean to repreſent the de-
rmin'd valour of *Ajax*, and the fury of his enemies. It is
ſwer'd by Madam *Dacier*, that what *Homer* here images is
t the gluttony, but the patience, the obſtinacy, and ſtrength
the aſs, (as *Euſtathius* had before obſerv'd.) To judge
ghtly of compariſons, we are not to examine if the ſubject
om whence they are deriv'd be great or little, noble or
miliar; but we are principally to conſider if the image pro-
c'd be clear and lively, if the Poet has the ſkill to dignify it
y poetical words, and if it perfectly paints the thing it is
intended

O'er his broad back his moony ſhield he threw,
And glaring round, by tardy ſteps withdrew.

intended to repreſent. A company of boys whipping a top is ve far from a great and noble ſubject, yet *Virgil* has not ſcrupled draw from it a ſimilitude which admirably expreſſes a Princeſs the violence of her paſſion.

Ceu quondam torto volitans ſub verbere turbo,
Quem pueri magno in gyro vacua atria circum
Intenti ludo exercent; ille actus habena
Curvatis fertur ſpatiis: ſtupet inſcia ſupra
Impubeſque manus, mirata volubile buxum:
Dant animos plagæ——&c. Æn. lib. 7.

However, upon the whole, a tranſlator owes ſo much to taſte of the age in which he lives, as not to make too grea complement to a former; and this induced me to omit mention of the word *Aſs* in the tranſlation. I believe the rea will pardon me, if on this occaſion I tranſcribe a paſſage fr Mr. *Boileau*'s notes on *Longinus*.

" There is nothing (ſays he) that more diſgraces a co " poſition than the uſe of mean and vulgar words; inſom " that (generally ſpeaking) a mean thought expreſs'd " noble terms, is more tolerable, than a noble thought " preſs'd in mean ones. The reaſon whereof is, that all " world are not capable to judge of the juſtneſs and force " a thought; but there's ſcarce any man who cannot, e " cially in a living language, perceive the leaſt meanneſs " words. Nevertheleſs very few writers are free from " vice: *Longinus* accuſes *Herodotus*, the moſt polite of all " *Greek* Hiſtorians, of this defect; and *Livy*, *Salluſt*, and " *gil* have not eſcaped the ſame cenſure. Is it not then " ſurprizing, that no reproach on this account has been " caſt upon *Homer*? tho' he has compos'd two poems " more voluminous than the *Æneid*; and tho' no author wh " ever has deſcended more frequently than he into a de " of little particularities; yet he never uſes terms which " not noble, or if he uſes humble words or phraſes, " is with ſo much art, that, as *Dionyſius* obſerves, t " bec

Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,
Beſet with watchful dogs, and ſhouting ſwains,
Repuls'd by numbers from the nightly ſtalls,
Tho' rage impels him, and tho' hunger calls,
Long ſtands the ſhow'ring darts, and miſſile fires;
Then ſow'rly ſlow th' indignant beaſt retires.
So turn'd ſtern *Ajax*, by whole hoſts repell'd,
While his ſwoln heart at ev'ry ſtep rebell'd.
As the ſlow beaſt with heavy ſtrength indu'd,
From ſome wide field by troops of boys purſu'd,

become noble and harmonious. Undoubtedly, if there had been any cauſe to charge him with this fault, *Longinus* had ſpared him no more than *Herodotus*. We may learn from hence the ignorance of thoſe modern criticks, who reſolving to judge of the *Greek* without the knowledge of it, and never reading *Homer* but in low and inelegant tranſlations, impute the meanneſſes of his tranſlators to the Poet himſelf; and ridiculouſly blame a man who ſpoke in one language, for ſpeaking what is not elegant in another. They ought to know that the words of different languages are not always exactly correſpondent; that it may often happen that a word which is very noble in *Greek*, cannot be render'd in another tongue, but by one which is very mean. Thus the word *aſinus* in *Latin*, and *aſs* in *Engliſh*, are the vileſt imaginable; but that which ſignifies the ſame animal in *Greek* and *Hebrew*, is of dignity enough to be employ'd on the moſt magnificent occaſions. In like manner the terms of *hog-herd* and *cow-keeper* in our language are inſufferable, but thoſe which anſwer to them in *Greek*, συβώτης and βικόλος, are graceful and harmonious: and *Virgil*, who in his own tongue entitled his Eclogs *Bucolica*, would have been aſhamed to have called them in *Latin*, the *Dialogues of Cowkeepers*.

Tho' round his ſides a wooden tempeſt rain,
Crops the tall harveſt, and lays waſte the plain;
Thick on his hide the hollow blows reſound,
The patient animal maintains his ground,
Scarce from the field with all their efforts chas'd,
And ſtirs but ſlowly when he ſtirs at laſt.
On *Ajax* thus a weight of *Trojans* hung,
The ſtrokes redoubled on his buckler rung;
Confiding now in bulky ſtrength he ſtands,
Now turns, and backward bears the yielding bands;
Now ſtiff recedes, yet hardly ſeems to fly,
And threats his followers with retorted eye.
Fix'd as the bar between two warring pow'rs,
While hiſſing darts deſcend in iron ſhow'rs:
In his broad buckler many a weapon ſtood,
Its ſurface briſtled with a quiv'ring wood;
And many a javelin, guiltleſs on the plain,
Marks the dry duſt, and thirſts for blood in vain.
But bold *Eurypylus* his aid imparts,
And dauntleſs ſprings beneath a cloud of darts;
Whoſe eager javelin launch'd againſt the foe,
Great *Apiſaon* felt the fatal blow;
From his torn liver the red current flow'd,
And his ſlack knees deſert their dying load.

The victor rushing to despoil the dead,
From *Paris'* bow a vengeful arrow fled.
Fix'd in his nervous thigh the weapon stood,
Fix'd was the point, but broken was the wood.
Back to the lines the wounded *Greek* retir'd,
Yet thus, retreating, his associates fir'd.
What God, O *Grecians!* has your hearts dismay'd?
Oh, turn to arms; 'tis *Ajax* claims your aid.
This hour he stands the mark of hostile rage,
And this the last brave battel he shall wage:
Haste, join your forces; from the gloomy grave
The warriour rescue, and your country save.

ver. 713. *Back to the lines the wounded* Greek *retir'd.*] We see here almost all the chiefs of the *Grecian* army withdrawn: *Nestor* and *Ulysses*, the two great counsellors; *Agamemnon*, *Diomed* and *Eurypylus*, the bravest warriours; all retreated: So that now in this necessity of the *Greeks*, there was occasion for the poet to open a new scene of action, or else the *Trojans* had been victorious, and the *Grecians* driven from the shores of Troy. To shew the distress of the *Greeks* at this period, from which the poem takes a new turn, 'twill be convenient to cast a view on the posture of their affairs: All human aid is cut off by the wounds of their heroes, and all assistance from the Gods withheld by *Jupiter*: Whereas the *Trojans* see their General at their head, and *Jupiter* himself fights on their side. Upon this hinge turns the whole poem; the distress of the *Greeks* occasions the assistance of *Patroclus*, and then the death of that hero draws on the return of *Achilles*. It is with great art that the poet conducts all these incidents: He lets *Achilles* have the pleasure of seeing that the *Greeks* were no longer able to carry on the war without his assistance: and upon this depends the great catastrophe of the poem. *Eustathius.*

Thus urg'd the chief; a gen'rous troop appears,
Who ſpread their bucklers, and advance their ſpears.
To guard their wounded friend: While thus they ſtand
With pious care, great *Ajax* joins the band:
Each takes new courage at the hero's ſight;
The hero rallies, and renews the fight.
Thus rage'd both armies like conflicting fires,
While *Neſtor*'s chariot far from fight retires:
His courſers ſteep'd in ſweat, and ſtain'd with gore,
The *Greeks* preſerver, great *Machaon* bore.
That hour, *Achilles* from the topmoſt height
Of his proud fleet, o'erlook'd the fields of fight;
His feaſted eyes beheld around the plain
The *Grecian* rout, the ſlaying, and the ſlain.
His friend *Machaon* ſingled from the reſt,
A tranſient pity touch'd his vengeful breaſt.

Stra

℣. 731. *That hour*, Achilles, &c.] Tho' the reſentment
Achilles would not permit him to be an actor in the battel, y
his love of war inclines him to be a ſpectator: And as the Po
did not intend to draw the character of a perfect man in *Achill*
he makes him delighted with the deſtruction of the *Greek*
becauſe it conſpired with his revenge: That reſentment which
the ſubject of the poem, ſtill prevails over all his other paſſion
even the love of his country; for tho' he begins now to pity h
countrymen, yet his anger ſtifles thoſe tender emotions, and
ſeems pleas'd with their diſtreſs, becauſe he judges it will contr
bute to his glory. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 735. *His friend* Machaon, &c.] It may be aſk'd wh
Mach

Strait to *Menœtius'* much-lov'd ſon he ſent;
Graceful as *Mars*, *Patroclus* quits his tent,
(In evil hour! Then fate decreed his doom;
And fix'd the date of all his woes to come!)
Why calls my friend? thy lov'd injunctions lay,
Whate'er thy will, *Patroclus* ſhall obey.
O firſt of friends! (*Pelides* thus reply'd)
Still at my heart, and ever at my ſide!
The time is come, when yon' deſpairing hoſt
Shall learn the value of the man they loſt:
Now at my knees the *Greeks* ſhall pour their moan,
And proud *Atrides* tremble on his throne.

Machaon is the only perſon whom *Achilles* pities? *Euſtathius* anſwers, that it was either becauſe he was his countryman, a *Theſſalian*; or becauſe *Æſculapius*, the father of *Machaon*, preſided over phyſick, the profeſſion of his preceptor *Chiron*. But perhaps it may be a better reaſon to ſay that a Phyſician is a publick good, and was valu'd by the whole army; and it is not improbable but he might have cured *Achilles* of a wound during the courſe of the *Trojan* wars.

ỳ. 747. *Now at my knees the* Greeks *ſhall pour their moan.*] The Poet by putting theſe words into the mouth of *Achilles*, leaves room for a ſecond embaſſy, and (ſince *Achilles* himſelf mentions it) one may think it would not have been unſucceſsful: But the Poet, by a more happy management, makes his friend *Patroclus* the advocate of the *Greeks*, and by that means his return becomes his own choice. This conduct admirably maintains the character of *Achilles*, who does not aſſiſt the *Greeks* thro' his kindneſs to them, but from a deſire of revenge upon the *Trojans*: His preſent anger for the death of his friend, blots out the former one for the injury of *Agamemnon*; and as he ſeparated from the army in a rage, ſo he joins it again in the like diſpoſition. *Euſtathius.*

Go now to *Neſtor*, and from him be taught
What wounded warriour late his chariot brought?
For ſeen at diſtance, and but ſeen behind,
His form recall'd *Machaon* to my mind;
Nor could I, thro' yon' cloud, diſcern his face,
The courſers paſt me with ſo ſwift a pace.
The hero ſaid. His friend obey'd with haſte,
Thro' intermingled ſhips and tents he paſt;
The chiefs deſcending from their car he found;
The panting ſteeds *Eurymedon* unbound.
The warriours ſtanding on the breezy ſhore,
To dry their ſweat, and waſh away the gore,
Here paus'd a moment, while the gentle gale
Convey'd that freſhneſs the cool ſeas exhale;
Then to conſult on farther methods went,
And took their ſeats beneath the ſhady tent.
The draught preſcrib'd, fair *Hecamede* prepares,
Arſinous' daughter, grac'd with golden hairs;

ỳ. 764. *And took their ſeats beneath the ſhady tent.*] The Poet here ſteals away the reader from the battel, and relieves him by the deſcription of *Neſtor*'s entertainment. I hope to be pardon'd for having more than once repeated this obſervation, which extends to ſeveral paſſages of *Homer*. Without this piece of conduct, the frequency and length of his battels might fatigue the reader, who could not ſo long be delighted with continued ſcenes of blood.

(Whom

(Whom to his aged arms, a royal ſlave,
Greece, as the prize of *Neſtor*'s wiſdom, gave)
A table firſt with azure feet ſhe plac'd;
Whoſe ample orb a brazen charger grac'd:
Honey new-preſs'd, the ſacred flow'r of wheat,
And wholeſome garlick crown'd the ſav'ry treat.
Next her white hand an antique goblet brings,
A goblet ſacred to the *Pylian* Kings,
From eldeſt times: emboſs'd with ſtuds of gold,
Two feet ſupport it, and four handles hold;
On each bright handle, bending o'er the brink,
In ſculptur'd gold, two turtles ſeem to drink:
A maſſy weight, yet heav'd with eaſe by him,
When the brisk Nectar overlook'd the brim.

Temper'd

℣. 774. *A goblet ſacred to the* Pylian *Kings.*] There are ſome who can find out a myſtery in the plaineſt things; they can ſee what the author never meant, and explain him into the greateſt obſcurities. *Euſtathius* here gives us a very extraordinary inſtance of this nature: The bowl by an allegory figures the World; the ſpherical form of it repreſents its roundneſs; the *Greek* word which ſignifies the *Doves*, being ſpell'd almoſt like the *Pleiades*, is ſaid to mean that conſtellation; and becauſe the Poet tells us the bowl was ſtudded with gold, thoſe ſtuds muſt needs imply the ſtars.

℣. 779. *Yet heav'd with eaſe by him.*] There has ever been a great diſpute about this paſſage; nor is it apparent for what reaſon the Poet ſhould tell us that *Neſtor*, even in his old age, could more eaſily lift this bowl than any other man. This has drawn a great deal of raillery upon the old man, as if he had learn'd to lift it by frequent uſe; an inſinuation that

Temper'd in this, the Nymph of form divine
Pours a large potion of the *Pramnian* wine;

Neſtor was no enemy to wine. Others with more juſtice to his character, have put another conſtruction upon the words, which ſolves the improbability very naturally. According to this opinion, the word which is uſually ſuppoſed to ſignify *another man*, is render'd *another old man*, meaning *Machaon*, whoſe wound made him incapable to lift it. This would have taken away the difficulty without any violence to the conſtruction. But *Euſtathius* tells us, the propriety of ſpeech would require the word to be, not ἄλλος but ἕτερος, when ſpoken but of two. But why then may it not ſignify any other *old men?*

ỳ. 782. *Pours a large potion.*] The potion which *Hecamede* here prepares for *Machaon*, has been thought a very extraordinary one in the caſe of a wounded perſon, and by ſome criticks held in the ſame degree of repute with the balſam of *Fierabras* in *Don Quixot*. But it is rightly obſerved by the commentators, that *Machaon* was not ſo dangerouſly hurt, as to be obliged to a different regimen from what he might uſe at another time. *Homer* had juſt told us that he ſtay'd on the ſeaſide to refreſh himſelf, and he now enters into a long converſation with *Neſtor*; neither of which would have been done by a man in any great pain or danger: his loſs of blood and ſpirits might make him not ſo much in fear of a fever, as in want of a cordial; and accordingly this potion is rather alimentary than medicinal. If it had been directly improper in this caſe, I cannot help fancying that *Homer* would not have fail'd to tell us of *Machaon*'s rejecting it. Yet after all, ſome anſwer may be made even to the grand objection, that wine was too inflammatory for a wounded man. *Hippocrates* allows wine in acute caſes, and even without water in caſes of indigeſtion. He ſays indeed in his book of ancient medicine, that the ancients were ignorant both of the good and bad qualities of wine: and yet the potion here preſcrib'd will not be allowed by phyſicians to be an inſtance that they were ſo; for wine might be proper for *Machaon*, not only as a cordial, but as an *opiate*. *Aſclepiades*, a phyſician who flouriſh'd at *Rome* in the time of *Pompey*, preſcrib'd wine in fevers, and even in phrenſies to cauſe ſleep. *Cœlius Aurelianus*, *lib.* 4. *c.* 14.

With

With goat's-milk cheeſe a flav'rous taſte beſtows,
And laſt with flour the ſmiling ſurface ſtrows.
This for the wounded Prince the dame prepares;
The cordial bev'rage rev'rend *Neſtor* ſhares:
Salubrious draughts the warriours thirſt allay,
And pleaſing conference beguiles the day.
Mean time *Patroclus*, by *Achilles* ſent,
Unheard approach'd, and ſtood before the tent.
Old *Neſtor* riſing then, the hero led
To his high ſeat; the chief refus'd, and ſaid,
'Tis now no ſeaſon for theſe kind delays;
The great *Achilles* with impatience ſtays.
To great *Achilles* this reſpect I owe;
Who asks what hero wounded by the foe,
Was borne from combat by thy foaming ſteeds?
With grief I ſee the great *Machaon* bleeds.
This to report, my haſty courſe I bend;
Thou know'ſt the fiery temper of my friend.
Can then the ſons of *Greece* (the ſage rejoin'd)
Excite compaſſion in *Achilles'* mind?

Seeks

ỳ. 801. *Can then the ſons of* Greece, *&c.*] It is cuſtomary with thoſe who tranſlate or comment on an author, to uſe him as they do their miſtreſs; they can ſee no faults, or convert his very faults into beauties; but I cannot be ſo partial to *Homer*, as to imagine that this ſpeech of *Neſtor*'s is

Seeks he the ſorrows of our hoſt to know?
This is not half the ſtory of our woe.
Tell him, not great *Machaon* bleeds alone,
Our braveſt heroes in the navy groan,

Ulyſſes

not greatly blameable for being too long: he crouds incident upon incident, and when he ſpeaks of himſelf, he expatiates upon his own great actions, very naturally indeed to old age, but unreaſonably in the preſent juncture. When he comes to ſpeak of his killing the ſon of *Augias*, he is ſo pleas'd with himſelf, that he forgets the diſtreſs of the army, and cannot leave his favourite ſubject, 'till he has given us the pedigree of his relations, his wife's name, her excellence, the command he bore, and the fury with which he aſſaulted him. Theſe and many other circumſtances, as they have no viſible alluſion to the deſign of the ſpeech, ſeem to be unfortunately introduc'd. In ſhort, I think they are not ſo valuable upon any other account, as becauſe they preſerve a piece of ancient hiſtory, which had otherwiſe been loſt.

What tends yet farther to make this ſtory ſeem abſurd, is what *Patroclus* ſaid at the beginning of the ſpeech, that he *had not leiſure even to ſit down:* ſo that *Neſtor* detains him in the tent ſtanding, during the whole narration.

They that are of the contrary opinion obſerve, that there is a great deal of art in ſome branches of the diſcourſe; that when *Neſtor* tells *Patroclus* how he had himſelf diſobey'd his father's commands for the ſake of his country; he ſays it to make *Achilles* reflect that he diſobeys his father by the contrary behaviour: that what he did himſelf was to retaliate a ſmall injury, but *Achilles* by fighting may ſave the *Grecian* army. He mentions the wound of *Agamemnon* at the very beginning, with an intent to give *Achilles* a little revenge, and that he may know how much his greateſt enemy has ſuffer'd by his abſence. There are many other arguments brought in the defence of particular parts; and it may not be from the purpoſe to obſerve, that *Neſtor* might deſignedly protract the ſpeech, that *Patroclus* might himſelf behold the diſtreſs of the army: thus every moment he detain'd him, enforc'd his arguments by the growing misfortunes of the *Greeks*. Whether this

Ulysses, *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*,
And stern *Eurypylus*, already bleed.
Aut ah! what flatt'ring hopes I entertain?
Achilles heeds not, but derides our pain;
Ev'n till the flames consume our fleet he stays,
And waits the rising of the fatal blaze.
Chief after Chief the raging foe destroys;
Calm he looks on, and ev'ry death enjoys.
Now the slow course of all-impairing time
Unstrings my nerves, and ends my manly prime;
Oh! had I still that strength my youth possess'd,
When this bold arm th' *Epeian* pow'rs oppress'd,
The bulls of *Elis* in glad triumph led,
And stretch'd the great *Itymonæus* dead!

this was the intention or not, it must be allow'd that the stay of *Patroclus* was very happy for the *Greeks*; for by this means he met *Eurypylus* wounded, who confirm'd him into a certainty that their affairs were desperate without *Achilles*'s aid.

As for *Nestor*'s second story, it is much easier to be defended; it tends directly to the matter in hand, and is told in such a manner as to affect both *Patroclus* and *Achilles*; the circumstances are well adapted to the person to whom they are spoken, and by repeating their father's instructions, he as it were brings them in, seconding his admonitions.

℣. 819. *The bulls of* Elis *in glad triumph led.*] *Elis* is the whole southern part of *Peloponnesus*, between *Achaia* and *Messenia*; it was originally divided into several districts or principalities, afterwards it was reduc'd to two; the one of the *Elians*, who were the same with the *Epeians*; the other of *Nestor*. This remark is necessary for the understanding what follows. In *Homer*'s time the city *Elis* was not built. *Dacier*.

Then, from my fury fled the trembling swains,
And ours was all the plunder of the plains:
Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of swine,
As many goats, as many lowing kine:
And thrice the number of unrival'd steeds,
All teeming females, and of gen'rous breeds.
These, as my first essay of arms, I won;
Old *Neleus* glory'd in his conqu'ring son.
Thus *Elis* forc'd, her long arrears restor'd,
And shares were parted to each *Pylian* Lord.
The state of *Pyle* was sunk to last despair,
When the proud *Elians* first commenc'd the war.
For *Neleus'* sons *Alcides'* rage had slain;
Of twelve bold brothers, I alone remain!
Oppress'd, we arm'd; and now this conquest gain'd,
My sire three hundred chosen sheep obtain'd.
(That large reprizal he might justly claim,
For prize defrauded, and insulted fame,
When *Elis'* Monarch at the publick course
Detain'd his chariot, and victorious horse.)

The

℣. 839. *At the publick course Detain'd his chariot.*] 'Tis said that these were particular games, which *Augias* had establish'd in his own state, and that the *Olympic* games cannot be here understood, because *Hercules* did not institute them till he had kill'd

The reſt the people ſhar'd; my ſelf ſurvey'd
The juſt partition, and due victims pay'd.
Three days were paſt, when *Elis* roſe to war,
With many a courſer, and with many a car;
The ſons of *Actor* at their army's head
(Young as they were) the vengeful ſquadrons led.
High on a rock fair *Thryoëſſa* ſtands,
Our utmoſt frontier on the *Pylian* lands;
Not far the ſtreams of fam'd *Alphæus* flow;
The ſtream they paſs'd, and pitch'd their tents below.
Pallas, deſcending in the ſhades of night,
Alarms the *Pylians* and commands the fight.

kill'd this King, and deliver'd his kingdom to *Phyleus*, whom his father *Augias* had baniſh'd. The prizes of theſe games of *Augias* were prizes of wealth, as golden tripods, &c. whereas the prizes of the *Olympic* games were only plain chaplets of leaves or branches: beſides, 'tis probable *Homer* knew nothing of theſe chaplets given at the games, nor of the triumphal crowns, nor of the garlands wore at feaſts; if he had, he would ſomewhere or other have mention'd them. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 845. *The ſons of* Actor.] Theſe are the ſame whom *Homer* calls the two *Molions*, namely, *Eurytus* and *Creatus*. *Thryoëſſa*, in the lines following, is the ſame town which he calls *Thryon* in the catalogue. The river *Minyas* is the ſame with *Anygrus*, about half way between *Pylos* and *Thryoëſſa*, call'd *Minyas* from the *Minyans* who liv'd on the banks of it. It appears from what the Poet ſays of the time of their march, that it is half a day's march between *Pylos* and *Thryoëſſa*. *Euſtathius*, *Strabo*, *lib.* 8.

Each

Each burns for fame, and ſwells with martial pride;
My ſelf the foremoſt; but my fire deny'd;
Fear'd for my youth, expos'd to ſtern alarms;
And ſtopp'd my chariot, and detain'd my arms.
My fire deny'd in vain: on foot I fled
Amidſt our chariots: for the Goddeſs led.
Along fair *Arene*'s delightful plain,
Soft *Minyas* rolls his waters to the main.
There, horſe and foot, the *Pylian* troops unite,
And ſheath'd in arms, expect the dawning light.
Thence, e'er the ſun advanc'd his noon-day flame,
To great *Alphæus*' ſacred ſource we came.
There firſt to *Jove* our ſolemn rites were paid;
An untam'd heifer pleas'd the blue-ey'd maid,
A bull *Alphæus*; and a bull was ſlain
To the blue Monarch of the wat'ry main.
In arms we ſlept, beſide the winding flood,
While round the town the fierce *Epeians* ſtood.
Soon as the ſun, with all-revealing ray,
Flam'd in the front of heav'n, and gave the day;
Bright ſcenes of arms, and works of war appear;
The nations meet; there *Pylos*, *Elis* here.
The firſt who fell, beneath my javelin bled;
King *Augias*' ſon, and ſpouſe of *Agamede*:

(She

(She that all ſimples' healing virtues knew,
And ev'ry herb that drinks the morning dew.)
I ſeiz'd his car, the van of battel led;
Th' *Epeians* ſaw, they trembled, and they fled.
The foe diſpers'd, their braveſt warriour kill'd,
Fierce as a whirlwind now I ſwept the field:
Full fifty captive chariots grac'd my train;
Two chiefs from each, fell breathleſs to the plain.
Then *Actor*'s ſons had dy'd, but *Neptune* ſhrouds
The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds.
O'er heapy ſhields, and o'er the proſtrate throng,
Collecting ſpoils, and ſlaught'ring all along,
Thro' wide *Buprafian* fields we forc'd the foes,
Where o'er the vales th' *Olenian* rocks aroſe;
Till *Pallas* ſtopp'd us where *Aliſium* flows.
E'n there, the hindmoſt of their rear I ſlay,
And the ſame arm that led, concludes the day;
Then back to *Pyle* triumphant take my way.
There to high *Jove* were publick thanks aſſign'd
As firſt of Gods, to *Neſtor*, of mankind.

v. 895. *There to high* Jove *were publick thanks aſſign'd*
As firſt of Gods, to Neſtor, *of mankind.*]
There is a reſemblance between this paſſage and one in the ſacred ſcripture, where all the congregation *bleſſed the Lord God of their fathers, and bowed down their heads, and worſhipped the Lord, and the King.* 1 Chron. 29. 20.

Such

Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood;
So prov'd my valour for my country's good.
Achilles with unactive fury glows,
And gives to paſſion what to *Greece* he owes.
How ſhall he grieve, when to th' eternal ſhade
Her hoſts ſhall ſink, nor his the pow'r to aid?
O friend! my memory recalls the day,
When gath'ring aids along the *Grecian* ſea,
I, and *Ulyſſes*, touch'd at *Pthia*'s port,
And enter'd *Peleus*' hoſpitable court.
A bull to *Jove* he ſlew in ſacrifice,
And pour'd libations on the flaming thighs.
Thy ſelf, *Achilles*, and thy rev'rend ſire
Menœtius, turn'd the fragments on the fire.
Achilles ſees us, to the feaſt invites;
Social we ſit, and ſhare the genial rites.
We then explain'd the cauſe on which we came,
Urg'd you to arms, and found you fierce for fame.
Your ancient fathers gen'rous precepts gave;
Peleus ſaid only this—" My ſon! be brave.

Menœtius

℣. 916. Peleus *ſaid only this—" My ſon! be brave.*] The conciſeneſs of this advice is very beautiful; *Achilles* being haſty, active, and young, might not have burthen'd his memory with a long diſcourſe: therefore *Peleus* comprehends all his inſtruction

Menœtius thus: "Tho' great *Achilles* ſhine
"In ſtrength ſuperiour, and of race divine,
"Yet cooler thoughts thy elder years attend;
"Let thy juſt counſels aid, and rule thy friend.
Thus ſpoke your father at *Theſſalia*'s court;
Words now forgot, tho' now of vaſt import.
Ah! try the utmoſt that a friend can ſay,
Such gentle force the fierceſt minds obey;
Some fav'ring God *Achilles*' heart may move;
Tho' deaf to glory, he may yield to love.
If ſome dire oracle his breaſt alarm,
If ought from heav'n with-hold his ſaving arm;

Some

ſtructions in one ſentence. But *Menœtius* ſpeaks more large- to *Patroclus*, he being more advanc'd in years, and mature in dgment; and we ſee by the manner of the expreſſion, that was ſent with *Achilles*, not only as a companion, but as a mo- tor, of which *Neſtor* puts him in mind, to ſhew that it is ra- er his duty to give good advice to *Achilles*, than to follow his price, and eſpouſe his reſentment. *Euſtathius.*

. 923. *Ah! try the utmoſt*, &c.] It may not be ungrateful the reader to ſee at one view the aim and deſign of *Neſtor*'s ech. By putting *Patroclus* in mind of his father's injunc- ns, he provokes him to obey him by a like zeal for his ntry: by the mention of the ſacrifice, he reprimands him a breach of thoſe engagements to which the Gods were neſſes: by ſaying that the very arms of *Achilles* would re- e the fortunes of *Greece*, he makes a high complement to t hero, and offers a powerful inſinuation to *Patroclus* at the e time, by giving him to underſtand, that he may perſo- *Achilles*. *Euſtathius.*

. 928. *If ought from heav'n withhold his ſaving arm.*] *Neſtor* ſays

Some beam of comfort yet on *Greece* may ſhine,
If thou but lead the *Myrmidonian* line;
Clad in *Achilles'* arms, if thou appear,
Proud *Troy* may tremble, and deſiſt from war;
Preſs'd by freſh forces her o'er-labour'd train
Shall ſeek their walls, and *Greece* reſpire again.
This touch'd his gen'rous heart, and from the tent
Along the ſhore with haſty ſtrides he went;
Soon as he came, where, on the crouded ſtrand,
The publick mart and courts of juſtice ſtand,
Where the tall fleet of great *Ulyſſes* lies,
And altars to the guardian Gods ariſe;
There ſad he met the brave *Evæmon's* ſon,
Large painful drops from all his members run,
An arrow's head yet rooted in his wound,
The ſable blood in circles mark'd the ground,
As faintly reeling he confeſs'd the ſmart;
Weak was his pace, but dauntleſs was his heart.

ſays this upon account of what *Achilles* himſelf ſpoke in t
ninth book; and it is very much to the purpoſe, for nothi
could ſooner move *Achilles*, than to make him think it was t
general report in the army, that he ſhut himſelf up in his t
for no other reaſon but to eſcape death, with which his mot
had threaten'd him in diſcovering to him the decrees of the
ſtinies. *Dacier.*

Divi

Divine compaſſion touch'd *Patroclus'* breaſt,
Who ſighing, thus his bleeding friend addreſt.
Ah hapleſs leaders of the *Grecian* hoſt!
Thus muſt ye periſh on a barb'rous coaſt?
Is this your fate, to glut the dogs with gore?
Far from your friends, and from your native ſhore?
Say, great *Eurypylus!* ſhall *Greece* yet ſtand?
Reſiſts ſhe yet the raging *Hector's* hand?
Or are her heroes doom'd to die with ſhame,
And this the period of our wars and fame?
Eurypylus replies: No more (my friend)
Greece is no more! this day her glories end.
Driv'n to the ſhips victorious *Troy* purſues,
Her force encreaſing as her toil renews.
Thoſe chiefs, that us'd her utmoſt rage to meet,
Lie pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in the fleet.
But thou, *Patroclus!* act a friendly part,
Lead to my ſhips, and draw this deadly dart;
With lukewarm water waſh the gore away,
With healing balms the raging ſmart allay,
Such as ſage *Chiron*, Sire of *Pharmacy*,
Once taught *Achilles*, and *Achilles* thee.

Of

Of two fam'd ſurgeons, *Podalirius* ſtands
This hour ſurrounded by the *Trojan* bands;
And great *Machaon*, wounded in his tent,
Now wants that ſuccour which ſo oft' he lent.
To him the chief. What then remains to do?
Th' event of things the Gods alone can view.
Charg'd by *Achilles'* great command I fly,
And bear with haſte the *Pylian* King's reply:
But thy diſtreſs this inſtant claims relief.
He ſaid, and in his arms upheld the chief.
The ſlaves their maſter's ſlow approach ſurvey'd,
And hides of oxen on the floor diſplay'd:
There ſtretch'd at length the wounded hero lay,
Patroclus cut the forky ſteel away.

℣. 969. *Of two fam'd ſurgeons.*] Tho' *Podalirius* is mention'd firſt for the ſake of the verſe, both here and in the catalogue, *Machaon* ſeems to be the perſon of the greateſt character upon many accounts: beſides, it is to him that *Homer* attributes the cure of *Philoctetes*, who was lame by having let an arrow dip in the gall of the *Hydra* of *Lerna* fall upon his foot; a plain mark that *Machaon* was an abler phyſician than *Chiron* the centaur, who could not cure himſelf of ſuch a wound. *Podalirius* had a ſon named *Hypolochus*, from whom the famous *Hippocrates* was deſcended.

℣. 977. *But thy diſtreſs this inſtant claims relief.*] *Euſtathius* remarks, that *Homer* draws a great advantage for the conduct of his poem from this incident of the ſtay of *Patroclus*; for while he is employ'd in the friendly taſk of taking care of *Eurypylus*, he becomes an eye-witneſs of the attack upon the entrenchments, and finds the neceſſity of uſing his utmoſt efforts to move *Achilles*.

The

Then in his hands a bitter root he bruis'd;
The wound he waſh'd, the ſtyptick juice infus'd.
The cloſing fleſh that inſtant ceas'd to glow,
The wound to torture, and the blood to flow.

THE

THE TWELFTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The

The ARGUMENT.

The battel at the *Grecian* wall.

THE Greeks *being retir'd into their entrenchments,* Hector *attempts to force them; but it proving impoſſible to paſs the ditch,* Polydamas *adviſes to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The* Trojans *follow his counſel, and having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the aſſault. But upon the ſignal of an eagle with a ſerpent in his talons, which appear'd on the left hand of the* Trojans, Polydamas *endeavours to withdraw them again. This* Hector *oppoſes, and continues the attack; in which, after many actions,* Sarpedon *makes the firſt breach in the wall:* Hector *alſo caſting a ſtone of a vaſt ſize, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his Troops, who victoriouſly purſue the* Grecians *even to their ſhips.*

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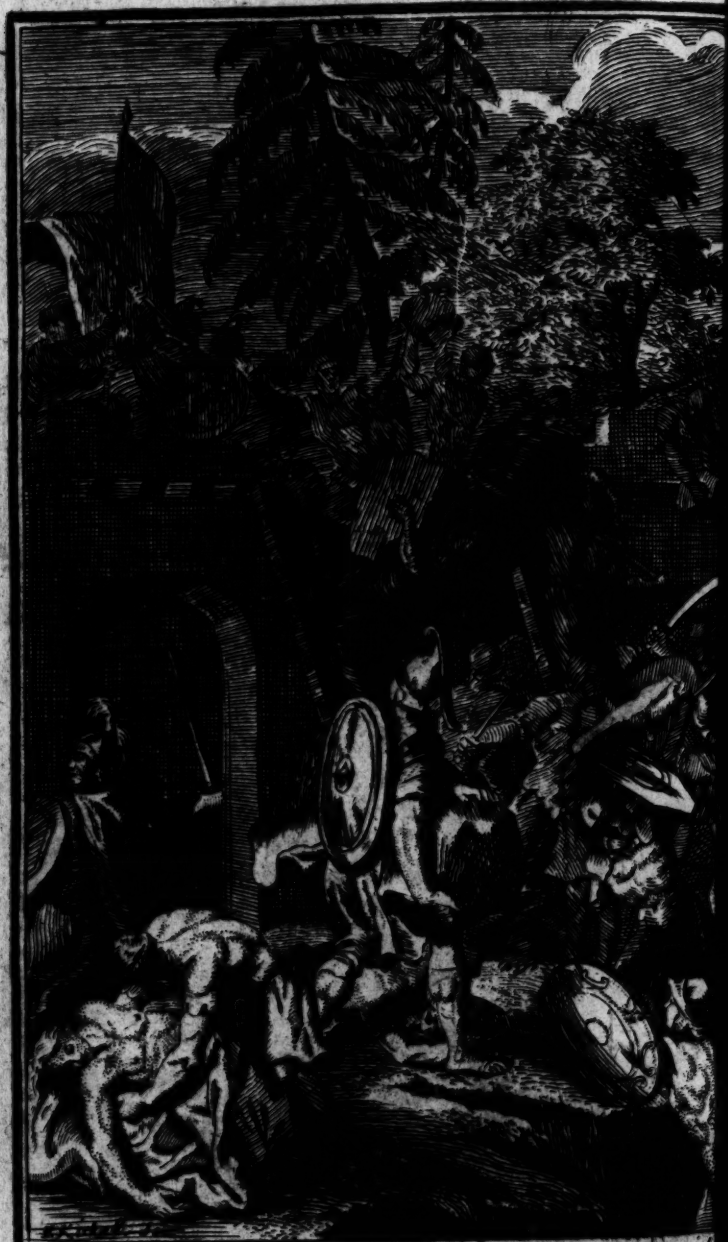

Hector returning & having driven the Greeks to their Retrenchments attacks them therein with fury, breaks down a passage with a stone of an enormous siz enters at the head of his Troupes & persues them to their ships. B.

THE TWELFTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

WHILE thus the hero's pious cares attend
The cure and safety of his wounded friend,
Trojans and *Greeks* with clashing shields engage,
And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.

Nor

* It may be proper here to take a general view of the conduct of the Iliad: the whole design turns upon the wrath of *Achilles*: that wrath is not to be appeas'd but by the calamities of the *Greeks*, who are taught by their frequent defeats the importance of this hero: for in Epic, as in Tragic poetry,

Nor long the trench or lofty walls oppoſe;
With Gods averſe th' ill-fated works aroſe;
Their pow'rs neglected, and no victim ſlain,
The walls were rais'd, the trenches ſunk in vain.
Without the Gods, how ſhort a period ſtands
The proudeſt monument of mortal hands!
This ſtood, while *Hector* and *Achilles* rag'd,
While ſacred *Troy* the warring hoſts engag'd;
But when her ſons were ſlain, her city burn'd,
And what ſurviv'd of *Greece* to *Greece* return'd;
Then *Neptune* and *Apollo* ſhook the ſhore,
Then *Ida*'s ſummits pour'd their wat'ry ſtore;

Rheſus

try, there ought to be ſome evident and neceſſary incident at the winding up of the cataſtrophe, and that ſhould be founded upon ſome viſible diſtreſs. This conduct has an admirable effect, not only as it gives an air of probability to the relation, by allowing leiſure to the wrath of *Achilles* to cool and die away by degrees, (who is every where deſcribed as a perſon of a ſtubborn reſentment, and conſequently ought not to be eaſily reconcil'd) but alſo as it highly contributes to the honour of *Achilles*, which was to be fully ſatisfied before he could relent.

℣. 9. *Without the Gods how ſhort a period*, &c.] *Homer* here teaches a truth conformable to ſacred ſcripture, and almoſt in the very words of the *Pſalmiſt*; *Unleſs the Lord build the houſe, they labour in vain that build it.*

℣. 15. *Then* Neptune *and* Apollo, *&c.*] This whole Epiſode of the deſtruction of the wall is ſpoken as a kind of prophecy, where *Homer* in a poetical enthuſiaſm relates what was to happen in future ages. It has been conjectur'd from hence that our author flouriſh'd not long after the *Trojan* war; for had

Rheſus and *Rhodius* then unite their rills,
Careſus roaring down the ſtony hills,
Æſepus, *Granicus*, with mingled force,
And *Xanthus* foaming from his fruitful ſource;

And

had he lived at a greater diſtance, there had been no occaſion to have recourſe to ſuch extraordinary means to deſtroy a wall, which would have been loſt and worn away by time alone. *Homer* (ſays *Ariſtotle*) foreſaw the queſtion might be ask'd, how it came to paſs that no ruins remain'd of ſo great a work? and therefore contriv'd to give his fiction the neareſt reſemblance to truth. Inundations and earthquakes are ſufficient to aboliſh the ſtrongeſt works of man, ſo as not to leave the leaſt remains where they ſtood. But we are told this in a manner wonderfully noble and poetical: we ſee *Apollo* turning the courſe of the rivers againſt the wall, *Jupiter* opening the cataracts of heaven, and *Neptune* rending the foundations with his trident: that is, the ſun exhales the vapours, which deſcend in rain from the air or *Æther*; this rain cauſes an inundation, and that inundation overturns the wall. Thus the poetry of *Homer*, like magick, firſt raiſes a ſtupendous object, and then immediately cauſes it to vaniſh.

What farther ſtrengthens the opinion that *Homer* was particularly careful to avoid the objection which thoſe of his own age might raiſe againſt the probability of this fiction, is, that the verſes which contain this account of the deſtruction of the wall ſeem to be added after the firſt writing of the Iliad, by *Homer* himſelf. I believe the reader will incline to my opinion, if he conſiders the manner in which they are introduced, both here, and in the ſeventh book, where firſt this wall is mention'd. There, deſcribing how it was made, he ends with this line,

Ὡς οἱ μὲν πονέοντο καρηκομόωνες Ἀχαιοί.

After which is inſerted the debate of the Gods concerning the method of its deſtruction, at the concluſion whereof im-

And gulphy *Simois*, rolling to the main
Helmets, and shields, and god-like heroes slain:
These, turn'd by *Phœbus* from their wonted ways,
Delug'd the rampire nine continual days;
The weight of waters saps the yielding wall,
And to the sea the floating bulwarks fall.
Incessant cataracts the thund'rer pours,
And half the skies descend in fluicy show'rs.

mediately follows a verse that seems exactly to connect with the former.

Δύσσετο δ' ἠέλιος, τετέλεστο δὲ ἔργον Ἀχαιῶν.

In like manner in the present book, after the fourth verse,

Τάφρος ἔτι σχήσειν Δαναῶν καὶ τεῖχος ὕπερθεν.

That which is now the thirty sixth, seems originally to have follow'd.

Τεῖχος ἐδέδμητον, κανάχιζε δὲ δέρατα πύργων, &c.

And all the lines between (which break the course of the narration, and are introduc'd in a manner not usual in *Homer*) seem to have been added for the reason aboveſaid. I do not insist much upon this observation, but I doubt not several will agree to it upon a review of the passages.

ver. 24. *Nine continual days.*] Some of the ancients thought it incredible that a wall which was built in one day by the *Greeks*, should resist the joint efforts of three Deities nine days: to solve this difficulty, *Crates* the *Mallesian* was of opinion, that it should be writ, ἓν ἦμαρ, *one day*. But there is no occasion to have recourse to so forc'd a solution; it being sufficient to observe, that nothing but such an extraordinary power could have so entirely ruin'd the wall, that not the least remains of it should appear; but such a one, as we have before said *Homer* stood in need of. *Eustathius.*

The

The God of Ocean, marching ſtern before,
With his huge trident wounds the trembling ſhore,
Vaſt ſtones and piles from their foundation heaves,
And whelms the ſmoaky ruin in the waves.
Now ſmooth'd with ſand, and levell'd by the flood,
No fragment tells where once the wonder ſtood;
In their old bounds the rivers roll again,
Shine 'twixt the hills, or wander o'er the plain.
But this the Gods in later times perform;
As yet the bulwark ſtood, and brave the ſtorm;
The ſtrokes yet echo'd of contending pow'rs;
War thunder'd at the gates, and blood diſtain'd the tow'rs.
Smote by the arm of *Jove*, and dire diſmay,
Cloſe by their hollow ſhips the *Grecians* lay;
Hector's approach in ev'ry wind they hear,
And *Hector*'s fury ev'ry moment fear.
He like a whirlwind, toſs'd the ſcatt'ring throng,
Mingled the troops, and drove the field along.
So 'midſt the dogs and hunter's daring bands,
Fierce of his might, a boar or lion ſtands;
Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form,
And hiſſing jav'lins rain an iron ſtorm:
His pow'rs untam'd their bold aſſault defy,
And where he turns, the rout diſperſe, or die:

He foams, he glares, he bounds againſt them all,
And if he falls, his courage makes him fall.
With equal rage encompaſs'd *Hector* glows;
Exhorts his armies, and the trenches ſhows.
The panting ſteeds impatient fury breathe,
But ſnort and tremble at the gulph beneath;
Juſt on the brink, they neigh, and paw the ground,
And the turf trembles, and the ſkies reſound.
Eager they view'd the proſpect dark and deep,
Vaſt was the leap, and headlong hung the ſteep;
The bottom bare, (a formidable ſhow!)
And briſtled thick with ſharpen'd ſtakes below.
The foot alone this ſtrong defence could force,
And try the paſs impervious to the horſe.
This ſaw *Polydamas*; who, wiſely brave,
Reſtrain'd great *Hector*, and this counſel gave.
Oh thou! bold leader of our *Trojan* band,
And you, confed'rate chiefs from foreign lands!
What entrance here can cumb'rous chariots find,
The ſtakes beneath, the *Grecian* walls behind?
No paſs thro' thoſe, without a thouſand wounds,
No ſpace for combat in yon' narrow bounds.
Proud of the favours mighty *Jove* has ſhown,
On certain dangers we too raſhly run:

If

If 'tis his will our haughty foes to tame,
Oh may this inſtant end the *Grecian* name!
Here, far from *Argos*, let their heroes fall,
And one great day deſtroy, and bury all!
But ſhould they turn, and here oppreſs our train,
What hopes, what methods of retreat remain?
Wedg'd in the trench, by our own troops confus'd,
In one promiſcuous carnage cruſh'd and bruis'd,
All *Troy* muſt periſh, if their arms prevail,
Nor ſhall a *Trojan* live to tell the tale.
Hear then ye warriours! and obey with ſpeed;
Back from the trenches let your ſteeds be led;
Then all alighting, wedg'd in firm array,
Proceed on foot, and *Hector* lead the way.
So *Greece* ſhall ſtoop before our conqu'ring pow'r,
And this (if *Jove* conſent) her fatal hour.
This counſel pleas'd, the God-like *Hector* ſprung
Swift from his ſeat; his clanging armour rung.
The chief's example follow'd by his train,
Each quits his car, and iſſues on the plain.
By orders ſtrict the charioteers enjoin'd,
Compel the courſers to their ranks behind.

The forces part in five distinguish'd bands,
And all obey their sev'ral chief's commands.
The best and bravest in the first conspire,
Pant for the fight, and threat the fleet with fire:
Great *Hector* glorious in the van of these,
Polydamas, and brave *Cebriones*.
Before the next the graceful *Paris* shines,
And bold *Alcathous*, and *Agenor* joins.
The sons of *Priam* with the third appear,
Deïphobus, and *Helenus* the seer;
In arms with these the mighty *Asius* stood,
Who drew from *Hyrtacus* his noble blood,
And whom *Arisba*'s yellow coursers bore,
The coursers fed on *Selle*'s winding shore,
Antenor's sons the fourth battalion guide,
And great *Æneas*, born on fount-full *Ide*.
Divine *Sarpedon* the last band obey'd,
Whom *Glaucus* and *Asteropæus* aid,

ϒ. 99. *The forces part in five distinguish'd bands.*] The *Trojan* army is divided into five parts, perhaps because there were five gates in the wall, so that an attack might be made upon every gate at the same instant: By this means the *Greeks* would be obliged to disunite, and form themselves into as many bodies, to guard five places at the same time.

The Poet here breaks the thread of his narration, and stops to give us the names of the leaders of every battalion: By this conduct he prepares us for an action entirely new, and different from any other in the poem. *Eustathius.*

Next

Next him, the braveſt at their army's head,
But he more brave than all the hoſts he led.
Now with compacted ſhields, in cloſe array,
The moving legions ſpeed their headlong way:
Already in their hopes they fire the fleet,
And ſee the *Grecians* gaſping at their feet.
While ev'ry *Trojan* thus, and ev'ry Aid,
Th' advice of wiſe *Polydamas* obey'd;
Aſius alone, confiding in his car,
His vaunted courſers urg'd to meet the war:
Unhappy hero! and adviſ'd in vain!
Thoſe wheels returning ne'er ſhall mark the plain;
No more thoſe courſers with triumphant joy
Reſtore their maſter to the gates of *Troy!*

ỳ. 125. Aſius *alone confiding in his car.*] It appears from hence that the three captains who commanded each battalion, were not ſubordinate one to the other, but commanded ſeparately, each being impower'd to order his own troop as he thought fit: For otherwiſe *Aſius* had 'not been permitted to keep his chariot when the reſt were on foot. One may obſerve from hence, that *Homer* does not attribute the ſame regular diſcipline in war to the barbarous nations, which he had given to his *Grecians*; and he makes ſome uſe too of this defect, to caſt the more variety over this part of the deſcription. *Dacier.*

ỳ. 127. *Unhappy hero!* &c.] *Homer* obſerves a poetical juſtice in relation to *Aſius*; he puniſhes his folly and impiety with death, and ſhews the danger of deſpiſing wiſe counſel, and blaſpheming the Gods. In purſuance of this prophecy, *Aſius* is killed in the thirteenth book by *Idomeneus.*

Black death attends behind the *Grecian* wall,
And great *Idomeneus* ſhall boaſt thy fall!
Fierce to the left he drives, where from the plain
The flying *Grecians* ſtrove their ſhips to gain;
Swift thro' the wall their horſe and chariots paſt,
The gates half-open'd to receive the laſt.
Thither, exulting in his force, he flies;
His following hoſt with clamours rend the ſkies;
To plunge the *Grecians* headlong in the main,
Such their proud hopes, but all their hopes were vain!
To guard the gates, two mighty chiefs attend,
Who from the *Lapiths* warlike race deſcend;
This *Polypœtes*, great *Perithous'* heir,
And that *Leonteus*, like the God of war.
As two tall oaks, before the wall they riſe;
Their roots in earth, their heads amidſt the ſkies:
Whoſe ſpreading arms with leafy honours crown'd,
Forbid the tempeſt, and protect the ground;

℣. 143. *This* Polypœtes—*And that* Leonteus, &c.] Theſe heroes are the originals of *Pandarus* and *Bitias* in *Virgil.* We ſee two gallant officers exhorting their ſoldiers to act bravely; but being deſerted by them, they execute their own commands, and maintain the paſs againſt the united force of the battalions of *Aſius:* Nor does the Poet tranſgreſs the bounds of probability in the ſtory: The *Greeks* from above beat off ſome of the *Trojans* with ſtones, and the gate-way being narrow, it was eaſy to be defended. *Euſtathius.*

High

High on the hills appears their ſtately form,
And their deep roots for ever brave the ſtorm.
So graceful theſe, and ſo the ſhock they ſtand
Of raging *Aſius*, and his furious band.
Oreſtes, *Acamas* in front appear,
And *Oenomaus* and *Thoön* cloſe the rear;
In vain their clamours ſhake the ambient fields,
In vain around them beat their hollow ſhields;
The fearleſs brothers on the *Grecians* call,
To guard their navies, and defend the wall.
Ev'n when they ſaw *Troy*'s ſable troops impend,
And *Greece* tumultuous from her tow'rs deſcend,
Forth from the portals ruſh'd th'intrepid pair,
Oppos'd their breaſts, and ſtood themſelves the war.
So two wild boars ſpring furious from their den,
Rouz'd with the cries of dogs and voice of men;
On ev'ry ſide the crackling trees they tear,
And root the ſhrubs, and lay the foreſt bare;
They gnaſh their tuſks, with fire their eye-balls roll,
'Till ſome wide wound lets out their mighty ſoul.
Around their heads the whiſtling jav'lins ſung;
With ſounding ſtrokes their brazen targets rung:
Fierce was the fight, while yet the *Grecian* pow'rs
Maintain'd the walls and mann'd the lofty tow'rs:

To ſave their fleet, the laſt efforts they try,
And ſtones and darts in mingled tempeſts fly.
As when ſharp *Boreas* blows abroad, and brings
The dreary winter on his frozen wings;
Beneath the low-hung clouds the ſheets of ſnow
Deſcend, and whiten all the fields below.
So faſt the darts on either army pour,
So down the rampires rolls the rocky ſhow'r;
Heavy, and thick, reſound the batter'd ſhields,
And the deaf echo rattles round the fields.
With ſhame repuls'd, with grief and fury driv'n,
The frantic *Aſius* thus accuſes heav'n:
In pow'rs immortal who ſhall now believe?
Can thoſe too flatter, and can *Jove* deceive?
What man could doubt but *Troy*'s victorious pow'r
Should humble *Greece*, and this her fatal hour?
But look how waſps from hollow crannies drive,
To guard the entrance of their common hive,

℣. 185. *The ſpeech of* Aſius.] This ſpeech of *Aſius* is very extravagant: He exclaims againſt *Jupiter* for a breach of promiſe, not becauſe he had broken his word, but becauſe he had not fulfill'd his own vain imaginations. This conduct, tho' very blameable in *Aſius*, is very natural to perſons under a diſappointment, who are ever ready to blame heaven, and turn their misfortunes into a crime. *Euſtathius.*

Dark'ning

Dark'ning the rock, while with unweary'd wings
They ſtrike th'aſſailants, and infix their ſtings;
A race determin'd, that to death contend:
So fierce, theſe *Greeks* their laſt retreats defend.
Gods! ſhall two warriours only guard their gates,
Repel an army, and defraud the fates?

Theſe empty accents mingled with the wind,
Nor mov'd great *Jove*'s unalterable mind;
To God-like *Hector* and his matchleſs might
Was ow'd the glory of the deſtin'd fight.
Like deeds of arms thro' all the forts were try'd,
And all the gates ſuſtain'd an equal tide;
Thro' the long walls the ſtony ſhow'rs were heard,
The blaze of flames, the flaſh of arms appear'd.
The ſpirit of a God my breaſt inſpire,
To raiſe each act to life, and ſing with fire!
While *Greece* unconquer'd kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in deſpair;
And all her guardian Gods, in deep diſmay,
With unaſſiſting arms deplor'd the day.

Ev'n yet the dauntleſs *Lapithæ* maintain
The dreadful paſs, and round them heap the ſlain.
Firſt *Damaſus*, by *Polypætes*' ſteel,
Pierc'd thro' his helmet's brazen vizor, fell;

The

The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore;
The warriour ſinks, tremendous now no more!
Next *Ormenus* and *Pylon* yield their breath:
Nor leſs *Leonteus* ſtrows the field with death;
Firſt thro' the belt *Hippomachus* he goar'd,
Then ſudden wav'd his unreſiſted ſword;
Antiphates, as thro' the ranks he broke,
The faulchion ſtrook, and fate purſu'd the ſtroke;
Iämenus, *Oreſtes*, *Menon*, bled;
And round him roſe a monument of dead.
Mean-time the braveſt of the *Trojan* crew
Bold *Hector* and *Polydamas* purſue;
Fierce with impatience on the works to fall,
And wrap in rowling flames the fleet and wall.
Theſe on the farther bank now ſtood and gaz'd,
By heav'n alarm'd, by prodigies amaz'd:
A ſignal omen ſtopp'd the paſſing hoſt,
Their martial fury in their wonder loſt.
Jove's bird on ſounding pinions beat the ſkies;
A bleeding ſerpent, of enormous ſize,

His

ỳ. 233. Jove's *bird on ſounding pinions*, &c.] *Virgil* has imitated this paſſage in the eleventh *Æneid*, ỳ. 751.

Utque volans altè raptum cùm fulva draconem
Fert aquila, implicuitque pedes, atque unguibus hæſit;

Saucius

His talons truſs'd; alive, and curling round,
He ſtung the bird, whoſe throat receiv'd the wound:
Mad with the ſmart, he drops the fatal prey,
In airy circles wings his painful way,
Floats on the winds, and rends the heav'ns with cries:
Amidſt the hoſt the fallen ſerpent lies.
They, pale with terrour, mark its ſpires unroll'd,
And *Jove*'s portent with beating hearts behold.
Then firſt *Polydamas* the ſilence broke,
Long weigh'd the ſignal, and to *Hector* ſpoke.
How oft, my brother, thy reproach I bear,
For words well meant, and ſentiments ſincere?

True

Saucius at ſerpens ſinuoſa volumina verſat,
Arrectiſque horret ſquamis, & ſibilat ore
Arduus inſurgens; illa haud minùs urget obunco
Luctantem roſtro; ſimul æthera verberat alis.

Which *Macrobius* compares with this of *Homer*, and gives the preference to the original, on account of *Virgil*'s having neglected to ſpecify the *Omen*. *His prætermiſſis (quòd ſiniſtrâ veniens vincentium prohibebat acceſſum, & accepto à ſerpente morſu prædam dolore dejecit; factoque Tripudio ſoliſtimo, cum clamore dolorem teſtante, prætervolat) quæ animam parabolæ dabant, velut exanime in latinis verſibus corpus remanſit.* *Sat.* l. 5. c. 14. But methinks this criticiſm might have been ſpared, had he conſider'd that *Virgil* had no deſign, or occaſion to make an *Omen* of it; but took it only as a natural image, to paint the poſture of two warriours ſtruggling with each other.

℣. 245. *The ſpeech of* Polydamas.] The addreſs of *Polydamas* to *Hector* in this ſpeech is admirable: He knew that the daring ſpirit of that hero would not ſuffer him to liſten to any men-

tion

True to thoſe counſels which I judge the beſt,
I tell the faithful dictates of my breaſt.
To ſpeak his thought, is ev'ry freeman's right,
In peace and war, in council and in fight;
And all I move, deferring to thy ſway,
But tends to raiſe that pow'r which I obey.
Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain;
Seek not, this day, the *Grecian* ſhips to gain;
For ſure to warn us *Jove* his omen ſent,
And thus my mind explains its clear event.
The victor eagle, whoſe ſiniſter flight
Retards our hoſt, and fills our hearts with fright,
Diſmiſs'd his conqueſt in the middle ſkies,
Allow'd to ſeize, but not poſſeſs the prize;
Thus tho' we gird with fires the *Grecian* fleet,
Tho' theſe proud bulwarks tumble at our feet,
Toils unforeſeen, and fiercer, are decreed;
More woes ſhall follow, and more heroes bleed.

tion of a retreat: He had already ſtorm'd the walls in imagination, and conſequently the advice of *Polydamas* was ſure to meet with a bad reception. He therefore ſoftens every expreſſion, and endeavours to flatter *Hector* into an aſſent; and tho' he is aſſured he gives a true interpretation of the prodigy, he ſeems to be diffident: but that his perſonated diſtruſt may not prejudice the interpretation, he concludes with a plain declaration of his opinion, and tells him that what he delivers is not conjecture, but ſcience, and appeals for the truth of it to the augurs of the army. *Euſtathius.*

So

So bodes my ſoul, and bids me thus adviſe:
For thus a ſkilful ſeer would read the ſkies.
To him then *Hector* with diſdain return'd;
(Fierce as he ſpoke, his eyes with fury burn'd)
Are theſe the faithful counſels of thy tongue?
Thy will is partial, not thy reaſon wrong:
Or if the purpoſe of thy heart thou vent,
Sure heaven reſumes the little ſenſe it lent.
What coward counſels would thy madneſs move,
Againſt the word, the will reveal'd of *Jove?*
The leading ſign, th' irrevocable nod,
And happy thunders of the fav'ring God,

ỳ. 267. *The ſpeech of* Hector.] This ſpeech of *Hector*'s is full of ſpirit: His valour is greater than the ſkill of *Polydamas*, and he is not to be argu'd into a retreat. There is ſomething very heroic in that line,

——His ſword the brave man draws,
And asks no omen but his country's cauſe.

And if any thing can add to the beauty of it, it is in being ſo well adapted to the character of him who ſpeaks it, who is every where deſcrib'd as a great lover of his country.

It may ſeem at the firſt view that *Hector* uſes *Polydamas* with too much ſeverity in the concluſion of his ſpeech: But he will be ſufficiently juſtify'd, if we conſider that the interpretation of the omen given by *Polydamas* might have diſcourag'd the army; and this makes it neceſſary for him to decry the prediction, and inſinuate that the advice proceeded not from his ſkill but his cowardice. *Euſtathius.*

Theſe

Theſe ſhall I ſlight? and guide my wav'ring mind
By wand'ring birds, that flit with ev'ry wind?
Ye vagrants of the ſky! your wings extend,
Or where the ſuns ariſe, or where deſcend;
To right, to left, unheeded take your way,
While I the dictates of high heav'n obey.
Without a ſign, his ſword the brave man draws,
And aſks no Omen but his country's cauſe.
But why ſhould'ſt thou ſuſpect the war's ſucceſs?
None fears it more, as none promotes it leſs:
Tho' all our chiefs amid yon' ſhips expire,
Truſt thy own cowardice to 'ſcape their fire.
Troy and her ſons may find a gen'ral grave,
But thou can'ſt live, for thou can'ſt be a ſlave.
Yet ſhould the fears that wary mind ſuggeſts
Spread their cold poiſon through our ſoldiers breaſts,
My jav'lin can revenge ſo baſe a part,
And free the ſoul that quivers in thy heart,

℣. 281. *To right, to left, unheeded take your way.*] Euſtathius has found out four meanings in theſe two lines, and tells us that the words may ſignify Eaſt, Weſt, North, and South. This is writ in the true ſpirit of a Critick, who can find out a myſtery in the plaineſt words, and is ever learnedly obſcure: For my part, I cannot imagine how any thing can be more clearly expreſs'd; I care not, ſays *Hector*, whether the eagle flew on the right towards the ſun-riſing, which was propitious, or on the left towards his ſetting, which was unlucky.

Furious

Furious he ſpoke, and ruſhing to the wall,
Calls on his hoſt; his hoſt obey the call;
With ardour follow where their leader flies:
Redoubling clamours thunder in the ſkies.
Jove breaths a whirlwind from the hills of *Ide*,
And drifts of duſt the clouded navy hide:
He fills the *Greeks* with terrour and diſmay,
And gives great *Hector* the predeſtin'd day.
Strong in themſelves, but ſtronger in their aid,
Cloſe to the works their rigid ſiege they laid.
In vain the mounds and maſſy beams defend,
While theſe they undermine, and thoſe they rend;
Upheave the piles that prop the ſolid wall;
And heaps on heaps the ſmoaky ruins fall.
Greece on her rampart ſtands the fierce alarms;
The crouded bulwarks blaze with waving arms,
Shield touching ſhield, a long-refulgent row;
Whence hiſſing darts, inceſſant, rain below.

ỳ. 299. Jove *rais'd a whirlwind.*] It is worth our notice to obſerve how the leaſt circumſtance grows in the hand of a great Poet. In this battel it is to be ſuppoſed that the *Trojans* had got the advantage of the wind of the *Grecians*, ſo that a cloud of duſt was blown upon their army: This gave room for this fiction of *Homer*, which ſuppoſes that *Jove*, or the air, rais'd the duſt, and drove it in the face of the *Grecians*. *Euſtathius*.

The

The bold *Ajaces* fly from tow'r to tow'r,
And rouze, with flame divine, the *Grecian* pow'r.
The gen'rous impulſe ev'ry *Greek* obeys;
Threats urge the fearful, and the valiant, praiſe.
Fellows in arms! whoſe deeds are known to Fame,
And you whoſe ardour hopes an equal name!
Since not alike endu'd with force or art,
Behold a day when each may act his part!
A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,
To gain new glories, or augment the old.
Urge thoſe who ſtand, and thoſe who faint excite;
Drown *Hector*'s vaunts in loud exhorts of fight;
Conqueſt, not ſafety, fill the thoughts of all;
Seek not your fleet, but ſally from the wall;
So *Jove* once more may drive their routed train,
And *Troy* lie trembling in her walls again.
Their ardour kindles all the *Grecian* pow'rs;
And now the ſtones deſcend in heavier ſhow'rs.
As when high *Jove* his ſharp artillery forms,
And opes his cloudy magazine of ſtorms;
In winter's bleak, uncomfortable reign,
A ſnowy inundation hides the plain;
He ſtills the winds, and bids the ſkies to ſleep;
Then pours the ſilent tempeſt, thick, and deep:

And

And firſt the mountain-tops are cover'd o'er,
Then the green fields, and then the ſandy ſhore;
Bent with the weight the nodding woods are ſeen,
And one bright waſte hides all the works of men:
The circling ſeas alone abſorbing all,
Drink the diſſolving fleeces as they fall.
So from each ſide increas'd the ſtony rain,
And the white ruin riſes o'er the plain.
Thus God-like *Hector* and his troops contend
To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend;
Nor *Troy* could conquer, nor the *Greeks* would yield,
Till great *Sarpedon* tow'r'd amid the field;
For mighty *Jove* inſpir'd with martial flame
His matchleſs ſon, and urg'd him on to fame.
In arms he ſhines, conſpicuous from afar,
And bears aloft his ample ſhield in air;
Within whoſe orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd,
Pond'rous with braſs, and bound with ductile gold:

ỳ. 348. *'Till great* Sarpedon, &c.] The Poet here uſhers in *Sarpedon* with abundance of pomp: He forces him upon the obſervation of the reader by the greatneſs of the deſcription, and raiſes our expectations of him, intending to make him perform many remarkable actions in the ſequel of the poem, and become worthy to fall by the hand of *Patroclus*. *Euſtathius*.

And

And while two pointed jav'lins arm his hands,
Majeſtick moves along, and leads his *Lycian* bands.
So preſs'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow
Deſcends a lion on the flocks below;
So ſtalks the lordly ſavage o'er the plain,
In ſullen majeſty, and ſtern diſdain:
In vain loud maſtives bay him from afar,
And ſhepherds gaul him with an iron war;
Regardleſs, furious, he purſues his way;
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.
Reſolv'd alike, divine *Sarpedon* glows
With gen'rous rage that drives him on the foes.
He views the tow'rs, and meditates their fall,
To ſure deſtruction dooms th' aſpiring wall;
Then caſting on his friend an ardent look,
Fir'd with the thirſt of glory, thus he ſpoke.
Why boaſt we, *Glaucus!* our extended reign,
Where *Xanthus'* ſtreams enrich the *Lycian* plain,

Our

℣. 357. *So preſs'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow, Deſcends a lion.*] This compariſon very much reſembles that of the prophet *Iſaiah*, Ch. 31. ℣. 4. where God himſelf is compared to a lion: *Like as the lion, and the young lion roaring on his prey, when a multitude of ſhepherds is call'd forth againſt him, he will not be afraid of their voice, nor abaſe himſelf for the noiſe of them: So ſhall the Lord of hoſts come down that he may fight upon mount* Sion. Dacier.

℣. 371. *The ſpeech of* Sarpedon *to* Glaucus.] In former times Kings

Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,
And hills where vines their purple harveſt yield,
Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
Our feaſts enhanc'd with muſic's ſprightly ſound?
Why on thoſe ſhores are we with joy ſurvey'd,
Admir'd as heroes, and as Gods obey'd?
Unleſs great acts ſuperiour merit prove,
And vindicate the bounteous pow'rs above.
'Tis ours, the dignity they give, to grace;
The firſt in valour, as the firſt in place.
That when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands
Behold our deeds tranſcending our commands,
Such, they may cry, deſerve the ſov'reign ſtate,
Whom thoſe that envy, dare not imitate!

Kings were look'd upon as the generals of armies, who to return the honours that were done them, were oblig'd to expoſe themſelves firſt in the battel, and be an example to their ſoldiers. Upon this *Sarpedon* grounds his diſcourſe, which is full of generoſity and nobleneſs. We are, ſays he, honour'd like Gods; and what can be more unjuſt, than not to behave our ſelves like men? he ought to be ſuperiour in virtue, who is ſuperiour in dignity; What ſtrength is there, and what greatneſs in that thought? it includes juſtice, gratitude, and magnanimity; juſtice, in that he ſcorns to enjoy what he does not merit; gratitude, becauſe he would endeavour to recompenſe his obligations to his ſubjects; and magnanimity, in that he deſpiſes death, and thinks of nothing but glory. *Euſtathius. Dacier.*

Could

Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims no leſs the fearful than the brave,
For luſt of fame I ſhould not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy ſoul to war.
But ſince, alas! ignoble age muſt come,
Diſeaſe, and death's inexorable doom;
The life which others pay, let us beſtow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe;
Brave tho' we fall, and honour'd if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give!
He ſaid; his words the liſt'ning chief inſpire
With equal warmth, and rouze the warriour's fire;
The troops purſue their leaders with delight,
Ruſh to the foe, and claim the promis'd fight.

℣. 387. *Could all our care*, &c.] There is not a more forcible argument than this, to make men contemn dangers, and ſeek glory by brave actions. Immortality with eternal youth, is certainly preferable to glory purchas'd with the loſs of life; but glory is certainly better than an ignominious life; which at laſt, tho' perhaps late, muſt end. It is ordain'd that all men ſhall die, nor can our eſcaping danger ſecure us immortality; it can only give us a longer continuance in diſgrace, and even that continuance will be but ſhort, tho' the infamy everlaſting. This is inconteſtable, and whoever weighs his actions in theſe ſcales, can never heſitate in his choice: but what is moſt worthy of remark, is, that *Homer* does not put this in the mouth of an ordinary perſon, but aſcribes it to the ſon of *Jupiter*. *Euſtathius. Dacier.*

I ought not to neglect putting the reader in mind, that this ſpeech of *Sarpedon* is excellently tranſlated by Sir *John Denham*, and if I have done it with any ſpirit, it is partly owing to him.

Meneſtheus

Meneſtheus from on high the ſtorm beheld,
Threat'ning the fort, and black'ning in the field;
Around the walls he gaz'd, to view from far
What aid appear'd t' avert th' approaching war,
And ſaw where *Teucer* with th' *Ajaces* ſtood,
Of fight inſatiate, prodigal of blood.
In vain he calls; the din of helms and ſhields
Rings to the ſkies, and echoes thro' the fields,
The brazen hinges fly, the walls reſound,
Heav'n trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all the [ground.
Then thus to *Thoös*;—Hence with ſpeed, (he ſaid)
And urge the bold *Ajaces* to our aid;
Their ſtrength, united, beſt may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Hither the *Lycian* Princes bend their courſe,
The beſt and braveſt of the hoſtile force.
But if too fiercely there the foes contend,
Let *Telamon*, at leaſt, our tow'rs defend,
And *Teucer* haſte with his unerring bow,
To ſhare the danger, and repel the foe.
Swift as the word, the Herald ſpeeds along
The lofty ramparts, through the martial throng;
And finds the heroes bath'd in ſweat and gore,
Oppos'd in combat on the duſty ſhore.

Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands!
Your aid (ſaid *Thoös*) *Peteus'* ſon demands,
Your ſtrength, united, beſt may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Thither the *Lycian* Princes bend their courſe,
The beſt and braveſt of the hoſtile force.
But if too fiercely, here, the foes contend,
At leaſt, let *Telamon* thoſe tow'rs defend,
And *Teucer* haſte with his unerring bow,
To ſhare the danger, and repel the foe.
Strait to the fort great *Ajax* turn'd his care,
And thus beſpoke his brothers of the war.
Now valiant *Lycomede!* exert your might,
And brave *Oïleus*, prove your force in fight:
To you I truſt the fortune of the field,
'Till by this arm the foe ſhall be repell'd;
That done, expect me to compleat the day——
Then, with his ſev'nfold ſhield, he ſtrode away.
With equal ſteps bold *Teucer* preſs'd the ſhore,
Whoſe fatal bow the ſtrong *Pandion* bore.

High

℣. 444. *Whoſe fatal bow the ſtrong* Pandion *bore.*] It is remarkable that *Teucer*, who is excellent for his ſkill in archery, does not carry his own bow, but has it born after him by *Pandion*: I thought it not improper to take notice of this, by reaſon of its unuſualneſs. It may be ſuppos'd that *Teucer* had chang'd his arms in this

High on the walls appear'd the *Lycian* pow'rs,
Like ſome black tempeſt gath'ring round the tow'rs;
The *Greeks*, oppreſs'd, their utmoſt force unite,
Prepar'd to labour in th' unequal fight;
The war renews, mix'd ſhouts and groans ariſe;
Tumultuous clamour mounts, and thickens in the ſkies.
Fierce *Ajax* firſt th' advancing hoſt invades,
And ſends the brave *Epicles* to the ſhades?
Sarpedon's friend; a-croſs the warriour's way,
Rent from the walls a rocky fragment lay;
In modern ages not the ſtrongeſt ſwain
Could heave th' unwieldy burthen from the plain.

this fight, and comply'd with the exigence of the battel, which was about the wall; he might judge that ſome other weapon might be more neceſſary upon this occaſion, and therefore committed his bow to the care of *Pandion*. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 454. *A rocky fragment*, &c.] In this book both *Ajax* and *Hector* are deſcrib'd throwing ſtones of a prodigious ſize. But the Poet, who loves to give the preference to his countrymen, relates the action much to the advantage of *Ajax*: *Ajax*, by his natural ſtrength, performs what *Hector* could not do without the aſſiſtance of *Jupiter*. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 455. *In modern ages.*] The difference which our author makes between the heroes of his poem, and the men of his age, is ſo great, that ſome have made uſe of it as an argument that *Homer* liv'd many ages after the war of *Troy*: but this argument does not ſeem to be of any weight; for ſuppoſing *Homer* to have writ two hundred and fifty, or two hundred and ſixty years after the deſtruction of *Troy*, this ſpace is long enough to make ſuch a change as he ſpeaks of; Peace, Luxury, or Effeminacy would do it in a much leſs time. *Dacier.*

He pois'd, and swung it round; then toss'd on high,
It flew with force, and labour'd up the sky;
Full on the *Lycian*'s helmet thund'ring down,
The pond'rous ruin crush'd his batter'd crown.
As skilful divers from some airy steep,
Headlong descend, and shoot into the deep,
So falls *Epicles*; then in groans expires,
And murm'ring to the shades the soul retires.
While to the ramparts daring *Glaucus* drew,
From *Teucer*'s hand a winged arrow flew;
The bearded shaft the destin'd passage found,
And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.
The chief, who fear'd some foe's insulting boast
Might stop the progress of his warlike host,
Conceal'd the wound, and leaping from his height,
Retir'd reluctant from th' unfinish'd fight.
Divine *Sarpedon* with regret beheld
Disabled *Glaucus* slowly quit the field;
His beating breast with gen'rous ardour glows,
He springs to fight, and flies upon the foes.
Alcmäon first was doom'd his force to feel;
Deep in his breast he plung'd the pointed steel;
Then, from the yawning wound with fury tore
The spear, pursu'd by gushing streams of gore;

Down

Down ſinks the warriour with a thund'ring ſound,
His brazen armour rings againſt the ground.
Swift to the battlement the victor flies,
Tugs with full force, and ev'ry nerve applies;
It ſhakes; the pond'rous ſtones disjointed yield;
The rowling ruins ſmoak along the field.
A mighty breach appears; the walls lie bare;
And, like a deluge, ruſhes in the war.
At once bold *Teucer* draws the twanging bow,
And *Ajax* ſends his jav'lin at the foe;
Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon ſtood,
And thro' his buckler drove the trembling wood;
But *Jove* was preſent in the dire debate,
To ſhield his offspring, and avert his fate.
The Prince gave back, not meditating flight,
But urging vengeance, and ſeverer fight;
Then rais'd with hope, and fir'd with glory's charms,
His fainting ſquadrons to new fury warms.

ỳ. 483. *Swift to the battlement the victor flies.*] From what *Sarpedon* here performs, we may gather that this wall of the *Greeks* was not higher than a tall man; from the great depth and breadth of it, as it is deſcribed juſt before, one might have concluded that it had been much higher: but it appears to be otherwiſe from this paſſage; and conſequently the thickneſs of the wall was anſwerable to the wideneſs of the ditch. *Euſtathius.*

O where, ye *Lycians!* is the ſtrength you boaſt?
Your former fame, and ancient virtue loſt!
The breach lies open, but your chief in vain
Attempts alone the guarded paſs to gain:
Unite, and ſoon that hoſtile fleet ſhall fall;
The force of pow'rful union conquers all.
This juſt rebuke inflam'd the *Lycian* crew,
They join, they thicken, and th' aſſault renew;
Unmov'd th' unbody'd *Greeks* their fury dare,
And fix'd ſupport the weight of all the war;
Nor could the *Greeks* repel the *Lycian* pow'rs,
Nor the bold *Lycians* force the *Grecian* tow'rs.
As on the confines of adjoining grounds,
Two ſtubborn ſwains with blows diſpute their bounds;
They tug, they ſweat; but neither gain, nor yield,
One foot, one inch, of the contended field:
Thus obſtinate to death, they fight, they fall;
Nor theſe can keep, nor thoſe can win the wall.

℣. 511. *As on the confines of adjoining grounds.*] This ſimile, ſays *Euſtathius*, is wonderfully proper; it has one circumſtance that is ſeldom to be found in *Homer*'s alluſions; it correſponds in every point with the ſubject it was intended to illuſtrate: the meaſures of the two neighbours repreſent the ſpears of the combatants: the confines of the field, ſhew that they engag'd hand to hand; and the wall which divides the armies, gives us a lively idea of the large ſtones that were fix'd to determine the bounds of adjoining fields.

Their

Their manly breaſts are pierc'd with many a wound,
Loud ſtrokes are heard, and rattling arms reſound,
The copious ſlaughter covers all the ſhore,
And the high ramparts drop with human gore.
As when two ſcales are charg'd with doubtful loads,
From ſide to ſide the trembling balance nods,
(While ſome laborious matron, juſt and poor,
With nice exactneſs weighs her woolly ſtore)
Till pois'd aloft, the reſting beam ſuſpends
Each equal weight; nor this, nor that, deſcends.
So ſtood the war, till *Hector*'s matchleſs might
With fates prevailing, turn'd the ſcale of fight.
Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies,
And fires his hoſt with loud repeated cries.

ỳ. 521. *As when two ſcales*, &c.] This compariſon is excellent on account of its juſtneſs; for there is nothing better repreſents an exact equality than a balance: but *Homer* was particularly exact, in having neither deſcrib'd a woman of wealth and condition, for ſuch a one is never very exact, not valuing a ſmall inequality; nor a ſlave, for ſuch a one is ever regardleſs of a maſter's intereſt: but he ſpeaks of a poor woman that gains her livelihood by her labour, who is at the ſame time juſt and honeſt; for ſhe will neither defraud others nor be defrauded herſelf. She therefore takes care that the ſcales be exactly of the ſame weight.

It was an antient tradition, (and is countenanced by the author of *Homer*'s life aſcrib'd to *Herodotus*) that the Poet drew this compariſon from his own family; being himſelf the ſon of a woman who maintain'd herſelf by her own induſtry; he therefore to extol her honeſty, (a qualification very rare in poverty) gives her a place in his poem. *Euſtathius.*

Advance,

Advance, ye *Trojans!* lend your valiant hands,
Haſte to the fleet, and toſs the blazing brands!
They hear, they run; and gath'ring at his call,
Raiſe ſcaling engines, and aſcend the wall:
Around the works a wood of glitt'ring ſpears
Shoots up, and all the riſing hoſt appears.
A pond'rous ſtone bold *Hector* heav'd to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and groſs below:
Not two ſtrong men th' enormous weight could raiſe,
Such men as live in theſe degen'rate days.
Yet this, as eaſy as a ſwain could bear
The ſnowy fleece, he toſs'd, and ſhook in air:
For *Jove* upheld, and lighten'd of its load
Th' unwieldy rock, the labour of a God.
Thus arm'd, before the folded gates he came,
Of maſſy ſubſtance and ſtupendous frame;
With iron bars and brazen hinges ſtrong,
On lofty beams of ſolid timber hung.
Then thund'ring thro' the planks, with forceful ſway,
Drives the ſharp rock; the ſolid beams give way,
The folds are ſhatter'd; from the crackling door
Leap the reſounding bars, the flying hinges roar.

Now

Now ruſhing in, the furious chief appears,
Gloomy as night! and ſhakes two ſhining ſpears:
A dreadful gleam from his bright armour came,
And from his eye-balls flaſh'd the living flame.
He moves a God, reſiſtleſs in his courſe,
And ſeems a match for more than mortal force.
Then pouring after thro' the gaping ſpace,
A tyde of *Trojans* flows, and fills the place;
The *Greeks* behold, they tremble, and they fly;
The ſhore is heap'd with death, and tumult rends the ſky.

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